WAYS AND DAYS OUT OF LONDON

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BY

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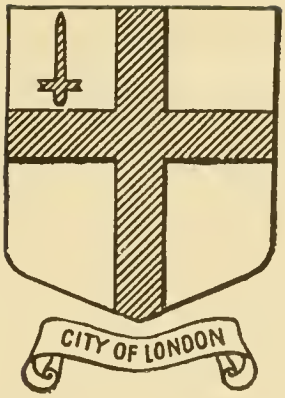
WAYS AND DAYS OUT OF LONDON



CHAPTER I

An Introduction to Hampton Court

HAVE you been in London in May? Then you know how powerful is her enchantment, especially over strangers, how subtle the narcosis she instils. Stimulated at first by the novelty of her streets, her sounds, her splendid solemn restlessness, we gradually yield to her ineffable charm, her varying moods, her caprices that—unlike the sparkle of Paris or the sentiment of Venice—weave about us silken thread by silken thread a fabric of utter oblivion to all save the siren city herself. Yet a time comes when the strangers emerge from her thrall and memory revives of that long-forgotten desire to see the land which crystallizes in this leviathan London, sovereign city of the seas. Impatient of succumbing to the spell of the sorceress we strike out blindly, eager to escape from what seems now a veritable prison. But notwithstanding her dimin-

ished charm she has us still enmeshed in strands that will not loosen. Continually baffled and beaten back, we almost yield again, when lo! the gate swings outward at a touch, and light-hearted we stride forth upon the open road into the infinite Beyond.

"We cannot spare more than a week to London," Sonia had declared when we sat in our deck chairs conning the names of places which our random list stated to be indispensable.

"'Clovelly, Keswick, Chagford, Boston, Broadway.' Don't forget Lindisfarne and Malvern. I presume you have considered the relative positions on the map of these desiderata? You are expecting, I infer, to explore the whole of that blessed British isle in three months." Thus Diana.

"I hate maps; but I love to travel. And distances are nothing in a land that is no bigger than our New England. We have enough of city life in New York; but we must keep our promise to Miranda and go first to London. Let us be very firm in our refusal if she tries to persuade us to stay there more than a week."

Miranda met us at Paddington, and after tea she started with us on a hunt for lodgings, which were found just around the corner from

her home and that of the Hanford-Burhams, where we remained—eleven weeks!

Tourist London, we soon discovered, may be seen by whomsoever is sufficiently agile and eager, in a few days. The Tower, the Temple, the galleries, museums, and the Abbey were "done" and digested by us with a celerity and thoroughness quite amazing to our English friends. They had never strolled dreamily through Cheyne Walk or thrilled with the memories that throng about Smithfield and Tyburn. They had always intended, they said, to see the Charter House some day, and perhaps St. Bartholomew's the Great.

"How do you girls manage to find all these places?" they queried wonderingly.

"A map, several Bobbies, and a sufficient number of 'busses," was Diana's reply.

Such excursions as these they captioned "sight-seeing." We gave to their term a wider significance which extended to private drawing-rooms, morning rides in the Row, afternoon drives in the Park when the Queen's carriage was to be seen. In fact, sight-seeing and London were synonymous, for there was always something of interest to be seen.

As the bright days of early summer winged

away, that splendid show which is London during the Season—and only during the Season—so filled and satisfied our souls that we forgot the glimpses of green uplands, silver-blue streams, and flowery fields which we had beheld with abundant enthusiasm in transit from steamer to metropolis; forgot that we had that day deplored our promise to visit London and determined to shorten the visit in order that we might have leisure to enjoy the beauty of England's landscape, the quaintness of her tiny thatched villages, the charm of her cathedrals and castles. The geraniums and daisies growing on countless window ledges in Mayfair; the many parks and gardens, which seemed to verify the saying that nowhere in London is it impossible to see something green growing; even the aroma of the strawberry carts heaped with ruddy fruit, far from suggesting to us the loveliness without London, but heightened her charm, benumbing our spirits to the very existence of elsewhere delights.

Where the pleasant little street called Redcliffe Gardens ends at the Brompton Road a woman sits every day beside her cartload of flowers in the shade of the corner building. At first, hasting toward or from our lodgings we but glanced at the massed purples, yel-

lows, crimson, or white, merely remarking: "Pretty, aren't they?" Gradually we passed more slowly. Then we lingered to admire, to be tempted, to possess; and lo! diurnal armfuls were henceforth borne home. One day our prim drawing-room would be dignified by bowls full of gold-brown wall flowers whose velvet faces and faint fragrance suggested walled gardens of which we had read and heard, but had not yet seen. Another day our fancy favored flame-red poppies. As the weather grew warmer we reminded each other that London was not the only place in England which offered enjoyable qualities; but such remarks made in half-hearted indifference produced no greater effect than the narration of a dream. We gloated in the great roar of traffic along Piccadilly, in the cloop of hoofs on the wood-paved thoroughfares, in the color and clamor by day as in the sparkle and splendor by night. Yet a stimulus was stirring amid the London lethargy. The flowers in our rooms awoke thoughts of verdant fields, of blossoming hedgerows, of growing things. But even as we paused to discover these reminders our maid was on the pavement whistling for a cab whose approach tinkled a merry crescendo. At Lord's an inter-university game, with tea in Mrs. Somebody's tent,

seemed so delightful as to be theatrically unreal.

Silently, however, the leaven was becoming effective. It remained for the morrow's dozens of blue and yellow iris to achieve a tonic transition. The rare privilege of an evening at home and alone supplied opportunity for subtle influences. Sonia sat at her writing table scribbling a message to a trans-oceanic Man. Diana desultorily endeavored to disentangle an expense account wherein the multiplication and division of pounds, shillings, and pence proved somewhat disturbing. A motor blazoned its way through the quiet street; a dog barked sharply. A sudden whiff of wind dislodged a curtain, which caught a cluster of our golden iris in its uplift and scattered the flowers about us, whereat we displayed some annoyance. One flower had fallen on Sonia's letter; another on Diana's lap. We gathered those that were on the floor and restored them all to the bowl from which they had been haled. Sonia brought her writing materials nearer to the flowers, whose aureate glow under a lamp irradiated the room. Dreamily she watched Diana's hands adjusting some of the purple iris among the golden blooms. A long silence enveloped us as we gazed into their pure hearts. The marvel of these ethereal yet

stately flowers possessed our spirits, guided them to green river banks where slender reeds vibrated to the undulous flow of current; where we heard amorous bird notes and glimpsed flashes of fleeting wings, while white swans floated languidly on the quiet waters and the aromatic air whispered:

"Is London so fair that ye have no need of me?"

Diana was the first to speak. "I accept the challenge," she said.

"Were you thinking of that, too?" asked Sonia. "When the iris fell on my letter it seemed to say: 'I hereby challenge you to come and find me; to venture out of London into England.'"

What was to be done? The town had suddenly become obnoxious; we felt shackled, stifled within its walls. Before crossing the sea we had talked enthusiastically of moors and fens, of mountains and lakes. These could not yet be considered, for we were still bound by our promises to London. Mrs. Mawlbury's daughter was to be married to an M. P. at St. George's about the middle of July. Our engagement pad recorded many coming events which were too pleasant to be foregone, such as the Trooping of the Colors to celebrate the King's birthday, a horse show

at Ranelagh, polo at Hurlingham, a reception at the embassy, and so on. Were there not beautiful places near London which could be visited on our free days? Then the silent whisper of the iris insisted:

"The River; England's river."

We had seen the Thames when we crossed its bridges or drove along the embankment; aye, had we not seen it this very day flowing muddily past the terrace of Westminster Palace while we were drinking tea? We were capable of perceiving its charm as Whistler had depicted it from Seymour Haden's window; yet why these delicate lily-like flowers should so insistently suggest the river we were unable to suppose.

To resolve is facile; to do is difficult. We went to what we believed to be the fountain-head of information—our dear friends who had lived many years in London. Of them we asked:

"What is there to see near London?"

"Richmond, my dears; and Windsor. Everybody—that is, everybody from your part of the world goes there."

"We had thought of the river," tentatively suggested Diana.

"They are both on the river; and so is Hampton Court. We have not been to Hamp-

At fifteen minutes after six we entered the Lion-Gates.

ton Court in ages. If you are free this afternoon, let us all go. We could stop for you at five-and-twenty past three."

"Is it so near, then? Can we go by boat?"

"No," with a tolerant smile. "We shall go out by electric tram. You can see the river if you wish from the gardens."

While Sonia and Diana were lunching together in their rooms they voiced wonderment at so late a start.

"It is a pity," said Diana, "to lose the early part of this fine afternoon."

"There is no hurry here, you know. We left all that three thousand miles behind. The ways of these good people must be as good as ours; they have had longer opportunity to perfect them."

This is how our English ladies "took" us to Hampton Court: a 'bus to the High Street, another to Hammersmith Broadway, whence a tram ambled out to Hampton Court. The route lay through a new and hideous section of London rife with odors, noise and swarms of unclean humans. In transit Sonia frequently consulted her watch the while she endeavored to manifest an interest in certain almshouses and other public buildings to which her attention was directed. Diana discovered

that she was weary of people. On Regent Street and Piccadilly, even in the great centers, such as St. Paul's and the Bank, there had been an element of charm in the strong human tides. Here she saw with eyes unscaled. Was there no escape? As the tram hummed along its leisurely way London seemed to extend into the infinite beyond. The afternoon sun smote hotly upon us, as though taunting with suggestion of its sweetness where the earth is not stripped to make room for the herding of humans.

Somewhat after five o'clock four women descended from the tram, two of them with a single thought—tea. The other two exchanged glances eloquent of dismay. We beheld an abundance of signs proclaiming the plural presence of this beverage; but the English ladies pronounced one place too stuffy, another unclean, a third too crowded. At fifteen minutes after six we entered the Lion Gates. "The palace is closed at six," said a guard; "but the gardens may be seen until sundown."

Sonia looked at Diana with a shrug which said: "I told you so!"

Diana's lifted brows and tightly drawn mouth replied: "We must bear it patiently."

Once within the gardens, however, we felt

compensated for much of our disappointment. Pausing to worship tall heliotrope freighted with fragrance or the gay-colored blooms along the borders of the Broad Walk, we forgot all but the intense pleasure of the moment. A background for these borders consisted of a high brick wall covered with roses. Brick, then, may be glorified! Grassy vistas through tall shrubbery gave a series of surprises as we strolled about. Sometimes an avenue of limes led to a marble Venus pedestaled among scarlet geraniums. Anne Boleyn's Walk would be very lovely even were the romance of that sometime happy queen not added to its interest. By some it is now called Queen Mary's Bower. A pause for rest in a cool glade perfected the sensuous impression produced by the loveliness of these gardens, the result of centuries of artistic study. An inquisitive thrush, perhaps fearful for the safety of his nestlings, inspected us carefully, and then proceeded with his early-evening warblings. "I say, you know, it really is a pity you girls can't see the palace. You Americans always seem to be so fond of such things," said Miss Hebert.

"The outside of it is very nice," affirmed Diana. "We shall come again. Where is the river?"

"Down that way. Phyllis and I will wait here until you return. Sight-seeing always makes me so tired."

We paused to glance back at the warmly red façade of the palace on the one hand, green lanes peopled by white statues, glimpses of flower groups all but hidden under shrubbery; on the other, broad lawns, black-green cedars whose level lines intensified the yellow-green of giant elms beyond. Hundreds of peaceable middle-class people were quietly enjoying the park. Following a group of these we soon found the river. Under the trees on the opposite bank a houseboat was moored. Swans paddled about; in a punt a woman in blue reclined among scarlet cushions while a man in white flannels poled the boat leisurely upstream. We saw no golden iris; but we knew that we should find it; and if there had been any wavering in our previous resolve it vanished at this moment.

"You must see the Maze!" said our friends when we rejoined them. They knew the "key," and we followed the convolutions of the cedar hedge—that had formerly been hornbeam—more easily than the folk who screamed laughingly for aid.

Somewhat after nine o'clock that evening we sat down to the cold mutton and salad

Under the trees a houseboat was moored.

which awaited our return, feeling far wiser than we had been at noon.

" When we go to *see* Hampton Court," said Diana, " you and I shall go alone—by which I mean together. It now remains for us to ascertain how we can find a way out of London."

CHAPTER II

The Thames from Maidenhead to Staines

WHERE seek for the golden thread of information that would lead us through this labyrinthine London into the unknown region whose mysterious presence we burned to discover, perhaps the more eagerly because it modestly withheld all claims to consideration, content with the great city's absolute dominion? Perchance the breezy call of incense-breathing morn had long since ceased to be addressed to the town dwellers who manifestly desired not to hear it until the calendar should indicate a certain date made sacred by custom, and whose ears were too dulled by the roar of the town to perceive a voice that could not outshrill the others.

There were tourist agencies in plenty, all of which displayed highly colored posters proclaiming the attractions of other lands. Of

such we inquired, but learned chiefly that when tickets were not to be purchased from them, their " gratuitous information " was unobtainable. Diana at length glowed with an idea. Not pausing to communicate it to her friend she plunged into the thickest of the traffic on the Edgware Road at Oxford Street and deliberately picked her way until she stood beside a policeman who, with arm upraised to admonish an unruly cabman, did not immediately notice the feminine form waiting quietly at his side, while the distracted Sonia hovered on the curb certain of her friend's imminent destruction.

" Officer! " Diana said with a smile; " will you kindly direct me to the nearest railway station? "

" Underground, miss, or chube? "

" Something that goes out of London."

A fleeting smile passed across his imperturbable face; but true to the traditions of his kind he was equal to the occasion. " Paddington is the nearest, miss; that is, if you want the Great Western."

" Thank you! I think that will do." She tripped back to the trembling Sonia, her face radiant with surety of something accomplished.

Wondering as to her friend's purpose, skeptical as to its probable efficacy, Sonia wisely

refrained from interrogation until we alighted from a cab at Paddington Station. The great terminal offered no immediate assistance. There were porters, trains, hurrying passengers, and booking offices upstairs and down. Diana, somewhat bewildered, was testing a newly made principle: *Never ask for information until you have used your eyes and ears in vain.* She did not confess in this instance that she was not entirely sure what to ask for, should the proper source be disclosed. An inclined platform near the left-luggage room looked hopeful. We ascended and found ourselves in the lobby of a hotel. Perhaps here we could find somebody who would tell us how to escape from London. Some porters were bringing in luggage. We saw a traveler, undoubtedly British, approach a small window behind which sat a young woman who seemed incapable of perceiving him. He appeared to know what to do, and showed no symptom of haste. We hovered about watching for opportunity. At length the young woman, stirred from her waking dream, opened the window which secluded her from the outer world just sufficiently to enable her ear to catch his few prayerful words whispered in prayerful attitude. Then she closed the window with careful deliberateness, withdrew to a far corner of

her apartment, where she solemnly consulted a ruddy-whiskered, frock-coated male and eventually reopened the window a fraction of an inch, through which aperture she handed with lofty condescension to the silently grateful man a small paper disk in the center of which were some numbers.

Supposing we had entered by mistake a charity institution, we hastened away from that cold-as-charity window to behold the Englishman briskly entering the lift. The porter waiting with his portmanteaux said to him:

"What number, if you please, sir?" The traveler consulted his precious disk, and we knew the meaning of the pantomime we had beheld.

Savory aromas had reached us from the dining room hard by. A glimpse of the cold buffet decided us to lunch here as the clock showed the hour to be almost two. Sonia proceeded into the room and was seated at a table before she discovered that she was alone. Knowing that her friend would not fail to follow, she waited; and presently Diana rejoined her, both hands full of small printed papers of various shapes and colors.

"I saw a sign," she said, "which informed me that these were gratuitous to guests, so I

availed myself of the privilege. Have you ordered?"

We glanced over the handbills. "What to See in London" and "Visitors' Guide to London" were scornfully rejected. On a tiny green pamphlet which lay on the table, as yet unnoticed, Sonia glimpsed a few pictured poplars and a steamboat.

"What is that little one?"

"My dear, that is *IT!*" exclaimed the triumphant Diana. "'Combination trips on G. W. R. and River Thames.' Here are dozens of them."

At five minutes before ten on the following morning we were borne out of London which —like some gigantic monster having extended its tentacles farther than could have been supposed—suddenly let go, and, having passed out of the city, we found ourselves gliding through a landscape of surpassing loveliness which gave no hint of the nearness of the octopodian monster. The throng and tumult of the town had instantly given place to broad fields where poppies flamed among green oats, hedgerows glowed with roses, herds of fine cattle grazed in emerald pastures and long lines or groups of English elms made us think of Constable and Gainsborough. In this hour's ride from London to Maidenhead there had

been nothing that was unlovely, nothing offensively commonplace, but so much of beauty that as the train slowed down at our station we agreed that however disappointing the river might be, this brief hour had been well worth the difficulties we had encountered in adventuring out from London.

Our green pamphlet stated no time of departure from Boulter's Lock, which appeared to be the landing place for Maidenhead. We asked a porter and ticket collector at the station, both of whom were blankly ignorant. The latter was asked to direct us.

"Stright down to the bottom of this road and turn to the left."

The day was warm, but we are fond of walking; and this sounded enticingly brief. Fearing, however, lest boat and train make close connection—the fear strengthened by several cabs hurrying down the street—we hastened on our way, looking vainly for bridge or river ahead. A boy, when questioned, told us to "turn to the right down there." A long perspective of descending street, some of whose buildings appeared to be old, showed no promise of river. We caught flashes of photographs and postcards in shop windows, but dared not pause to purchase or even to admire. Our light impedimenta became burdensome. At length,

after a twenty-minute dash, we came to a road bearing leftward at whose beginning a sign directed to Boulter's Lock. In a moment the river drifting between green shores rewarded and refreshed us. The road led on indefinitely along the bank. An inn, whose pleasant little garden was filled with tables and chairs, caused Diana to turn aside. At the moment she stepped into the garden the landlord emerged from the house. He said the boat would not leave until twelve o'clock, and that the ladies would be most welcome if they desired to wait in the garden, from which they could see the steamer when she entered the lock, and then have ample time to go the short remaining distance. This was good news and yet ill; for had we known that so much time was ours we might have lingered to admire the pleasant little town, and at this moment be less in need of the grateful shade of the inn's garden.

A long row of punts lay quietly at the river's brink. A group of boatmen chatted in the noon's hot sun. The opposite shore presented masses of green which induced absolute restfulness. The graceful arches of Maidenhead's stone bridge, sentineled by lofty poplars, made a pleasing bit of drawing amid the color. In the opposite direction were high, wooded hills, the loveliest vision which had yet blessed our

A group of boatmen chatted in the noon's hot sun.

town-weary eyes. So impatient were we to be on the river, now that we had found it, that we hired one of the ready boatmen to row us to the lock. He did more than this, the time being sufficient, and pulled the boat into the swift, foaming outflow from the weir where it rushes under an old mill, which he said was now part of a private residence. He also told us that the green hills which rose so high above us were Taplow Wood. The village nestling on the opposite shore gave to this wood its pleasant name. In the lock now lay our steamer, small, black, rather graceful. There was an upper deck exposed to the sun; forward and aft smaller decks were sheltered with awnings. We found ample space in the bow. Immediately the gates swung outward the boat, without a throb or sound, glided down the river under Maidenhead's poplar-guarded bridge and on into the unknown.

English gardens are as well known by name to readers as are English ale and cheese. One of the most charming experiences in life is to vivify words. To one who has lived and moved in English gardens these words become mirrors of lovely memories. Whosoever can spend a summer day on England's river—for the Thames is unquestionably the king of her rivers even as the rose is the queen of her gar-

dens—and be unimpressed with the beauty and the profusion of the flowers which glow along the banks has but a dull, dead soul.

Drifting silently downstream scarcely faster than the leisurely current, this day was to us a dream, a divine idyl as compared to the many we had wasted—so we now thought—in the unwholesome town.

An attendant, who had been shown our tickets, told us we were approaching Bray, from whose manor rents had been assigned by Edward III to his beloved Philippa. He also reminded us of the famous vicar whose creed had been subject to change without notice in the days when England's oft-changing monarchs proclaimed the nation's religion to be Catholic or Protestant. Bray Lock, like most of the locks on the Thames, is dominated by a keeper's tiny house smothered in gay flowers. On Monkey Island still stands the one-time playhouse of a notorious so-called "nobleman"; the house, now used as an inn, is evidently a popular bourne of punters on this part of the river. We were discovering that the keynote of the river is rest. Every villa has its garden or flower-bordered lawn, which extends to the brink of the stream, usually complemented by a tiny boathouse suggestive of long, lazy hours in light pleasure boats. Every

garden or lawn is more or less shaded; and in the shade are chairs and tables—such delectable chairs as we had long known from Du Maurier's drawings; such well-rooted tables as leave no doubt of their permanent usefulness. We noticed with pleasure that the summer silence was not profaned by multitudes of loud-ticking, tootling motor boats. England's conservatism is refreshing to pilgrims from the land whose unspoken behest is: " Never be satisfied with what you have. Seek something different."

It is to be expected that where willows trail their tips in the tranquil tide all should bespeak peace, quietude, repose; but the homes, whether humble or haughty, were equally suggestive of the spirit of rest.

Now, indeed, " came true " our dream of iris stately and tall amid trembling reeds. We said but little; yet each knew of what the other was thinking. Little birds cheeping in the marshes, larger birds circling in joyous chase, peopled the picture with the life which nature uses to enhance her inanimate loveliness.

The character of the valley through which the river sinuates is ever-changing, yet always beautiful. At first we were fearful as each new vista became imminent lest there be ugly factories, quarries, or, in our ignorance of the

climate—perhaps ice houses to destroy our joy and bring our spirits back with the chill of disillusion from their present elation to the gloom of disappointment. Then, as each fresh prospect presented only fresh glimpses of fairness, we forgot fear and permitted our spirits to float in the full freedom of satisfaction.

Now great clusters of poplars challenged attention as they dominated a foreland. There is a dignity, a calm consciousness of command about these trees, coupled with their splendid eagerness to overtop all others and a sturdy loyalty to their own kind. Who ever sees a poplar alone? The frequency with which groups of three occur recalls that pretty story of three sisters who, having been accused by Juno of murdering their brother, protested their innocence until Jupiter in pity converted them into trees, their arms eternally upraised protesting innocence.

Again, our quiet little boat glided among level fields ruddy with poppies, or lush meadows where sheep, cattle, or horses peacefully browsed through sunny hours. More often, however, we passed pleasant villas whose ivy-covered garden walls secured privacy, whose velvet lawns sought the river edge, whose tiny boathouses were often literally covered with flowers, and whose entire atmosphere was ex-

They must be suffragettes glorying in the subjugation of man.

pressive of the home love which is the strongest characteristic of the English people.

"I wonder," whispered Sonia, "why every Englishman is not a lyric poet?"

"Probably because the average Englishman inherits more of the phlegm of his Anglo-Saxon ancestors than the romantic inclinations of his Norman progenitors. His consciousness of lyric inspiration goes no deeper than the desire to punt or stand all day thigh high in waters casting about for a three-inch fish. They— Oh!"

This exclamation was caused by a brown bird who rose from the long grass in a meadow on our right, fluttering as though his wings were not strong enough to bear his plump little body, gradually rising the while he shrilled an ecstatic staccato. He described a low arc and sank again into the grass as though the effort had been too great.

"That must be a lark!" exclaimed Sonia, her eyes big with excitement.

"I thought they always soared into the sky?" averred Diana, remembering Wordsworth, and looking a trifle disappointed. We watched this one make several futile attempts to rise into the empyrean and agreed that he must be very young. This was quite as satisfying as though it had been correct.

The attendant came forward again to tell us that the beautiful residence we were now passing was that of the Dowager Duchess of S——

"On the Bucks side," he said, "a little farther on you will see Boveny Church."

"Bucks?" queried Diana, after he had turned away; "what is the meaning of 'Bucks'? Oh, why did we not buy a guide book in Maidenhead?"

"I think," replied Sonia; "that is what they call the left bank of the river. I heard somebody speak of the other as 'Barks'." Diana resisted a strong impulse to pun. Later we learned that Bucks is an abbreviation of Buckinghamshire, and that this county is separated by the Thames from Berkshire, more familiarly known as 'Berks.'

Boveny Lock's keeper is a successful grower of roses. All flowers in England evidently grow because they are eager to do so. The colors are intense, the foliage luxuriant. We recalled our gardening efforts at home, the fierce heat of the American sun, the long choking droughts of germinating time and midsummer, our delight when any blooms were saved from atmospheric blight or destruction by insects. Here the trees impress one as producing as many leaves as can be contained in a

given space. This is also true of the luxuriant, omnipresent ivy, every leaf of which must have been polished by diligent fairies.

A novel means of locomotion was evidently enjoyed by two women lying at ease under sunshades in a punt which was towed by a man walking along the grassy bank. To us it brought a smile; but the other passengers regarded it with the same stolid indifference with which they beheld everything else.

"They must be suffragettes," whispered Sonia, "glorying in the subjugation of that monster—Man."

Our first glimpse of Windsor's lofty towers vibrating in the noonday distance seemed like a vision of Valhalla. We lost it in a bend of the river, and then, following the "Windle Shore," came to the landing at the foot of this still somewhat medieval town.

At the Royal Oak, near the river, the steamer's passengers were served swiftly and silently with an excellent luncheon. "This has been a dream day," said Sonia, whose eyes showed that the dream had not yet ended.

"Probably every inch that we have traveled has been teeming with history and we have not known it," Diana remarked a little wistfully. "Yet I do not think anything could have made my enjoyment of this wonderful

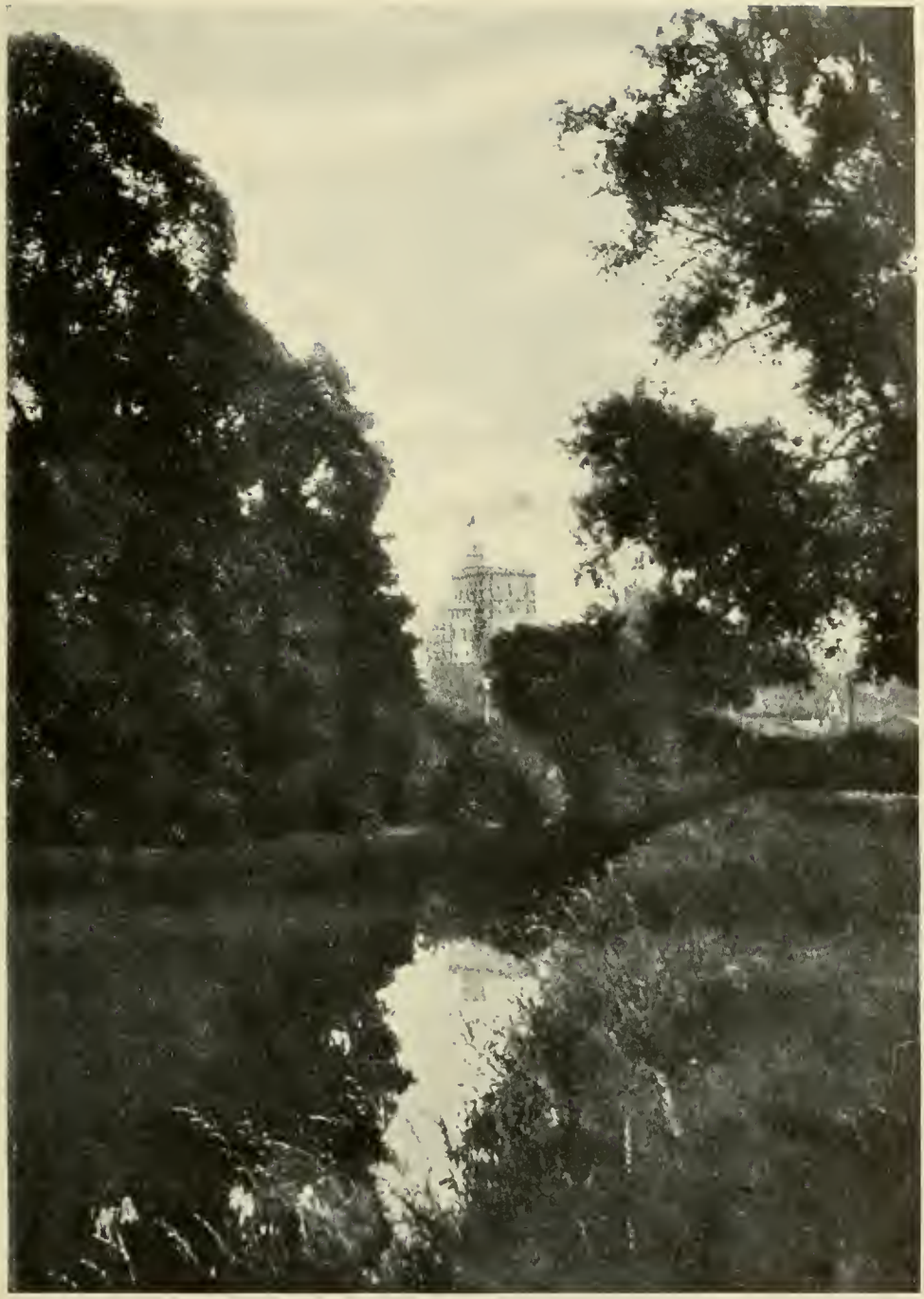
morning more complete. Let us try to buy a guide book before we leave Windsor."

"To think," said Sonia, as we were now emerging on the street, her glance traveling up to the battlemented tower far above us; "to think of actually being in Windsor and not seeing more of that splendid castle. I do not believe I have ever seen a real English castle. Can't we take a train back to London from here?"

"And see no more of this blessed river? Are you weary of it so soon?"

Diana thereupon regretted that her soul was not permitted simultaneously to inhabit two bodies, so that one might remain to enjoy Windsor while the other journeyed by river to Staines. Diana sagely suggested that, being possessed of but one body, Windsor be considered merely a stopping place for luncheon on the river trip, whose name might by chance have been Cricklewood or Wormwood Scrubbs.

Returning to our steamer, which was difficult to distinguish among several similar ones moored side by side, we learned that while we were absent the queen had passed in a launch. We ruefully accepted this disappointment; the fact that things were happening elsewhere than in London being borne in upon us; and



Our first glimpse of Windsor's towers seemed like a vision of Valhalla.

we both felt some resentment toward the town for having deprived us even of the consciousness of exurban interest.

A group of swans loitering about Windsor Lock gave to the scene that idyllic quality which made it seem to partake more of dream substance than of reality. Sonia watched them while Diana studied her newly acquired guide book during the interval before the starting of the steamer. From this store of information Diana announced that Maidenhead had existed from very early times, her wooden bridge having been one of the first across the river. In 1352 Edward III incorporated a guild to keep the bridge in repair. Fifty years later the Duke of Surrey and the followers of Richard II held the bridge against the new king Henry IV and at nightfall made good their retreat.

" 'In July, 1647,' " she read on, " 'a meeting occurred between Charles I and his three children at the Greyhound Inn.' (I wonder if it is still there?) 'On a moated site near Maidenhead Bridge once stood a residence of the kings of Mercia; and still extant are the remains of an abbey founded by Richard, Earl of Cornwall.' "

" No wonder," said Sonia, " that we found the present bridge so interesting! The asso-

ciations of its vicinity have doubtless become atmospheric."

"'At Taplow,'" read Diana, "'Elizabeth was imprisoned during the reign of her' (affectionate) 'sister Mary. On the straight reach of the river below Taplow the annual champion punt races are decided.'"

"I thought that was at Henley. Oh, no! of course—the university rowing races are there. I hope they, too, have not already occurred and we can go!"

Eton's buildings are effective as seen from the river beyond a broad meadow, which, our book informed us, is used as a playing field. We wondered if the boy patiently plying a fishing pole on the landing steps were a truant from scholastic pursuits. We would like to have seen the "imposing aquatic display" said to occur here annually on the 4th of June, the birthday of King George III. Why had nobody told us of it?

And now we were passing Datchet Mead where Falstaff had been dumped from a clothes basket into the Thames. In another moment our attention was called to The Bells of Ouseley Inn made famous by Dickens and still the haunt of ambitious anglers.

Magna Charta Island, green and peaceful, conveys no hint of the hot hearts that throbbed

there when the cruel monarch was compelled to permit justice to his people. The little cottage nestling among clustering trees is said to contain a large stone on which rested that momentous parchment while the barons affixed their signatures. Nearly seven hundred years have passed and still human hearts thrill at thought of that indelible deed. Beyond lies Runnymede, which looks now as it must have been in the year that made it famous. On the opposite side of the river is a large yew which is said to have been in existence at that time.

At Belle Weir Lock the River Colne unites with the Thames amid thickly wooded shores. Although the season was late for wild iris we passed groups of it from time to time during the day; and here was a greater profusion of the yellow than we had yet seen.

Above Windsor we had noticed the banks of the river to be chiefly a succession of pretty homes; below Windsor, however, the scenery is almost entirely rural. It is not surprising that Englishmen love to return from the burning sun of India and Africa to rest and dream beside "Sabrina's stream." Only those who can look with unaccustomed eyes upon such scenes can fully appreciate them.

At length the little steamer paused in midstream and a wherry put out from shore.

"This is Staines, ladies"; and we were assisted gently, quietly, sans haste into the small boat, whose bearded oarsman pulled a few leisurely strokes ere we alighted on a slide beside the Pack Horse Inn.

Here we were the only applicants for tea, which was served us by a courteous old man strikingly like *Bohun* in "You Never Can Tell." We sat under an awning on the riverside terrace, feeling that we must be part of a book, a play. No need for words. Sonia threw crumbs to clamorous sparrows and Diana watched a curiously primitive method of pile driving on the opposite shore, the river being much wider at this point than we had heretofore seen it, save as it passed through London. The pile driving reminded her at once of Egypt and May Day. The hammer was operated by eight ropes, each of which was manipulated by a man. Their concerted efforts lifted and dropped the weight. Diana reflected that labor must be cheap, and time of little value, yet in her present humor she preferred this pleasantly primitive method, which seemed to be in keeping with all that the river had to-day revealed to her. Bohun, with Chesterfieldian politeness, directed us to the railway station. An hour later we were in our rooms dressing for "Lohengrin." *En route* to Covent Gar-

The keynote of the river is rest.

den the Thames seemed as remote as London had seemed a few hours earlier. Yet the spell of London had been broken, and our enjoyment of her delights was all the keener because we had wrested from her the key to her postern gate.

CHAPTER III

Rainham and Rochester

HOW dismal the geography of our school days! A mere meaningless memorizing of names and facts whose sole interest was centered in the seemingly irrelevant pictures interspersed amid an arid waste of words—dreary words.

England to our childhood minds suggested one of two very queer-shaped islands, whose ragged coasts our pencils faithfully traced in a dozen wavy lines which were very black at first and gradually became fainter until the last one was well nigh lost in the mystery of an unseen sea. Under these productions we boldly inscribed in large, triumphant capitals:

THE BRITISH ISLES

Later we learned of Roman legions landing in Kent; but what could we know of England

from geography books and maps, or of England's Kent from history books?

Now the mention of Kent evokes visions of vast strawberry fields converging in perspective, as though mutely indicating the distant blue line of the hills; of climbing hop vines that recall the vineyards of the South and of hooded hop kilns here and there among them. Kent means softly undulating farm lands affording occasional glimpses of lovely dales and densely wooded districts. Kent also means Canterbury bells growing in myriads along the railway banks together with daisies and rosy valerian, poppies 'mid waving "corn," young orchards, heavy hay crops and pheasant farms.

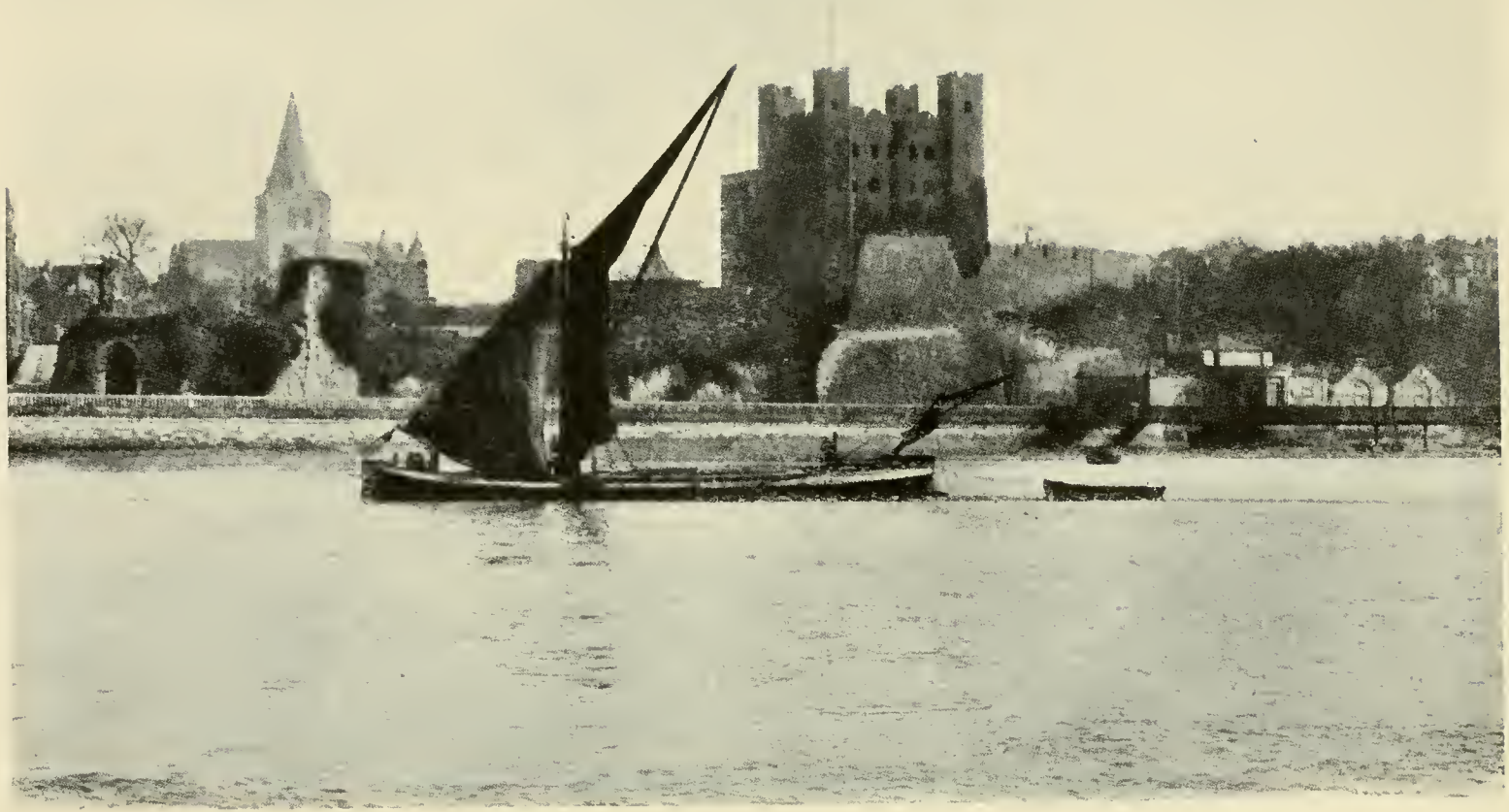
Diana discovered that her ancestors had come to the New World from the little Kentish village of Rainham, and that Rainham is within forty miles of London. Having procured maps, railway guides, and others our zest for adventuring out from London had been the more whetted by the discovery of ways and means to that end.

England's railway trains, which at first look like pretty but impracticable toys, often develop an astonishing speed even when they are not called by fancy names, such as: *Ocean-Boat Non-stop* or *Lightning Express.* Dash-

ing through Kent at a sixty-mile rate we had better opportunity to perceive the distant landscape which circled round us than to distinguish the flowers we glimpsed as prolonged stains of color along the banks of the railway cuttings.

A river came into view, mirroring silver toward the golden summer sun. Red-sailed boats trailed leisurely, the reflection of their sails making them seem like great birds dipping down to the surface of the stream, which gradually widened as we looked upon it. On its farther shore was suddenly disclosed the ivy-hung keep of a castle in ruins, beyond which pointed cathedral towers rose. We were eager to know what the place was and resolute to see it less distantly. In another moment the train stopped at Chatham, where we were to change. A porter told us that we would have to wait twenty-seven minutes for the train to Rainham, but if the ladies cared to walk to the bottom of the road, which he indicated, they could reach their destination by electric tram. The castle and cathedral we had seen were at Rochester, just across the bridge over the Medway.

For a moment Diana wavered in her steadfastness to the genealogical pilgrimage. Sonia suggested:



The castle and cathedral were at Rochester just across the Medway.

"As Rainham seems so near, why not go there first and learn what you can? Perhaps we shall have time to see Rochester this afternoon and take a late train back to London."

To the bottom of the road we accordingly fared. There many tram lines met. On a post were signs announcing the time of departure of the next car in each direction. The excellence of this simple system was borne in upon us.

"Rochester and Frindsbury 11.40," read Diana. "We can go directly from here to Rochester—this afternoon."

While we awaited the tram for Rainham, Sonia busily collected fragments of history which Chatham and Rochester had bestirred in her memory.

"Was it not from Chatham that James II set forth for France when England became an unsafe environment for his royal head?" she asked. "Yes, now I remember. It was here that Elizabeth established the dockyards before the coming of the Armada; and I remember something else which I crammed so tightly for an examination that I have it still. 'De Ruyter, having taken Sheerness, sent his admiral, Van Ghent, "with seventeen sail of light ships and eight fire ships," to destroy Chatham. He succeeded in breaking a chain

stretched across the Medway, and despite fire from Upnor Castle burned and sunk some ships. Finding the country alarmed he ' (considerately) ' retired, carrying off a warship named the *Royal Charles*.' "

" I believe," said Diana, whose memory for history was less reliable; " that for many years the ships which went out to India sailed from Chatham. At any rate when Dick Mordaunt and the Evans boys sailed with their regiment for Calcutta they went from Chatham. I remember Kingsley's description of the departure."

While we were speaking, some sailors, singly and in groups of two or three, came up from a man of war newly anchored in the river, and each had slung a little black bundle over his shoulder. Every face glowed with the joy of once more treading the soil of the homeland. Some looked about eagerly for friends; others hastened toward distant dear ones. One rosy-faced young Jack met with joy his pretty little wife, who was trundling their baby. It was like a scene from an opera where from among the bedizened supers an occasional one is claimed by a woman from the ranks of the chorus. Here, however, the blue uniform was less spectacular, the greeting so sincerely simple that we looked with misty eyes

and then stumbled to the top of the tram for Rainham. As it climbed a steep hill leading out of the town we had opportunity to see how large has grown this important stronghold. On a hill to the north stands a fort, one of the many erected for Chatham's defense of England. To the south far below stretch many irregular rows of pent-roofed houses whose slate tops looked oddly like the skeleton of some gigantic animal.

Two officers of the Royal Engineers, splendid specimens of British masculinity, who had been sitting in front of us alighted at a broad field on the summit of the ridge where military manœuvres appeared to be in progress. We had seen with delight a windmill whose slow sails recalled the beloved Netherlands; and now, far away on our left, wound the blue Medway through verdant pastures on her way to the sea. We persuaded ourselves that the hazy, low-lying land along the far horizon must be the ancient Isle of Thanet, whose defenseless shores had received frequent hordes of fierce foes to whom the subjugation of the feeble inhabitants of this whole land seemed but a merry game in that orgy which life must have been during the long days before history began.

The tramway was laid beside a broad high-

way which extends in unbending directness as far as the sight can penetrate. At Rainham the tram line ends. Before us, high above the street, rose a square-towered stone church which looked as though it had been erected in a time when buildings were intended long to outlast the human hands that fashioned them. This proved to be the parish church. We tried the door, found it locked, and strolled about among the graves seeking a certain name inscribed on the stones, many of which had long since fallen, while from the majority the inscriptions were almost entirely effaced. Diana searched vainly; but Sonia, to her astonishment, found the names of some of her New England ancestors. The grass was long; many graves unmarked. We paused to admire tall eglantines glowing with dainty flowers, and some fine old yews. Diana asked a boy where the vicarage was located.

"Down there," he responded, waving his arm in a general direction, which evidently included the long, hot street whose uninteresting house-fronts tempted us to remain longer in the cool repose of the churchyard. We went a short distance, and perceiving a door in a high wall slightly ajar caught a refreshing glimpse of broad shady lawns beyond which a rose arch evidently led into a garden.

We caught a refreshing glimpse of broad shady lawn.

A woman lay in a *chaise longue* under wide-spreading branches. Such a contrast was this to the hot, dusty street that we involuntarily paused and momentarily forgot that we were trespassing. A card tacked on the door caught Diana's eye: "Rainham Vicarage. Ring the bell."

A green-aproned carpenter answered the summons and asked us to step within the wall while he called the vicar. This gentleman was most cordial and became enthusiastic when he learned our errand. First, we must meet his wife while he fetched the church keys. She was recovering from an illness, and he hovered over her for a moment in affectionate solicitude after he had presented us. Her quiet voice and cordial hand-clasp bade us welcome. We were Americans, of course, she supposed; but was it possible we had come all the way from London in these white linen costumes? When the vicar came to show us the church and the registers Mrs. Vicar entreated us to return for luncheon with them. We thanked and protested; but she said we were the first real Americans she had ever met, and there were so many questions she would like to ask us about New York, especially its overhead railway and its flatirons, that our return would be a great kindness to her.

The vicar paused in the churchyard to show us the grave of Sam Weller, whose "real" name was Job Baldwin. Then we passed under the pretty modern porch of the parish church, which dates from the thirteenth century—and whose heavy door with hand-wrought iron bands and nails and beautiful old lock bespoke its antiquity—into the church, where the heavy hand of the restorer has obliterated much that lovers of architecture would fain have retained. The nave is double, the side walls strengthened by heavy wooden cross beams upheld by clustered rough-hewn timbers.

A statue of an ancient lord of Thanet has a background of red drapery painted on the plaster, which was oddly suggestive of the Italian propensity for decorating walls with pictured furnishings. Could some disciple of Giorgione have journeyed to England and thus decorated this little church?

The registers were, however, of paramount interest to us. These had been carefully kept since the beginning of the sixteenth century, simple records of birth, baptism, marriage and death. Their yellow vellum pages gave cause for reverent admiration of booklovers apart from the intensely human interest they stirred.

"Now, I shall leave you ladies in full pos-

session. At one I shall return and bear you back to the vicarage for luncheon." His coming was punctual. Our task was finished; and after he had locked the precious volumes in a safe we went out into the churchyard and so on to the pleasant vicarage, where we tasted the wine of truest hospitality—a hearty welcome to utter strangers. To our astonishment and delight our host informed us that the tram on which we had come from Chatham had borne us along the edge of the Watling Street, which, commencing at Dover, passed through Canterbury, Rochester, and London on its way to far-distant Chester. The *Via Appia* had long since thrilled us with thoughts of the days in which it was constructed; but what was a Roman road in Rome as compared to this highway which had been prepared for the legions of Cæsar in a foreign land? We had spoken often of the Watling Street and hoped to include parts of it in a later pilgrimage through England toward Liverpool and the western world of home. To have found ourselves traveling upon a portion of it was a surprise fraught with that intense pleasure which the unexpected alone can afford. The return ride from Rainham to Chatham past perfumed hay fields full of flaunting poppies, the great highway on our left, and overhead

the fairest of summer skies was one of enchantment.

"'As where some buried Cæsar bled,'" quoted Diana, gazing at the ruddy stain of the poppies. "I suppose this part of Kent has many times been drenched with the blood of human sacrifice."

Before entering Rochester the tram follows high banks facing the Medway. Here and there residences, surrounded with fine old trees, conceal the river, but the loveliest glimpses we had of this firthlike stream were caught from the top of the tram, which soon bore us into the High Street of Rochester, so soon, in fact, that we did not believe the town with so many quaint timbered houses could be Rochester until a peal of soft-toned bells drew our attention to the towers of the cathedral directly above us on the left. Through the remains of an old gateway we passed into the close, and pausing but a moment to deplore the zeal of the restorer and the necessity for restoration as displayed in the cathedral's west front, whose one redeeming feature is the beautiful Norman doorway, we entered the cool dusk of the north transept. In the choir boyish voices had begun to chant the evensong. Sonia entered and knelt. Diana preferred to wait quietly in the nave, where she caught the sound of the dis-

tant voices mingling with the rich vibration of the organ the while her beauty-loving spirit was incited by the splendid Norman bays both to rest and worship. Her thoughts dwelt upon that far-reaching mission of St. Augustine which caused a church to be erected in Rochester as early as 604, when he had been in England but seven years. This early wooden structure had been superseded by one of stone, which was later incorporated with Bishop Gundulph's building of 1077. Much of that edifice may still be seen. When the remodeled cathedral was dedicated in 1130, the king, Henry I, was present. The many enlargements and alterations which occurred between 1130 and 1479 may easily be distinguished. Henry VIII evidently had a wide acquaintance with the religious establishments in his kingdom even though he may not have been overfrequent in his devotions. Rochester was not forgotten in his iconoclastic zeal, although it was spared the utter demolition which befell so many of its fellows. He " dissolved " its government and refounded it as a Cathedral Church dedicated to Christ and the Virgin. The Puritans, too, whose religious zeal manifested a childish lust for destruction of beautiful things which are not understood or appreciated, so ill-treated this cathedral that it was

described as "much delapidated and sadly needing repair." Then occurred a further series of renovations and restorations in which the name of Sir Gilbert Scott holds a conspicuous position.

"The choir *is* rather stuffy," admitted Sonia, as Diana joined her there after service. While waiting for a verger to take us down to the crypt we idled among tombs and brasses. The memorial to Charles Dickens reminded us of his close association with the town of Rochester as related in "Edwin Drood," "Pickwick," and "Great Expectations." Incidentally we recalled that in the "Uncommercial Traveler" Chatham's dockyards were described. The window inserted by the Royal Engineers in memory of General Gordon and the men who never came back from the Soudan and Egypt stirred profound emotions.

Delicately beautiful as a piece of rare lace is the Chapter House doorway. Our verger returned while we stood admiring its exquisite workmanship, and told us that Canon Benham, who had written a book on Rochester Cathedral, considered this doorway second to none in the world.

The verger asked if we had seen the tomb of St. William of Perth, and we admitted having noticed it, although we were not sure

which of the shopworn monuments it was; but time was pressing and we were more interested in hurrying toward the delights of the castle which still awaited than in brasses or effigies; but the verger politely pressed upon us certain of his knowledge, and we were glad to have submitted when we learned that William, a baker of Perth, in the beginning of the thirteenth century made it his custom to give every tenth loaf to the poor. This must have had its difficulties, for 'prentices might at times have forgotten to count—supposing they knew how—or been careless. But these old stories are good in the telling. The most interesting thing about William, we thought, being dispassionately concerned, was that his servant, who murdered William *en route* to the Holy Land via Canterbury, chose to do so on the Watling Street. For the tithe, the objective point of travel and the assassination, William was canonized in 1256. This was told us as we stood in the pretty deanery gardens giving thanks to nature for planting dainty flowers in the crannied wall of the old priory.

However much we might have doubted the accuracy of some of the verger's carefully recited information, the statement that Rochester's crypt is one of the finest in England we accepted with entire faith, for surely there

could not be many so spacious. Its vistas of low-vaulted dimly lit chambers seemed eloquent of the mystery that dwells underground.

This had been a day of unforeseen discoveries, among which the most delightful was reserved for the last. As we stood in the gardens inclosed by fragmentary walls of the castle save where the Medway glides silently by, we forgot our fatigue in looking up on the great square keep which has sturdily withstood the attacks of hostile foes as well as the modern vandal's pickaxe. We sat on a bench where we could look comfortably at its splendid walls and the red sails loitering in the still afternoon. Children were feeding a flock of pigeons, their merry voices a contrast to the scenes our fancy pictured in the shadow of these ancient walls. Tethered to the wall of the keep, absurdly suggestive of a mimic watchdog, was a tiny white donkey. While Diana sought entrance to this keep, whose main doorway was closed by an iron grille much like the portcullis which had once protected it, Sonia interrogated some rosy-faced children and learned that Nancy was a prize-medal donkey whom they were permitted to feed with carrots and occasionally to ride.

Sixpence gave us the freedom of the keep's interior. A recent owner of the castle, having

Children were feeding a flock of pigeons.

inherited none of the conservatism of his race, desired to sell his property; but failing to find a purchaser he caused it to be dismantled and disposed of piecemeal. The first of the depredations of this Kentish radical, Walker Weldon, was the removal of all the woodwork—the splendid oak doors, floors, and joists—which was sold to one Gimmett and incorporated in his new brewhouse. Followed all the worked Caen stone, such as the turnings of arches and the "nosing" of steps to a firm of London masons who tore away all they could reach. Happily there was much beyond their long arms, and the arched doors on which we looked upward for six stories are still very beautiful tokens of early Norman workmanship. In the year 1878 Weldon offered the rest of the keep to a local pavior; but the crafty prospective purchaser bethought him to test the strength of these walls of Kentish ragstone whose thickness was twelve feet. To his desistance we owe it that this splendid stronghold remains.

Why are the cannon of modern warfare considered more destructive than the old battering rams? When it is remembered that in the time of King John a portion of these walls was undermined by his battering rams so that it fell outward and carried with it a part of the outer

wall into the moat there would seem to be no necessity for more effectual instruments. One of the dungeons remains to suggest the unloveliness of the "good" old times. We thought of Robert Bruce's queen lowered by ropes into this pit, where for seven months she dwelt in darkness and horror until the castle's constable, Henry de Cobham, was ordered to "assign for her use a suitable room within the said castle; and that the sum of twenty shillings be allowed for her weekly expenses; and that she be permitted at convenient times to walk under safe custody within the precincts of the aforesaid castle and the Priory of St. Andrew."

The Romans were again recalled to us by three blackened piles of a Roman bridge which with some others were discovered in the river bed while constructing the present bridge.

As we ascended the worn stones of the great spiral stairway we thought of the clank of armored knights and the occasional silken tread of fair women which had long ago preceded the tourists, who, conscious of intrusion in the privacy of the past, yet reverently relived the scenes in which their ancestors may have participated. The outer windows, as we ascended, gave us pleasant glimpses of the cathedral or, on the other side, of the gardens and the river.

Pausing to rest and to contemplate at leisure the details of the great pile now peopled only by pigeons, Sonia glanced through some of the local guides she had procured.

"Henry the Second," said Diana, "I was taught in school to believe a 'powerful' king; but when I think on the 'local pavior' and the thickness of these walls I am more than ever convinced of Henry's power by recalling that he is said to have destroyed eleven hundred Norman castles. How tired he must have been!"

Sonia looked up from her guide books. "I am trying to recall which of the Ingoldsby Legends it is that begins:

> 'In Rochester Town
> At the sign of the Crown.'"

"I don't know that one," said Diana, "but it was on this very tower St. Bridget's Hand of Glory burned every St. Mark's Eve—perhaps it still does—and the saint appeared to the parish clerk at Rochester while he was untrussing his points preparatory to nocturnal retirement, held up that same incandescent hand and compelled him to exhume the unshriven sailor who had been buried too close to her saintship."

" 'The Rood of Gillingham was deserted; the chapel of Rainham forsaken,' " quoted Sonia, whose mind in childhood had received many indelible impressions.

We read that this castle had been constructed, perhaps reconstructed—the old British settlement which the Romans called Durobrivæ having occupied the site of the present town—by the redoubtable William of Normandy, and that during the centuries immediately following the occasion at Hastings both Rochester city and castle were frequently besieged. As early as the days of Kent's independent Saxon monarchy Rochester was regarded as an important stronghold on the Medway. It was destroyed by Ethelred, King of Mercia, in 676, and by the Danes nearly two hundred years later.

When Odo, the fighting Bishop of Bayeux—who strove beside his brother, Duke William, at Hastings, and to whom William gave the reconstructed castle of Rochester—raised an insurrection against William Rufus and in favor of Robert of Normandy, the Conqueror's son besieged and "took" the castle and forced the prelate to return to his Norman town of tapestries.

Three times during the twelfth century both town and castle were nearly destroyed by fire.

Happily there was much beyond the reach of their long arms.

In 1215 King John gathered together at Dover an army of mercenaries and marched northward on the Watling Street to attack Rochester Castle which, staunchly defended by William de Albini, withstood him for three months. In the next year Louis, Dauphin of France, landed at Thanet in aid of the barons and again the castle was "taken"; but after his retreat and the death of John it submitted once more to the crown.

It is written that in 1540 "the impatient though unwieldy lover Henry VIII, accompanied by eight gentlemen of his privy chamber," rode to Rochester to meet the latest bride (Anne of Cleves). Alas! poor Hal.

Many kings caused the castle to be repaired after its various vicissitudes. Of these the last was Edward IV. In 1610 King James I granted the whole estate of the castle to Sir Anthony Weldon of Swanscombe, a predecessor of Walker Weldon.

We had seen all that was to be seen of the castle, and were preparing to descend the stone stairs, our eyes a little blinded by the light in the upper corridors from which we had just emerged, when a long shrill scream from far below came echoing through the great spaces. So utterly had we been immersed in the past that for a moment we paused and gazed at each

other with wild eyes and white faces. Then other screams followed in the shrill treble of childish voices and we laughed, remembering the children whom we had seen playing in the gardens.

When we looked back at the tower on our way down to the fine old water gate of the castle, two Scots in scarlet coats and gay tartan kilts about to enter the keep made the ivied walls more picturesque than before.

Tea in a pleasant little garden back of a shop on the High Street refreshed us. At the foot of the esplanade a boatman had offered to row us to Upnor Castle. Upon inquiry as to its present state of preservation, he told us that it was now used as a powder magazine. This was fortunate, for the afternoon was nearly gone, and we had still many things to see in Rochester. There is a Crown Inn, built upon the site of that in which the three shabby-genteel men sat them down to "fat stubble-goose, with potatoes done brown." On the High Street is also the Bull Inn, whose beds Mr. Alfred Jingle praised. In the Vines Recreation Ground is a fragment of the old city wall. Other parts remain, but we were obliged to forego the pleasure of seeing them.

In the Recreation Ground that once was the vineyard of the Priory of St. Andrew we had

noticed the Restoration House, where Charles II passed a night on his return to England in 1660. Of Eastgate House, known to readers of Edwin Drood, we saw only the exterior, delightfully Tudor. Now on the High Street was passed the Watt's Charity House with its "quaint old door—choice little, long low lattice windows and a roof of three gables."

An assiduous cabman, sagaciously perceiving our nationality, asked if he might drive the ladies to Gad's Hill House; but upon learning that it was only shown to visitors on Wednesdays, the present day being Thursday and the hour but little short of six, we declined the drive and bought photographs of Dickens's home to comfort us as best they might. The cabman, nowise disgruntled by the loss of a fare, asked if we would not like to see the Elizabethan stairway in the Gordon Hotel, before which we were standing. The time-blackened and use-polished wood of this staircase would have been worth a long pilgrimage, as would also the fine "dog-gate" which the hotel contains, and is said to be the only one in Kent. A room was shown us through which James II escaped when he was recaptured at Chatham. The building is said to have been erected about 1600.

The cabman's courtesy was rewarded to the

best of our ability. We were driven by him across the bridge to our station. The distance was short, and a tram might have conveyed us far more economically; but there are times when a cab is indispensable, and our appreciation of this brief drive was so lavishly expressed that the driver's smiles and bows were not discontinued until the train for London bore us from his ken and Kent.

CHAPTER IV.

Royal Ascot

"ROYAL weather for Royal Ascot," exclaimed Sonia, who is always the first to pull up the clattering Venetian blinds and admit the light of morning. At such times she announces to Diana, who does not wish to be talked to, the hour and the weather. But nowhere is the weather so vital a topic as in England; and it is not surprising that the magazine advertisements so often concern rain-proof garments.

"You must wear your smartest frocks, my dears!" had been Lady Hanford-Burham's parting injunction on the previous evening. "At Ascot we women have our greatest opportunity of the whole season for the display of millinery."

While Diana gave a final twist to the roses in her hat, and Sonia, who had pulled a button

off her glove, dove frantically into her sewing basket for another of similar size, our maid announced "her ladyship," and we descended to the drawing-room.

"Where is Sir Arthur?" Diana asked.

"Oh, I say, my dears; but it is such a disappointment. The poor man has a horrible influenza and cannot possibly go with us. He was so anxious to back Pillo and Louvier. But he insists that we go nevertheless. I call it horrid, you know, not to have a man with us. What a jolly little frock you are wearing, So-So!"

"My dear Di, what in the world are you going to do with that mackintosh?" This to Diana, who had hung a silken rain cape over her arm.

"I thought it might be wiser to take—something. It is not so pleasant as when we woke this morning."

"We shall not need anything of the sort," Lady Hanford assured her. "You must not spoil the effect of your pretty French finery." With manifest reluctance Diana laid the cape on a chair and took a fluffy parasol instead.

"This looks interesting," said Sonia, as we waited in the great station for the "Ascot special" to be announced. Throngs of people

congregated, all dressed in what constituted their idea of fitness for the occasion. The social status of the women could be instantly determined by their choice of color, material and style. Among the men there was great dissimilarity. The gilded youth of proud lineage and no chin stood with field glass slung correctly over his shoulder chatting with the scion of a ducal house whose thick purple lips and reddened eyes gave little credit to the famous ancestor who fought beside his king at Crécy. Actors in plenty were assembled with wholly correct attire of the sort Billy, Sonia's brother, would have dubbed "noisy." Of coachmen and grooms who had been accorded a holiday we detected several. White-haired, ruddy-cheeked, frock-coated M. P.'s stood in friendly groups in which women fluttered pleasantly; and corpulent, ready-made necktie race goers whose interest was in revenue only stood waiting for the gates to open. Everybody bought race cards and morning papers in which they studied the past performances of the horses and picked the day's winners. The train sped without stop to Ascot. We passed Staines and caught a glimpse as the train crossed the Thames of the Pack Horse Hotel where we had alighted from the steamer.

"It is raining," announced Diana, with an I-told-you-so expression.

"I," said Sonia, "am in so beatific a frame of mind that I am prepared to see my finest raiment draggled in the mud and splashed with rain without being in the least perturbed."

The train stopped and we plunged into the crowds of remarkably well-dressed men and women. Everybody was intent on having a good time. The platform was protected by a glass roof and a long, covered passage led to the race course. None of us had ever been to the races before, and all were conscious of a cat-in-a-strange-garret feeling. On the grass beside the covered way a vast number of beggars squatted in the rain, who promised all sorts of luck to the generous. The English people must be universally charitable, for in every hotel, restaurant, railway station, and in a multitude of other places we were confronted with contribution boxes for some charitable purpose. Diana threw silver and coppers to all these mendicants beside the covered way to the race course, laughing when they assured her of being a "sure winner."

"Why do they solicit for the lifeboat service?" asked Sonia.

"My dear!" replied her ladyship, "you

We passed Staines and the train crossed the Thames.

have no idea how those poor fellows risk their lives to save the crews and passengers on wrecked ships along the coast. Everybody contributes to their support."

"Do you mean that they are supported by charity and not by the government?" we asked in amazement.

"Yes, their services are voluntary; but I am told they are well paid because everybody has so much sympathy for the poor dear fellows."

We had been invited to sit in Mrs. Miller's box; but the custodian thereof told us that Mrs. Miller was not expecting to be present to-day and the box was already filled with some friends who had come in their motor. Lady Hanford-Burham was very much embarrassed; but we supposed Mrs. Miller was more generous than systematic, and had forgotten to how many she had offered the freedom of her box or else supposed its capacity to be unlimited. To our surprise and delight we obtained without difficulty excellent places on a covered stand somewhat nearer to the Royal Enclosure and the judges' stand. The rain had ceased and Lady Hanford took occasion to remind us that we had not as yet been exposed to a "single drop."

"I do wish I had thought to ask Art how we could place our bets," she said.

"My favorite is Silent Lady," said Sonia. "It is the prettiest name of all."

"How much will you back her with?" asked Diana.

"Nothing at all!" replied that young lady decisively. "I am not here to gamble."

"We must find a way," declared Diana to Lady Hanford, a reckless gleam in her eyes; "I want to bet a sov. on Louvier. I wonder how it is done? The American jockey is going to ride him."

"There is a harmless-looking man in the next box," volunteered Sonia, interested despite her scruples. "Why don't you ask him how to do it?"

Her ladyship, devoutly wishing that Sir Arthur's "flu" had waited until a more convenient time, blushingly asked the harmless-looking man, whose gray hair inspired some confidence, for the necessary information.

"I think," he replied, "you will have to wire to London."

"Not a bit of it," murmured Diana. "Let us go down and see what we can do here. There are dozens of bookies standing there. I wonder why they all are wearing gray hats. What a shouting! It is as bad as the Stock Exchange on a panicky morning." As usual a bobby helped us out of our difficulty, and we

had scarcely settled ourselves in our seats after having boldly invested some gold pieces when the royalties' approach was announced.

"Isn't it just too splendid!" Sonia whispered, as the three royal carriages, each drawn by four sleek bays, with due accompaniment of postilions and outriders, advanced along the emerald turf while bands played, people shouted, women who had been presented made their Court courtesy, and the sun broke forth to make the scene still more brilliant. They drove in beside the Royal Enclosure, the king and queen speaking with acquaintances therein; and soon the queen's mauve dress graced the front of the circular royal box, where we watched her all day as assiduously as though we were staunch royalists and not democratic citizens of the Land of the Free.

"So-So, my dear, I fear your Silent Lady has been scratched," said her ladyship, looking at the bulletin.

"Now you see how wise I was to keep my golden ducats," laughed Sonia.

"Here they come!"

The green of England's rolling landscape was more than intensified by the gray of the sky, for the sun had withdrawn again. The horses flashed past the royal box with never a false start, and the gay apparel of the jock-

eys diminished to mere points of color in the distance, vanished for a moment as the track dipped, then reappeared and skimmed along like birds farther away; until curving gradually nearer and larger they approached while thousands of people watched in a hush so intense that it seemed something must break. And it did. A low murmur stirred in the great throng of spectators, which vibrated more loudly with the horses' approach and burst into shouts of excitement as the winner flashed beyond his closely pressing second and the bell clanged. Lady Hanford discovered with surprise that she had beaten to shreds her beautiful fan of pearl and plumes. Our favorites were not in the first few races. We wanted Minoru, the king's horse, to win; but he was defeated. It was a day when few of the favorites won and there were some surprises among the bettors.

" I wonder if the royalties are having chicken and ham, too," said Diana, as these viands were set before us at luncheon. " When I suggested to Mrs. Dodson this morning that we have roast chicken for dinner, she said fowls are very dear this week because so many had been engaged for Ascot. So we had to compromise on veal, as she seemed certain that even extravagant Americans could not indulge in fowl

They drove in beside the Royal Enclosure.

under such circumstances, and I dared not disturb her belief."

When the horses were assembling for the race in which our favorite was to run, Diana was so excited she wanted to shriek like some of the women who hung over the fence rail opposite, where the coaches were parked. The race was a long one; and while the little spots of color skimmed across the distance she heard a man who had come up from the betting ring with a " sure tip " say:

" Number eleven wins."

Number eleven won by a neck and the odds were six to one. So Diana and her ladyship were flushed with triumph when they came back chinking the gold in their purses.

There had been another shower and many of the women who had been visiting the paddock and preferred dragging their long skirts about on the wet grass to sitting unobserved in a sheltered stand had ample opportunity for displaying entire *sang-froid,* although laces and chiffons were wet and muddy; and delicate shoes must have been unpleasantly moist.

" Their self-control is far more admirable than their indifference to the destruction of costly and beautiful dresses," said Sonia. " I am sure I could not have kept my promise of the morning, but should have scuttled for safety

when the rain came, even if I had not seen our splendid Louvier win the Gold Cup—or whichever cup it was."

After the last race but one we departed and succeeded in avoiding the returning throngs. We enjoyed a clean and undisturbed compartment; moreover, we reached London in time to meet Miranda at Mrs. Hallyn's "at home," where we heard some pleasant music and partook of delectable ices and strawberries.

"We have laughed at some of your English customs," remarked Diana; "but for beauty of setting, for perfection of management in every detail, for royal splendor, and for so vast an aggregation of men of the sort for which England is world renowned and also for women whose imperturbability is as assured as the valor of their lords—commend me to Royal Ascot.

CHAPTER V

Kew Gardens and Richmond

"There sits enthroned in vegetable pride
Imperial Kew by Thames's glittering side."

KEW GARDENS are beautiful, no doubt, at all times; but surely June's glory of rose and rhododendron is unrivaled. Kew is every kind of a garden — formal, informal, wild. There is a wonderful rock garden that winds up and down through the miniature Brocken, which gave Sonia more suggestions than she will ever utilize. There are rose arches and arbors over which riot more varieties of "climbers" than are dreamed of in our catalogues and price lists.

Dorothy Perkins is new to America, and so are the tiny single roses that our florists are producing as Easter novelties; but the clever gardeners at Kew have long known them all. Diana has a passion for yellow roses and for

the old-fashioned mossy pink buds of her great-grandmother's garden. Here she found them all and here love for them grew greater than before.

The glass houses contain little that we had not seen elsewhere: palms, tree ferns, cacti, and the wondrous Victoria Regia, not yet in bloom.

But the orchids! Orchids are nature's music made visible—from tenderest tones to wildest Walkürian abandon. The orchids were supreme. Some stimulated vaguely like the great piano concerto of Tschaikowsky or a czardas of Dvorak; some seemed to dance like the fairies of Mendelssohn. Others were the steady, golden, sunlit tones of Mozart; and again others seemed the epitome of Beethoven's cool, shadow-flecked moonlight. A certain mauve variety can only be associated with love music, whether of Tristan, Romeo, or Rhadames matters not. The nightingale is the nightingale whether he sings to the rose of Persia or of Portugal. To some people the orchid but an orchid is; to others it is an exotic, which being expensive is desirable. A few there are to whom its form and color suggest a universe of ineffable spirituality, of poems unrevealed, of hopes passionately impalpable.

The pond lilies of England are deprived of

Who would be interested in a palace when they could roam in such a garden?

their birthright; they are *geruchlos.* Perhaps that is why our American wild violets have no perfume—nature's unwritten law of compensation.

We had come to Kew on Friday, and therefore were unable to see the interior of the palace. But who, as Diana inquired, would be interested in a palace, especially a Georgian, when they could roam in such a garden? The custodian who informed us that the palace was closed on Fridays added that there was not much of interest in it.

"Most of the 'alls and hapartments is hempty," he said. When we learned that Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had lived here we were glad we had been spared further reminders of Elizabeth's minion. It was more wholesome to think of the Dutch merchant who bought the palace at a later date and with a recklessness worthy of royalty pulled it down and erected the present building, which is still called "Dutch House." The crown regained it by fair means or the right of might early in the eighteenth century. When poor George III became demented he was housed here for a time. And here died Queen Charlotte amid the gardens she loved so well. During Victoria's latter days the palace and gardens were given to the people.

The Chinese pagoda is dear to the British heart; but we were not moved to enthusiasm regarding it. A Chinese pagoda needs a Chinese environment, which Martin Tupper provided by asserting that the old name for Kew, Kai-ho, was sufficiently Chinese.

Words are too colorless to depict the splendor of Rhododendron Dell. Even to us who had been in the North Carolina mountains in early June these masses of warm color-tones against polished green foliage were fraught with deep delight. We loitered in the wild garden and congratulated the song birds on their choice of summer residence.

Along Cedar Vista we came to the pretty artificial lake, where among the tiny islets many sorts of water fowl disported. At the far end of the grassy Sion Vista the Palm House glistens. The names of some parts and paths in the shady Arboretum tell as much as description could: Bamboo Garden, Azalea Garden, Tulip Tree Avenue, Riverside Avenue. This last extends more than half a mile, from Isleworth Ferry to Brentford Ferry. At the south of Kew Gardens is the Old Deer Park, eight miles in circumference, which connects with Richmond. Before leaving, however, we must see the American Garden. As American gardens go, this can scarcely be

called typical; but it was pleasant to see our common field and roadside flowers so treasured.

A tram bore us quickly to Richmond, where Diana insisted first of all upon finding "maids of honor." The search was not a long one; and in the bakeshop where we secured them we obtained a "decent" luncheon. The sweetened cheese cakes beloved of Elizabeth's handmaidens are far less delectable than some others in the same shop; but loyal Sonia insisted that they were "perfectly delicious," and ate more than she wanted because impulsive Diana had, after a single mouthful, thrust them aside and ordered jam tarts, murmuring something about the probable deterioration of maids of honor several hundred years old.

The busy Richmond of to-day is very different from the Schene where kings and queens held court amid the forests that ever furnished sport royal in plenty. From Syences, meaning in Saxon, beautiful, in German, *Schön*, to Schene and Sheen and on to Richmond of the French-taught Tudors is not a far cry.

Edward I, who was not the first Edward to reign in England, came sometimes to the manor house on the river which Henry I had built nearly two hundred years before. From here went Richard II to his coronation; and

here he brought his gentle Anne of Bohemia who was destined to die here. After her death the king abandoned this home of mournful memories which soon fell into ruins; and Geoffrey Chaucer, who had been Clerk of the Works to the palace went to Woodstock, a pensioner of the crown.

Royalties have always displayed a childish pleasure in razing the palaces of their predecessors. When Edward III's beloved Philippa desired a new house, he dutifully rebuilt the palace of Schene for her. Several downs and ups followed before fire came unbidden during the reign of Henry VII and completely destroyed it. This gave Henry his chance; and up went a new palace, which he named Richmond, from his own earldom. Did the first Tudor Henry think of the last Henry of Lancaster who went forth from the halls of Schene Palace to that fatal battle of St. Alban's? And was there no prescience that ten years after the building of this beautiful Gothic residence his own body would be lying in state in its Great Hall?

Square-faced King Hal, after having wrested from his dulled tool, Wolsey, his palace at Hampton Court, graciously(?) permitted him to occupy the one at Richmond and royally condescended to visit him here.

Wondering whether we were on Cholmondeley Walk.

"That is what my brother Billy would call 'rubbing it in,'" said Sonia. "The vengeance of royalty toward deposed favorites seems to take a subhuman delight in this sort of thing."

After Wolsey's death of heartbreak at his lonely Esher Place Henry often visited Richmond—a good place for deer stalking; but he wearied of it, so gave it to Anne of Cleves when he wearied of her.

Mary, the bloody—the brutal—imprisoned her dangerous sister, Elizabeth, at Richmond Palace. The dangerous sister had her day also; and here, it is said, she put her signature with steady hand and cold to the death warrant of her dangerous cousin, Mary of Scotland. But death came also to Elizabeth, whom life had cheated of all she most desired. A state barge bore in splendor her shriveled corpse down the Thames to London.

It was probably here that Van Dyck came to paint those wonderful portraits of the children of Charles I.

During the Commonwealth, when wealth was not common, the palace was sold for ten thousand pounds, which sum was devoted to the maintenance of the Parliamentary Army. The widowed queen, Henrietta Maria, was its first châtelaine after resumption by the crown.

Of the "fourteen turrets," which much adorned and "set forth the fabric of the whole structure," and were a "very graceful ornament to the whole house, being perspicuous to the country round about," none remain. There is an archway of red brick, over which is a room said to have been that in which Elizabeth died.

"I respectfully doubt that assertion," said Diana, "she could not possibly have squeezed her state bed into that little room, much less her maids of honor and their cheese cakes. Nevertheless this bit of the old palace is fairly perspicuous." The arch under this room is evidently a part of Henry VII's structure, for his arms are to be seen on an escutcheon above it.

Fronting on the river is now a modern dwelling where a part of the palace once stood, connecting with the cloisters of the ancient Priory of Sheen that was founded by Henry I. Every trace of it has disappeared, which is true also of another priory established here by Henry V in the year preceding Agincourt.

"Syon Vista" at Kew took a new meaning when we learned that at Syon on the opposite side of the river was a nunnery, which, legend says, was connected by a subfluvial passage

with the Carthusian Priory at Schene. This priory evidently became corrupted by the inertia of the Middle Ages, for we read that it was several times suppressed and restored before its final demolition during Elizabeth's reign.

"Why," asked contemplative Sonia, "is so little remaining of the palace when it was here in Georgian times; and the Maids of Honor Row on Richmond Green was not erected until the time of the first George?"

"Here's why," replied Diana, turning the leaves of a guide book: "Queen Anne, who had not built anything but hideous gabled houses which she should have been ashamed to acknowledge, was jealous of Henry VII's Fourteen Turrets and therefore pulled part of them down. George III, some of whose teaspoons we bought in London yesterday, went her one better by commanding all the buildings to be removed and the ground plowed up!"

"It seems to me," grunted Sonia, "that there is too much history and not enough palace. What else came we forth to see? Oh, there is the first gazebo I ever saw!" We were walking along the shady riverside and had been wondering whether we were on Cholmondely Walk. Set upon a wall was indeed a real

gazebo—a pleasant surprise which compensated somewhat for the sparsity of palace.

Above Richmond Bridge is a wooded island beside which were moored one or two of the small black steamers that are typical of the Thames.

"Why do they carry so many extra tires?" Diana dreamily inquired, while she watched a patient fisherman who did not get a bite.

"I must ask somebody the name of that dear little island," Sonia declared. "I know it must have an idyllic name." She stopped a barefoot boy and his whistling.

"The *h*island? Ow, that's Heel Pie." Sonia looked wounded; Diana laughed immoderately. "Twickenham Ait is another name," she vouchsafed from her guide-book's lore; but she dared not launch the inevitable pun when she knew there would be no laugh from the disgusted Sonia. Glover Island it was after all; and we had yet to see Eel Pie Island.

From any and every point of view Richmond Bridge is a thing of beauty; and leaning on its balustrade we could not determine whether the view up the river or down was the more fair. At the top of the bridge stairs we hired a cab to take us to the terrace, not knowing how near we had been to the Terrace Gardens

Why do they carry so many extra tires?

which occupy the broad slope between that unrivaled terrace and the Thames.

"No wonder Scott brought poor little Jeanie Deans here!" exclaimed Sonia; "having seen it himself he must needs make some of his pen children behold it."

"But you will recall," said Diana, "that to Jeanie it meant nothing but 'braw rich feeding for the cows.'"

The sun was low and the long shadows of the trees fell athwart the emerald lawn's decline. Like a silver bow bent the river through hazy violet of the distant landscape to which dipped the great azure arch, flecked with fleecy cumuli. The terrace was almost deserted save for a stolid nursemaid or so and a whistling errand boy who turned to look at the three-star view.

Our cab took us to Richmond Park where we elicited the supreme scorn of a young buck by pointing a camera at him, as he lay at ease in the long grass near the grazing herd. Some ancient oaks still rear their heads above the younger trees; but many are yielding to the relentless grip of age and their bare branches cut rugged lines against the tender summer sky. Praised be the name of John Lewis, a brewer of Richmond, who sued the crown for right of carriageway and won, when Princess

Amelia, daughter of George II, excluded the public from Richmond Park by building a fence around it!

After tea on the terrace of the Star and Garter, which looks down on that same silver sweep of the river, our cab brought us back to Richmond Terrace, for another ravishing of its glorious outlook. He directed our attention to Wick House, facing the terrace, which had been built as a residence for Sir Joshua Reynolds.

We strolled down through the Terrace G rdens, pausing at the fountain where the Marquis of Lansdowne's mansion once stood, and coveting another tea at the tiny thatched tea house that was once used as a playhouse by the children of the Duke of Buccleuch. Buccleuch House, farther down, has passed from the family's possession, happily for those who are now permitted to enjoy the gardens formerly surrounded by a ducal wall. A view of the river from the sloping gardens was so fair that we needs must linger and let it sink deep in memory before seeking the inevitable train for London.

The River bent like a silver bow.

CHAPTER VI

By Coach to Guildford

GLANCING idly through a guide book in quest of interesting places to be seen near London, Sonia, who likes the suggestiveness of names, was attracted by that of Guildford.

"Here is a place we cannot afford to miss," she said, "listen!"

"'Guildford is the capital of Surrey. It is situated in that depression of the North Downs through the River Wey passes.'"

"What are downs?" asked Diana, looking ashamed of her ignorance.

"I had always supposed they were dunes, but it says in here somewhere that they are 'softly rounded hills.' Sometimes they are referred to as though they were composed of chalk. May I read more to you about Guildford?"

"'Alfred the Great in his will bequeathed

Guildford as a royal demesne to his nephew Ethelwald.' Just think of actually seeing a place that is identified with Alfred!"

"England seems to be as replete with unexpected thrills as a Wagner opera. What else of Guildford, the hitherto unknown?"

"'There may have been a Roman station here. During the reign of Edward the Confessor, Alfred the Atheling, son of Ethelred II, was seized here by Godwin's men after being lured from France, and his Norman attendants to the number of six hundred were massacred, which is believed to have formed a link in the chain of events leading to Duke William's invasion of England.'"

"I had always supposed," interrupted Diana, "that the incendiary William came over to conquer England because nothing conquerable remained on his side of the Channel and he wanted a change of scene and climate as a *sauce piquante* to his pleasant and chivalrous pastimes of fighting and firing. So there really was a reason—a chain of events; and William's Conquest was inspired by a sense of duty! I believe I shall yet admire Duke William, founder of a line of kings and the Blue Book."

"'The most prominent building in Guildford is the square Norman keep of the old cas-

tle, whose ivy-clad walls, ten feet in thickness, dominate the town and can be seen for many miles. Below the castle large caverns in the chalk are believed to have connected with the crypt under the Angel Hotel.'" Sona read on, ignoring the comments of her friend.

"We shall go to Guildford," announced Diana. "Now we must go down to the Victoria and book our seats for the Brighton coach. That comes next."

At the hotel disappointment was hurled upon us by an insolent young man who displayed the petty tyranny peculiar to petty persons who have attained petty power. He controlled the disposing of seats for the coaches which ply between London and certain nearby places. We had known only of that which was driven by an American millionaire to Brighton. We had invited two English ladies to accompany us; and now we were informed with unnecessary bluntness that the Venture would make but one more run, all the seats having been booked weeks in advance. Thus curtly were we dismissed. As Diana took up her parasol which had rested on the counter, some cards caught in its folds. She was about to replace them when one was discovered to bear the name Guildford.

THE RELIANCE

Guildford and London Coach
Leaving Victoria Hotel daily at 10.45

The autocrat admitted that there was such a coach and that its daily trips would continue for several weeks. We engaged four places for the morrow. With the superb nonchalance of his kind he accepted the guinea gold we poured into his palm for the privilege of driving to Guildford.

"What name, please?"

"Lady Hanford-Burham," said Diana, using the name of one of our guests. The effect was magical. The tyrant was transformed to a servility so abject as to be nauseous.

On the morrow's golden morn we set forth amid a clatter of hoofs and the clear notes of the guard's horn, through the throng of Piccadilly to Kensington, across Hammersmith Bridge and so once more out of London.

The box-seat having been preëmpted, her ladyship and Sonia were assigned places on the second seat and Miss Hebert sat with Diana on the back seat beside the guard, whose gold-braided coat of Lincoln green and buff beaver hat made him almost as conspicuous as did the notes of his long bright horn which

merrily wound a way through the thoroughfares.

Facing them were two men who talked of horses with the guard, between them all a *camaraderie* born of mutual interest. They discussed the roan mare—off-wheeler—making her second trip with the coach. The guard turned to the ladies.

"I 'ope ye are not feeling nervous. There's no need, for we've the best driver in England."

Being assured that the ladies were not in the least nervous, he nodded and drew forth the horn for another fanfare. The elder of the two men on the opposite seat, both of whom had listened with interest, said to Diana:

"Do you like coaching as well as motoring?"

"That depends upon whether I am coaching or motoring," she replied. "To-day I think I never did anything more delightful than this."

He twinkled after the manner of elderly men when talking to children or young women. His companion, ruddy, round-faced, dressed in gray tweed, asked Miss Hebert if she knew the road to Guildford.

"My home is in Cobham," he said, "I come up to my office in London every day. At this season I leave home about five and am back

on my farm at eleven usually. I'm a farmer and a countryman. Is it not so, Tom? I raise shire horses."

"I suppose you are from New York," said the guard to Diana, proud of his perspicacity.

"Thank you," she replied, "for not saying Boston or Chicago. Having been a New Yorker for two hundred and fifty years, I like to feel that I look like one."

He scarcely waited for her to finish, so eager was he to tell her that he had been in New York. "I drove on the coach from the Holland House to Ardsley for two seasons. They gave me a first prize and a loving cup for blowing. Yes, you've some good 'orses. The 'orses on this coach were raised in America—Argentine—by Mr. M——. He got three blues at the show last night. Perhaps you were there?"

We were now passing beyond Barnes Common, where among the furze many children were merrily romping; and here and there men lay sleeping as they do in the London parks. At Roehampton the horses were changed. All the men on the coach climbed down to witness this proceeding save one who sat with a woman on the same seat as Sonia and Lady Hanford-Burham. He, although middle-aged, was quite evidently a newly made bridegroom, else surely

some of the sparkle of such a day and drive must have dissolved his stolid solemnity and the self-absorption of this pair.

When Sonia and her companion would have commiserated with their friends on the back seat, they were informed that Miss Hebert and Diana had been pleasantly conversing with three strange men.

" I've a friend in Brooklyn," said the tweed-clad one when the coach was rumbling on again and the guard, having musically announced our coming to whom it might concern, replaced the horn in its long basket. " He comes over every year for the shooting. Doesn't he, Tom? Sometimes he stops but a few days; but he says one day's shooting in Surrey is worth a longer journey. Prettiest county in England; isn't it, Tom? " " Tom " twinkled at the ladies. " I wonder if you happen to know him, miss? His name is Bates."

Diana believed not.

" Tom " said he knew a man who went out to the States about thirty years ago. His name was Dawlinson—Jim Dawlinson. The world was so small; could the lady have made his acquaintance? The lady requested the name of the place in which the friend was residing. Tom plumbed the deeps of memory and announced with a double twinkle:

"Springfield."

"Springfield in Ohio, Illinois, or Massachusetts?" asked Diana, wondering if she could name all the States containing a Springfield.

"Eh? I do not know. Just Springfield, miss."

We were crossing Putney Heath, a broad expanse of waste land, thick with gorse and bracken and evidently destined to become a part of the monster city whose tentacles are every year farther reaching. There was an old prophecy that Hampstead would one day be the center of London; and although the growth is greater in that direction there are indications "out Putney way" that this beautiful heath—where Linnæus, seeing for the first time the golden glory of the gorse fell to his knees in thankfulness—may be seized by land agents and apportioned in patches to London wagemen. The gorse, which is now cultivated in Sweden as carefully as the American velvet plant (mullein) is in English gardens, shall on Putney Heath become but a tradition.

"Over there, ladies, on Putney Hill, is Bowling Green, the home of the 'heaven-born statesman'—Pitt," added Tom, seeing Diana's ignorance of the sobriquet. She thought of the "heavy news of Austerlitz," and said:

"I have always wished he could have with-

stood that calamity and survived the decade between it and Waterloo. I should like to have been an Englishman when that name rang through the land!"

On our left Wimbledon Common was gliding by, a great stretch of green touched here and there with the gold of the gorse patches.

"I am so glad this is the right season for gorse," said Diana. "I have always feared it might not be in bloom when I should come to England." The four English persons laughed.

"I see you have not heard the old saying," say the tweed one. "'Kissing's out of season when the gorse is out of bloom.'"

Afterwards we learned that this was once one of the most dangerous of the commons outlying London. Here Jerry Avershawe distinguished himself as a "Knight of the Road" and caused hearts to quake and purses to disappear when post chaises came this way. In the year of his majority this mock-heroic youth possessed of a melodramatic fame was executed on Kennington Common, where Wesley and Whitefield were to preach in a later day and where park-loving London has preserved a breathing place of much beauty.

Kingston's antiquity is genuine but not conspicuous. Its electric tramways and heteroge-

neous buildings are of to-day. Imagination falters when bidden to picture the scene wherein the Witanagemot proclaimed the several kingdoms of the Heptarchy to be united under the dominion of Egbert of Wessex in the same year that the iron crown of the Lombards was placed upon the head of his friend Charlemagne. The coronation stone of the Saxon kings may still be seen near Kingston's market place.

"We used to change the 'orses 'ere," said the guard, "but the *h*inns aren't what they used to be, so we go on to Surbiton." His pronunciation was delightful to Diana who liked the flavor of his Bow Bells inflection quite as much as she admired his efforts to conceal it. She was amused also at the point of view which made him declare to the gentlemen opposite that he did not see what use the trams could be unless they had been designed to spoil driving.

"Hello! Johnny," he called in a hearty voice to a tiny boy in the street, "'ow's your dog to-day?"

"Why don't you blow?" shrilled the little voice wistfully.

Out came the horn as we whisked around a corner and we looked back upon the utter delight glowing in the small face.

Horses were changed at Surbiton.

The Fox-and-Hounds at Surbiton faces the Thames, from which it is separated only by the width of the road. The river here is so busy as to remind one of the city's proximity, while the long shady roads would proclaim it far distant. The inn's pleasant courtyard, gay with flowers and green with vines, was bustling with hostlers. On the opposite side of the river is the park of Hampton Court. Diana descended to photograph the coach. As the guard helped her to regain her place he told her that the gentleman in the gray tweed was a Mr. Belford and that " Tom " was Mr. Sands, both wealthy Surrey squires.

Esher is pleasantly situated on an upland. The village is small and possesses many charms for foreign eyes. Its rural quiet seems infinitely remote from London, and indeed is scarcely known save to those who have bicycled, motored, or driven through its shady highway. Moreover, it is so unpretentious that cycles or motors but rarely pause long enough on their way to inquire its name. Here a beautiful young girl who had been leaning on a gate watching for the coach came out with blush and smile to give a rose to the guard, who swung low to receive it, and no doubt said something to cause the roselike blush on her cheek. All day the flower glowed in his coat.

The Bear at Esher is one of the old coaching inns. The two pink effigies of bears on the parapet announce its name unmistakably. While the horses were being watered Mr. Belford told the ladies of a pair of boots highly treasured by the landlord as having been worn by the postboy who drove the fugitive Louis Philippe's chaise to Claremont. Even if the traveler had been as "great" as was his ponderous body, surely the postboy's boots would have received no sanctification. Yet if they give joy to the landlord and celebrity to his inn —why not?

Sonia's attention was directed to Claremont. She needed not to be reminded of Clive's association with the estate; and, knowing her Macaulay, she remembered that " the peasantry of Surrey looked with a mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be made so thick in order to keep out the devil who would one day carry him away bodily."

It is said that they still tell at Esher of Prince Leopold's parsimony, a habit which he had brought from Saxe-Coburg when he married Charlotte, daughter of the fourth George, and came to live at Claremont, then a property of the crown. What would England's

history have been had Charlotte lived to be queen of the realm, and Leopold, instead of wearing the crown of Belgium, had become prince consort; and there might have been no Queen Victoria! In the little church of which we caught a glimpse behind the Bear is a royal pew, reminiscent of the royal pair.

At Lower Green is the picturesque entrance to Esher Place, a private park which has some historic interest and a glade of ancient beeches. William of Wayneflete, Bishop of Winchester, erected his episcopal palace here in the fifteenth century. While Wolsey bore the same title he partially rebuilt Waynflete's structure, shortly after the completion of Hampton Court hard by. It was his architectural swan song and became virtually his prison. Of this but little is left—only the brick gatehouse. Mr. Belford told us that recently much of the ivy had been removed from the building. "An ugly place at best, I call it," he said.

Said the Duke of Norfolk:

Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Then when the deposed prelate accepted his doom he said:

So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new-open'd: O! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

And again:

O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

"Now, ladies," exclaimed the guard, watch in hand, as the last of Claremont's pines were passing; "we start on the Fair Mile. Time it if you like, sirs." The road pointed toward the horizon as steadily as a Roman highway; and at the end of the mile the men exchanged nods and words of satisfaction at having accomplished a marvel of speed. The driver, too, turned in his seat and said to the guard: "Best ever!"

"Now we are coming to Cobham," said Mr. Belford with the honest pride of a squire in his county and town. "We have shot over every rod of land about here; haven't we, Tom?"

Tom twinkled.

"My friend Tom, here," continued Mr. Belford, "rides to hounds every day in the season. You must be nearly seventy, aren't you, Tom?"

"Seventy-two," amended Tom proudly.

Now and then during the morning the guard had greeted children and women along the road. "He is worse than any sailor," laughed Mr. Belford. "He has a girl in every cottage."

"I fancy you cannot throw many stones," said Diana, who likes to read people by their unconscious revelations and had observed that

old and young, carters and gentlemen, sought opportunity to greet him.

At the White Lion—couchant—in Cobham we obtained fresh horses. While we waited a motor drove up. Mr. Belford, who had been standing on the inn steps, exclaimed:

"There's the wife and Harry!" He greeted them eagerly, and, glancing toward the coach, evidently informed Mrs. Belford of the presence of Americans. She also glanced up with some interest.

"I say!" said her ladyship, standing to chat with Miss Hebert and Diana, "I call this rather nice, you know."

"Rath*er*," responded the English lady thus addressed. Sonia and Diana exchanged radiant glances and a few expressive gestures.

"The wife has told me not to talk too much," said Mr. Belford when he rejoined us; "I wonder if all the time is too much?"

"My place is down this road on the left at Stoke D'Abernon. We call it 'The Tilt,'" was his reply to a question from Miss Hebert. "Here is our hospital. Perhaps you ladies will give us a shilling toward its support? Thank you! Not a penny more. The town would not give us the land and we owe the hospital to the generosity of Lady Z——."

The long, low red-roofed concrete building

And now we were driving down the steep High Street of Guildford.

above the road looked like a pleasant place in which to be nursed back to health.

"That is just like him!" said Tom; "always gives the credit to somebody else. James Belford made this hospital what it is."

"Now we are coming to my shooting," interposed Mr. Belford in some embarrassment; "I've a caravan in those woods on the right where I sleep under the pines every Saturday night with the Doctor—my favorite dog."

Tom said something about the Ritz Hotel. "That is what he calls my caravan," explained the other.

"You would understand why, miss," said Tom, "if you should ever be invited there to a hunt breakfast."

"Who's your trainer now?" asked the guard. "Slocum? Never heard of him. Where did you get him?"

"I ran across him when he was broke and took him on. Best trainer I ever had."

At the Talbot in Ripley the horses were halted for drink and sponging. Have you seen the Horticultural Gardens here?" asked Mr. Belford of Miss Hebert. "Your American friends must be shown through. There are no finer ones in England." He scribbled the superintendent's name on one of his cards and said they would receive every attention.

And now we were driving down the steep High Street of Guildford, the royal demesne of Ethelwald, and preserving even unto this day the charm of England's older towns. Conspicuous in the foreground was the clock on the Guildhall. The coach passed a Tudor building which we supposed to have been Archbishop Abbot's Hospital for "decayed tradesmen and their widows." At the Lion Hotel we hurried down to lunch, determined to dispose thereof as quickly as possible, so as to leave time afterwards for seeing somewhat of this interesting town. We found the men of the coach at a long table where places had been reserved for us. The bridal couple ate in stony silence at another table.

When we entered the room, the men, having already begun the meal, rose until we were seated—all save one. He of the box-seat, busy with a slice from a cold joint, did not even glance up. Diana mentally tagged him a peer of the realm. Conversation was general and the Reliance's driver, blonde and bronzed, sitting at the head of the table genially engaged therein. Gradually the stolid one thawed, lifted his empurpled visage, and adjusted his monocle. He was the type of Briton who on the stage is always made to stroke his mustache and exclaim: "Haw!" The luncheon was

good, the conversation delightful; but Sonia and Diana withdrew as soon as they could. Wishing to save later hurry they stopped to pay the hotel charges and were told there were none.

"I do not understand," said Diana.

"Mr. Belford has paid for your party," was the smiling rejoinder. This was embarrassing, but its intent we knew to be most kind and hospitable; and later we sought an opportunity to thank him.

Now we had but a short time in which to see the things we could not forego, and accordingly set forth to view the square keep of Guildford's castle at a pace which evidently startled from their noontide siesta the citizens peacefully resting in the castle's garden. This keep is smaller and somewhat less imposing than that of Rochester; but as no two cathedrals are wholly alike, so, we were learning, are no two of England's ruined castles entirely similar. We had no time to dawdle and dream here as we did at Rochester; but we had seen enough to convince us that Guildford is worthy of a much longer visit.

Happily St. Mary's Church was open. After marveling at its crude yet enduring construction of chalk and flint, we entered the quiet little building and wondered if the curi-

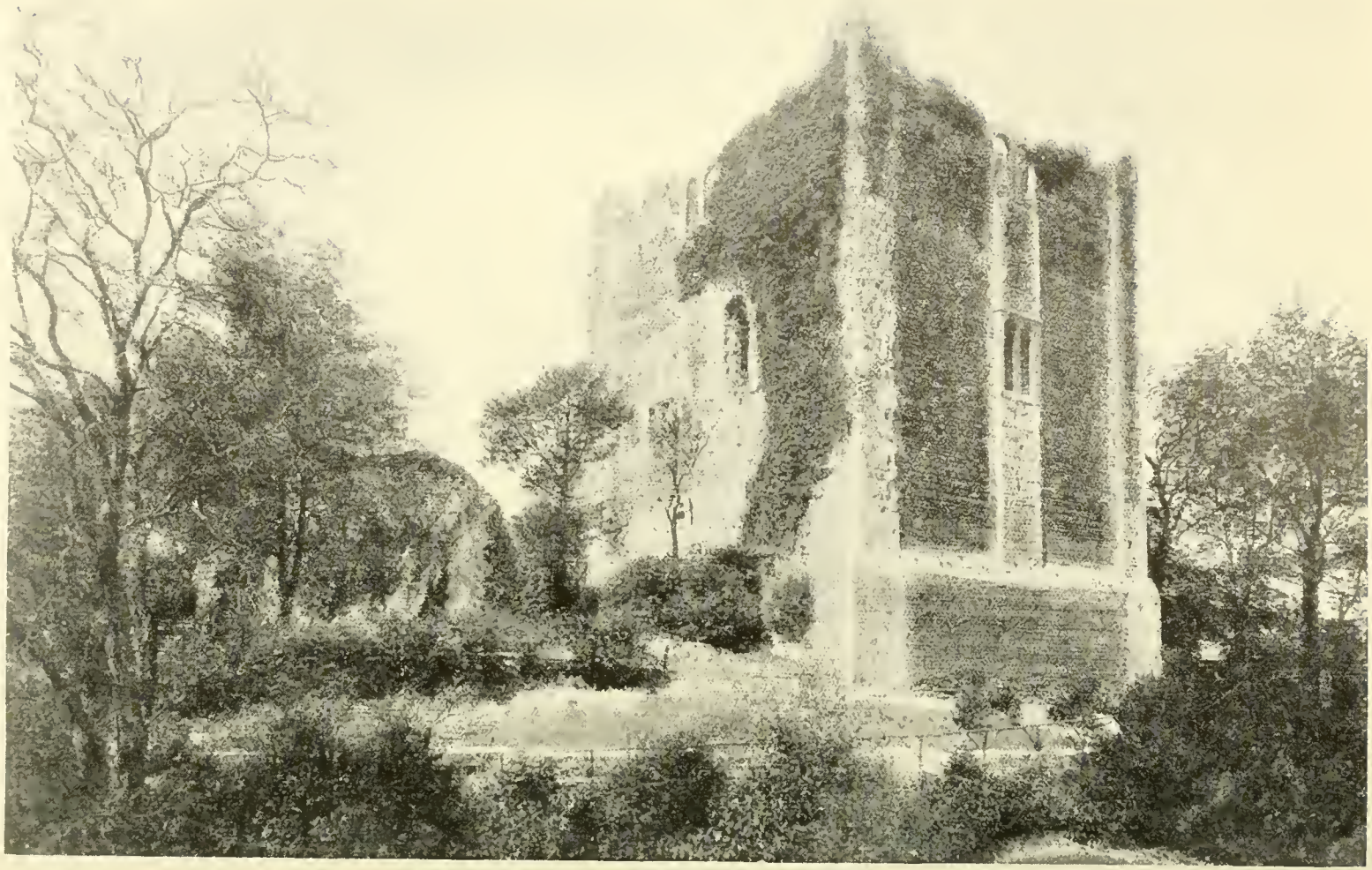
ous old paintings which decorate the Baptist's chapel were, as we had read, from the hand of William of Florence during the middle of the thirteenth century. The bizarre carvings of the roof we liked because they tokened the humorous, though grotesque fancy of the Norman sculptors.

Mr. Belford had told us of the cattle and horse market held in Guildford semi-annually, also of the lamb fair on Tuesdays from Easter to Whitsuntide. The ordinary " corn " market is held on Saturdays.

" The next time we go to a market town, do let us try to be there on market day! I have never seen an English market, and I am sure Covent Garden cannot be half so nice as one of these little country towns." Thus the enthusiastic Sonia.

There are other churches in Guildford said to be worthy a visit from the lover of the past.

We had never seen a chained library and had rather vague notions as to what it might be. There being still a quarter of an hour before the starting of the Reliance we went to the grammar school, but were unable to obtain admission. A photograph of the library provided but slight compensation; for surely books so precious as to be thus safeguarded must be



We set forth to view the square keep of Guildford's castle.

indeed a feast for lovers of rare editions, like ourselves.

"My only consolation in leaving this fascinating royal demesne," said Diana, "when we have but begun to explore it, is that we may include it in our list of geographical friendships and anticipate visiting it again in the near future. Who loves an acquaintance who has no reserves and become familiar during a few hours?"

The River Wey with its "handsome stone bridge of five arches"; St. Catherine's Hall, across the bridge where, having leisurely ascended, the wide view might be enjoyed—say, at sundown—after the little ruined chapel on its summit had been inspected; these were among friend Guildford's reserves.

Nearby were Elizabethan mansions, Norman churches, literary and artistic pilgrimages, all serenely reposing in the beauty of Surrey's North Downs.

There was a bustle of activity in front of the Lion Hotel; the smiling guard, in whose coat still glowed the maid of Esher's rose, waited to assist us to our places; the English ladies, our neglected, but also smiling guests, complimented our punctuality and as three deep notes sounded from the town clock we set forth for London. At Cobham the monocled box-

sitter alighted and after discussing the horses being put to the coach, drove off in a dog cart. As Sonia took his place she asked the driver if he were a—personage.

"Yes, indeed, miss; he is M. F. H. for this district." Sonia wondered whether the initials indicated "Member from Hurlingham" or "Monocle Fixed Habit." Lady Hanford-Burham leaned forward and whispered: "Master of the Fox Hounds, you know."

Here also Mr. Belford and his friend Tom left us.

There were still a few thrills in reserve for Sonia before the day ended. Back in London, as we were passing Olympia, where motors, coaches, and cabs were bearing away the dispersing horse-show audience the Reliance was pulled up at a signal from a distinguished-looking man in a motor. "Mr. Cowles, who had tooled so skillfully all day, gave his lines to the newcomer and literally took a back seat. The horses, sensitive to the hand which controlled them, instantly felt the difference. Mr. Cowles's calm Anglo-Saxon control had been replaced by the nervous grasp of a southron.

Never had Piccadilly sparkled more brilliantly than on this summer evening. The police directed with perfect ease the four steady lines of traffic in each direction. Several times

our coach was obliged to come to a stop and each time Sonia's heart leaped lest the halt be too late to save the horses from injury. Mr. Cowles had told her that their owner, who was now driving, required that the coach return to the Victoria punctually if the horses were killed in order to accomplish it. Sonia at the moment was not sufficiently logical to realize that if the horses were killed in the attempt, there would be less probability of punctuality. To the golden, triumphant notes of the horn we drew rein at the hotel precisely at the appointed moment.

CHAPTER VII

Ely

ELY is not for the map swallower who, bound Scotlandward while "doing" Great Britain, stops off at Lincoln or pauses at York long enough to catch his breath—and lose it. Ely is for the dilettante who, on his first "grand tour," has wolfed a few cathedral towns which lay along the prescribed route and bolted such dry necessities as Stratford-on-Avon or Glasgow where the speed limit has not yet been determined, and who, having discovered the charm of travel sans itinerary craves a more leisurely repast of sight-seeing and forsakes the highways to invite his soul far from the dust and din.

We were unhurried. Our comfortable London lodgings to which we might return whensoever we chose as to a home made byway adventurings the more enjoyable because we were

spared the possible discomforts of chance inns; and to travel minus "boxes" is to travel in comfort.

For once, however, we deemed it wiser to remain overnight, Ely and Cambridge being but a few miles apart, and neither could be swallowed whole in a few hours even by the most voracious of ostrich-Americans.

Thanks to our ignorance of Inner Circle and Outer Circle accommodations in London's Underground Railway, we had waited at Mansion House Station so long as to lose the mid-morning train for Ely, which place we could not now reach until after noon. While we waited at the Great Eastern terminal Diana bethought her of certain signs we had seen in the railway carriages and asked a pink-cheeked policeman how we could obtain a luncheon basket. He said we might wire ahead—or the guard on the train would do so for us—and the basket would be ready for us at any station we chose. We were only going to Ely? Then we might step into the station restaurant at the bottom of this platform and order a basket put into our carriage. We glanced over the tariff shown us by the restaurant's bewhiskered head waiter and ordered a basket for two at half a crown each, very skeptical as to its probable contents. Scarcely were we seated in

a brown-cushioned third-class carriage—our handbags tenderly placed in the rack by a porter—and asking of each other why anybody rode first class when the only discoverable difference other than price was—to us as yet—merely in the color of the upholstery, behold a cheery boy bearing a willow hamper which he knew by some unimaginable instinct was ours. While the train bore us out of the grime of London into the green of England we proclaimed the luncheon basket's contents to be a Lucullus feast. The compartment in which we rode had been locked by the guard and we enjoyed our easily obtained privacy.

"It would seem," said Diana, meditatively dismembering her portion of chicken, at which she only glanced occasionally to prevent its slipping from the plate—"it would seem to me that the Normans, whom I had always believed to be only fighters, did nothing but build churches and castles. Did you notice the little square-towered church over there among the trees?"

"They went out now and then to a hack-fest when they wished to assert their capacity to conquer or perhaps merely to keep their weapons from the rust of disuse; and when they were tired or there was nothing left of

The delicate curves of the carven stone stairway leading to the organ loft.

the enemy but the space it occupied they built churches to the glory of God as atonement for such trifling offenses as burning, looting, and so forth which might have been committed during said hackfest. The loot was so rich they had to build castles to contain it."

"If I had been a British subject in those days, I should have quietly folded my tents and moved into Normandy. It must have been depopulated after 1066; and surely England was overcrowded."

The town of Ely exists mainly because of its cathedral. And like many of England's cathedrals this one stands upon a commanding hill, one of the few in the fenlands of Cambridgeshire.

A summer shower had overtaken us. We had not been sufficiently forethoughtful as to determine upon an inn. The only 'bus at the station appertained to the "Bell," and as the vehicle's appearance commended the inn's management, we yielded our handbags to the polite solicitations of the Bell's "boots." Up a steep narrow street we were borne, past many houses of old plaster and age-blackened beams to pause at length before the plain front of the Bell, whose window ledges bore boxes of geraniums in bloom. We engaged an "apartment," declined luncheon and, as rain was still

falling heavily, the 'bus bore us the short remaining distance to the cathedral.

Trusting that we might later have an opportunity for more than a glance at the exterior, we hastened into the Gallilee porch at the west end.

"I wish," said Sonia, pensively regarding the porch's details, "that restoration need not be so patent or so complete. Almost would I prefer crumbling ruins like Rome or Karnak, which permit some play to imagination, to this painstaken patchwork of Sir Gilbert—or was it Sir Christopher?—which tells the whole story without the charm of personality."

"Evidently the people of England do not share your preference," Diana returned. "This lancet decoration really is beautiful."

The high Norman windows of clerestory and triforium but emphasize the great height and narrowness of the nave which is unlighted below and seemed to us coldly austere. Perhaps had the sun streamed in through the lofty arches the effect would have been pleasanter.

After Rochester the dimensions of this cathedral seemed to us vaster than some of those on the continent which we knew to be larger.

The most beautiful portion of the interior in our unlearned but interested judgment was the octagon "lantern" which renders impossi-

ble any regret for the fall of the central tower that preceded it. And how fitting that Alan de Walsingham, whose " supreme constructive genius led to the building " of the present tower and lantern, should have been buried beneath this monument to his masterly ability!

Flos operatorum dum vixit corpore salus
Hic jacet ante chorum Prior entumulatus Alanus.

This is Walsingham's epitaph; but the supposed place of his long rest, just in front of where the stone Norman choir screen had been until its demolition about a hundred and fifty years ago, is marked by a once brass-inlaid stone showing a mitred figure bearing a crosier. In the various rearrangement of stones monumental and structural it is quite probable that some worthy bishop or prior has lost his rightful slab and that of the unprotesting Alan may have been destroyed. Surely, however, nothing could destroy the repose of him who conceived such an architectural triumph, whatsoever slab might be superimposed upon the tomb in which he has lain about four hundred years.

It is deporable that no fragment of the Norman screen was left or reproduced when the choir was removed to the east end of the building. Yet it is fortunate that the choir was not

left there, for its present position is the most imposing possible.

"The 'splendid timber work' in the upper part of the lantern is a pleasanter means of producing a crick in the back of the neck than a fifty-story building on Manhattan Island," said Diana, temporarily disloyal to home.

In the transepts are substantial remains of the labors of those sturdy masons who followed hard upon the heels of William of Normandy. Traces, too, of the color which once warmed the grim walls are discernible. It is a far cry even from their time to the ancient beginning of this cathedral's history.

Three years after St. Augustine founded Rochester Cathedral he had journeyed as far as the Isle of Ely in his missionary zeal and established a church at Cratendune, a mile distant from the present site. This assertion comes from Friar Thomas, and although nothing remains to prove it, to disprove is equally impossible. Sixty-six years later Etheldreda, a daughter of Anna, King of East Anglia—who had received the isle of Ely as a marriage portion when she became wife to Tonbert, Ealdorman of the South Fenmen and, upon a second marriage with Egfrid, son of Northumbria's king, was dowried with large estates in that kingdom—was persuaded by

Wilfrid, Bishop of York, to devote all of her possessions to religious purposes. A few years after the second marriage she forsook her northern lands and came to Ely's Isle, where she founded a monastery that she might live in seclusion and religious devotion. She was, naturally, its first abbess; although she permitted the establishment to house monks as well as nuns. At her death in 678 her sister Sexburga continued her work. Some years later, the white marble sarcophagus which contained Etheldreda's body was placed in the Saxon church which had been erected on the site of the present cathedral; and for almost a thousand years her tomb was the bourne of religious pilgrims from far and near. With Etheldreda we are hand in hand when we stand before the little cross erected by her in memory of Ovinus, her faithful steward.

The Danes, fierce ravagers of England's peace, bore their brands as far as Ely and here committed one of their orgies of fire and sword. Patient England rebuilded here as elsewhere, promptly but more wisely.

After the Danes' depredation King Alfred, the gentle and beloved, founded here a college of priests. A century later it became a Benedictine monastery, and in 1071 Edgar, an Atheling who might have been King of England

had he lived, and who had enlisted the support of the abbey, was obliged after a prolonged defense under Hereward—" the last of the English "—to surrender this last Saxon stronghold to Duke William. Under Abbot Simeon, a kinsman of William, the castle and cathedral builder, the present minster was begun.

The " boldly clustered marble pier with its detached shafts," so praised by Professor Freeman, we did not admire as much as the massive strength of Rochester's round columns.

One or two memorial plates of modern date prove conclusively the absence of humor which characterized our British forebears, whose quaint phraseology was nevertheless quite sincere, be it supposed. One states that—

In this place lies ye body of
RICHARD ELLISTON

Ay of such uncommon Endowments singular Modesty
Sweetness of Temper engaging Behaviour as could
not but inspire
His Relations and friends with the most pleasing
Hopes
But alas all these were defeated in an instant by an
Unhappy Death occasioned by the Kick of a Horse
August 4th 1744. In the 13th year of his Age.

Another smacks of romance and marital devotion:

The beauty of the "only Gothic dome in existence."

Near this place lieth the Body of
DAME MARTHA

Daughter of Mr. Pennington of Suffolke
Relict of Robert Mingay Esqr. and wife of
SIR ROGER JENYNS

Who put up this for her.
She died in Anno 1704 and according to
her desire
Interred in the Vault here with her first husband.

While Sonia bemoaned inaudibly the vandalism that tore out the memorial brasses from the pavement to the south of the choir, Diana was assiduously copying mason marks from the stones near the base of a wall column.

"I don't believe they are genuine," she whispered, "but I like to think they may be."

A clergyman was showing two men about the cathedral. We caught occasional bits of his information and longed for more, but had not temerity to venture nearer. We stepped out into a corner of the churchyard bounded on three sides by the walls of the building. A verger approached and called our attention to some details in the decoration of windows. He said he was the oldest of Ely's present bedesmen. The clergyman we had seen was one of the canons.

"I hope he won't go off," said Sonia, "I'd like to ask him some questions, but I am afraid he might not be willing to answer them."

"So you have not, then, the courage to face the canon's mouth?" returned Diana.

A few moments later courage and canon were both forgotten. We had found all the beauty and interest we could wish in the exquisite little chantries of bishops West and Alcock, grotto-like specimens of the elaborate stone carvings of the Decorated period; in the delicate curves of the carven stone stairway leading to the organ loft and of some of the tombs. Wood carving, too, in the matter of choir stalls as well as up aloft in the lantern adds its dominant note to the arpeggio of Ely's beauty.

"When I looked at the Cromwell pictures in the House of Commons and listened to Sir Robert's eulogy of that bold warrior I felt that my schoolgirl dislike of him was unjust; but when I think of him striding at the head of a mob through this cathedral, too uncouth to remove his hat, too unreasoning to know that this was just as truly the spirit house of God as any dissenting chapel, I feel a hate for him as cold and relentless as those icy rages which Richard Yea and Nay knew so well. Fancy," exclaimed Diana; "his daring to

At the bottom of the street a canal-like river proved to be the Ouse.

stable his horses in this Lady Chapel, every corbel and medallion of which is so sacredly beautiful!"

"I always think of Oliver Cromwell as unclean," responded Sonia. "His person in every picture I have ever seen concerning him always suggests an unshaven, badly tailored fanatic whose mind stood in greater need of cold tubbing than his body."

Of the old cloisters enough remains to give free rein to fancy; and the prior's doorway is the most elaborate bit of Norman decoration we had yet seen.

The rain had ceased. As we emerged from the vaulty coldness of the cathedral the warm air, sweet with rain-steeped perfume, greeted like a caress. Around and about the grounds we strolled, peered through the fence at quiet graves among the yews and joyed in masses of tall pink valerian self-sown amid the deep moss upon an ancient Gothic wall.

The custom of the country is usually a good one. We had learned to welcome the tea hour. The cheerful cup was set before us in a museum-like upper chamber in an old house on the steep High Street.

Some of the miscellaneous contents of the room were antique; the rest were merely antiquated. But when we saw dragging chains

which had been dug up from a Roman road nearby, and dozens of horseshoes worn thin by Albion's flinty roads nearly two thousand years ago and buried until now, we forgot that Etheldreda's days were "old," in recalling the clank of Cæsar's legions on their northward march.

At the bottom of the street we found a canal-like river which proved to be the Ouse.

"I wonder why so many of England's rivers have but one syllable? Colne, Dart, Thames, Exe, Wye——"

"What are all those white things over there against the fence?" asked Sonia. "They must be osiers drying for baskets and chairs," she hazarded.

"How restful it all is! That woman in the boat looks as if she had never hurried in her life. Is there such a place as London?" sighed Diana. "Thaulow should have painted these red roofs reflected in the water."

We walked along the narrow path beside the river and crossed the arched bridge for a better view of the cathedral upon its hill, so surprising a feature of this level landscape. We should have liked to know where stood the castle which a bishop of Ely had erected for the Empress Maud during her war with Stephen, but there was none to tell.

"I think," said Diana, "that the present

The present peace is the more palpable because of what has been.

peace of a place where bitterest battles have occurred is the more palpable because of what has been."

These nether lands of Britain need no windmills to enhance their broad tranquillity. The great dome of the sky meets the distant low horizon in a haze of pearl and silver.

When we ascended again into the town we caught a glimpse of the battlemented turrets of the cathedral's west end and were struck by its resemblance to some medieval *schloss* built for protection rather than as a pacific approach to a temple.

Early in the morning we arose to walk in the cathedral park and to find the Oliver Cromwell house in the town. It faces the village green, and is far more humble in appearance than one would expect a residence of the strenuous Protector to be.

From each new point of view Alan's lantern is more impressive than before; from the river at evening, from our windows while it shimmered in moonlit mystery and the white veil of morning, from the broad meadows of the park and from the early train to Cambridge the beauty of " the only Gothic dome in existence " was less a thing of chiseled stone than of spiritual exaltation made manifest.

CHAPTER VIII

Cambridge

AT last a market day! Instead of booths strung along half a dozen streets, however, as in Switzerland, Cambridge's market was spread in a square and presented a gay galaxy of color. We should have liked to buy a chicken whose legs and wings were demurely crossed and decorated with greens. Sonia, lover of baskets and cheerful bearer of burdens, actually offered to carry home provisions for Sunday dinner in order to justify the purchase of an immoderately large basket.

"You know we always have a slice from Mrs. Dodson's joint on Sunday. Buy the basket if you must; but I'll warrant you will find more tempting things to fill it than these delectable strawberries and lettuces." Thus Diana.

Ely's quietude had been restful. Cambridge

At last a market day!

was bustling with all sorts of activity. There was a gala atmosphere in the crowds that was not induced by market day alone. College boys wearing hideous broad-striped blazers were everywhere. With most of them were girls, not so daintily dressed as American girls, but pretty as are youth and happiness the world over.

Scarcely had we turned away from the market ere we forgot its incendiary effect upon the money in our purses. The window of a china shop displayed tea sets decorated with the arms of the various colleges in the university. Diana's petty cash was readily losing its balance while she counted the cost in dollars of a fourteen-shilling tea set. Sonia, strong in her self-control now that the baskets were well behind, laid firm hold upon her friend's arm.

"Did we come here to see the university or to buy china?" she asked. Diana closed her purse and was saved.

"We can stop here on our way to the station this afternoon. Then we should not have to carry it all day," she compromised.

We entered the quadrangle of Corpus Christi and the china shop fell to limbo. Black-gray walls on all sides made no architectural pretense, yet bespoke a dignity, an atmosphere

of intellectuality such as can only result from age and long accustom. Every window—and there were many—bore upon its sill a box of scarlet geraniums. The bright flowers precluded a too great solemnity and the whole effect liked us well.

" I wish there were only one college in Cambridge," said Sonia. " This is so nice I should like to linger indefinitely and admire it. That passage seems to lead into another court." In the old court we stood breathless with surprise and delight, for here the original structure, five hundred and fifty years old, surrounded us.

Pembroke came next. In its " quad " we became enthusiastic over a beautiful clock tower. A spectacled man of the hirsute sort that resembles a Skye dog was pottering about some flower beds. When politely interrogated as to whether we might photograph the clock tower, he looked as though he were going to bark in the shrill yet mushy voice we knew he must have.

" It is not customary," he said in a manner he probably supposed expressive of professorial dignity.

From the ivy-clad inner court of Pembroke we caught a glimpse of the gardens which we dared not enter, lest the Skye come worrying

at our heels, though we longed to see Spenser's mulberry tree.

In the Fitzwilliam Museum—with its classic façade—there are a few fine paintings: a Rembrandt portrait of himself, a Palma Vecchio *Venus and Cupid*, Titian's *Venus and the Lute Player*, and one of the best Veroneses out of Italy, *Hermes, Herse, and Agraulos*. An exhibition of old English colored "comic" prints drove us, after a glance or two, in loathing from the hideous vulgarity of the eighteenth century. We asked to see the museum's rich collection of autograph music and illuminated missals, but were told that these could not be shown to visitors unaccompanied by graduates of the university.

Peterhouse, as St. Peter's College is familiarly called, was shown us by a guide who said this was the oldest college of them all. It was founded in 1257 by Hugh de Balsham, a bishop of Ely. The history of Cambridge is interwoven with that of Ely. Ely's bishop is still visitor of four colleges in the university and chooses one of two candidates named by the "Society" for mastership in St. Peter's. The architecture of St. Peter's is not imposing, externally. The chapel occupying the center of the quad—which, being inclosed on but three sides by the college buildings is therefore not

a quad—is dark and seldom within, but the glass is rich in tone as is also the ancient carved oak. The most interesting portion of the whole was, to us, the hall, entered from the inner court—a beautiful modern room of ancient design. In the center of some of its leaded windows are insets designed by that superb colorist, Burne-Jones. The abnormality of poets is pardonable, but oft amusing; and we laughed at some of the idiosyncrasies of the bard of Stoke Poges.

In the church of St. Mary the Less are some memorial tablets to members of the family of America's first President, who was first in three other respects.

"Before I see any more colleges," said Diana; "I want to find the little church that has a pre-Norman tower." Distances are short in Cambridge, and we found it behind "Corpus." The street on which St. Benet's humbly retires is so narrow we could not obtain a photograph of the low, square tower whose simple ruggedness might well have outlived a thousand years or more. We peeped through the tall iron fence and admired the entrance to a passage into the street beyond. Sonia wanted to see the interior of the church; but timidity would have prevented had not Diana gently tried the door of the church and found

it unlocked. We entered and saw a kindly faced clergyman in his black cassock, talking to an old woman. Seeing hesitation and inquiry in our mien he nodded to us kindly. Diana said we were interested in the church—and—might we be permitted to see the interior? Whereupon his demeanor inferred that interest had been manifested in the theme which he most dearly loved. He consulted his watch.

"In ten minutes there will be a short service. If you would like to return at twelve I shall be most happy to show you the church."

We came on the King's Parade, opposite the handsome, vine-draped stone screen that shields the outer court of King's College from the street. Ever since that day the mention of King's brings to mind its beautiful chapel, a marvel of the most marvelous period of Gothic architecture, and rightly called the "Glory of Cambridge." Our eyes followed every lovely line of roof, window, and stall when we had reluctantly withdrawn them from the chapel's exterior and passed through the delicately carved doorway into the lofty nave. We knew how grotesque had sometimes been the whims of medieval stone carvers; but never had we seen so daintily unconventional a *divertissement* as we discovered in the heart of one of the

Tudor roses that share with the portcullis in the decorative scheme. Instead of the conventionalized rose center that is repeated in all the others, this rose contains a woman's face, delicately carved. Some say it represents the artist's idea of the Virgin; but the artistic idea of the Virgin is usually very human, and we liked to think that with a song on his lips and a chisel in his hand, the carver's eyes saw only the face of his beloved while he was working.

We rested, steeping our souls in the sensuous beauty of line and of light from the old glass which colored the atmosphere as though it had been filtered through jewels.

Back to St. Benet's we strolled and found the vicar, divested of his robes, awaiting us. The church probably dates, he told us, from the beginning of the seventh century. Perhaps some of St. Augustine's followers erected it about the time their master was engaged on that at Cratendune—the predecessor of Ely Cathedral. The vicar showed us a piscina with quatrefoliated squint which he had exhumed from the mass of plaster that had been smeared over the walls by modern "restorers." He tapped the east wall, which rang hollow near the altar; and doubtless there his chisel would discover something interesting. A chapter

would be all too little for the interesting details he told us of his little church that had been standing hundreds of years ere the university germinated. And even this is shrouded in mystery. Bede tells of Sigebert, King of East Anglia, who, having seen in France a "school for learning," instituted something of the sort in England. The rival universities each claim to be the older.

"We must admit, I think," said the vicar; "that an ox-ford may be older than a Cambridge. By the bye, you Americans know history rather well; probably you recall that the Cam was anciently called the Grenta or Granta and that Domesday Book refers to the university as 'Grentebridge.'"

"The river must be as small as its present name," said Sonia; "we have not yet discovered it."

"You have not seen the Backs? Do let me show them to you!"

"We have seen a good many fronts and insides," said Diana; "are the backs any nicer?"

"Wait!" commanded the vicar, who led the way through St. Catherine's College and Queen's, where he paused long enough to let us admire the large sun dial on the chapel wall, the Erasmus Court, and the Tower in which

that gentle maker of history awaited a royal summons that never came. However worthy the mysterious Backs might be, we must needs loiter through the Cloister Court, so quaint and picturesque a link with long ago.

Through a narrow passage we came suddenly upon a simple wooden bridge over a tiny river, beyond which spread the glory of England's mighty trees and emerald turf. The bridge on which we stood was, the vicar said, an exact replica of an ancient one—known as the Mathematical Bridge—which had been so perfectly constructed that wooden pins held it securely together. We stepped upon the path on the river's farther brink. Our vicar's face beamed at our delight.

" After all," he said; " what can be compared to nature? What would our quads be without their window boxes, their flower borders, and the inevitable ivy you Americans like so much? And tell me, do you not like all of Cambridge better now that you are beginning to be acquainted with the Backs? " We had been strolling along the shady path. The Backs of King's Chapel and of Clare College were mirrored in the river. Clare's Bridge was set in a glory of green.

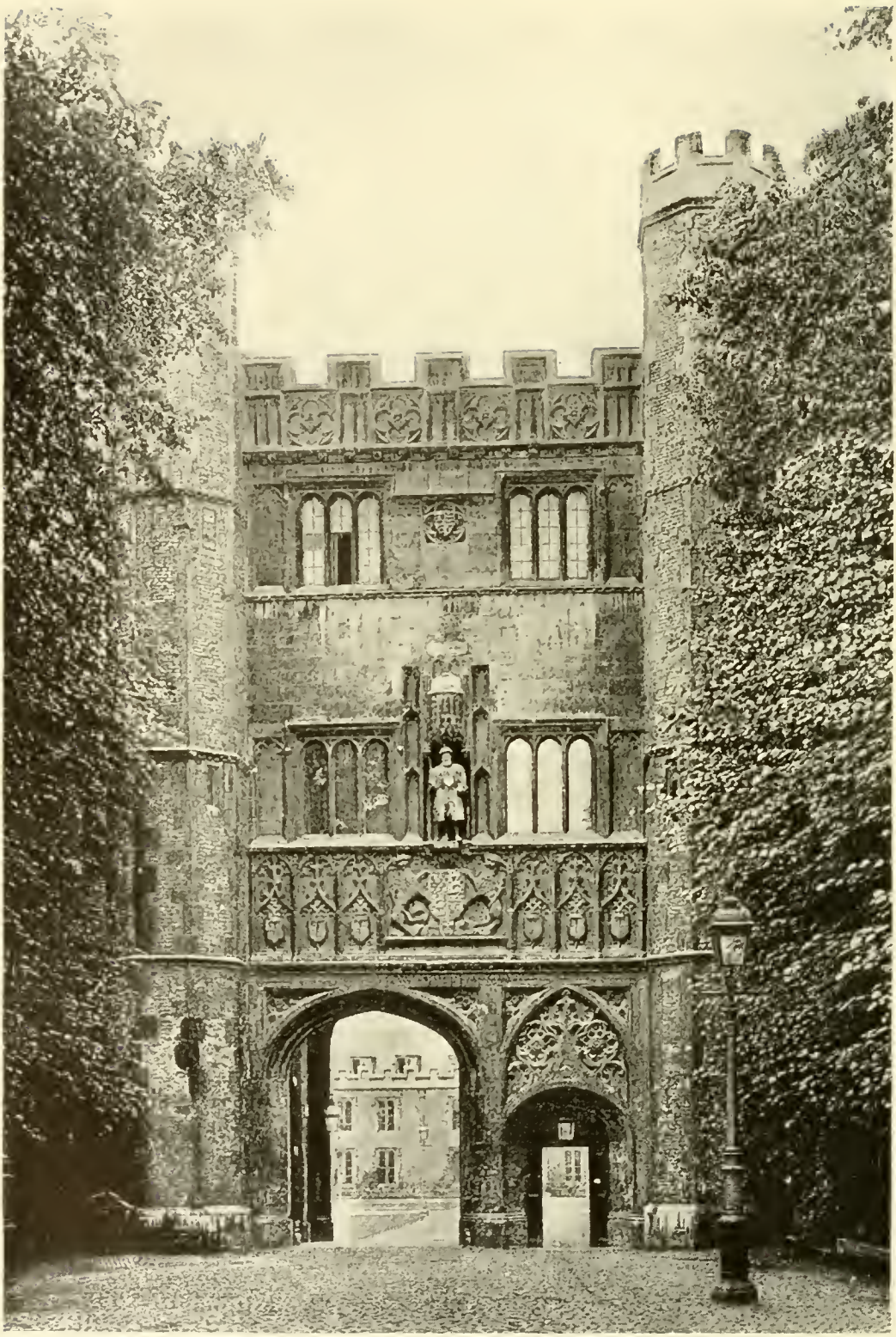
The vicar returned with us as far as the King's Parade, and in response to a request

Clare's Bridge was set in a glory of green.

pers of the paper-sole sort. We admired their utter serenity of countenance, which gave no hint of torture.

"Perhaps you may have observed," said Diana, "that they are not trying to see the whole of Cambridge in a single day; and that very few of them venture on this awful rubble."

Trinity's Great Court is inclosed by the battlemented buildings of this largest college in the university. The "wrong side" of the King's Gateway was quite as interesting as the other. We sought entrance to the chapel, but were a few minutes too early for the afternoon opening, so after a good look at the big fountain, which was innocent of water, and at King Edward's Tower beyond which was a garden, and promising ourselves to return later to the chapel, we passed through an oaken passage on one side of which was the "buttery." On the other we caught a glimpse into the great oak-paneled dining hall. We longed to see the library with its precious collection of manuscripts, but dared not seek permission. From the beautiful Cloister Court we passed into yet another, from which a gateway brought us suddenly out on a bridge over the Cam. After such an infinity of buildings this was so refreshing that we uttered the only exclamation that is flexible enough to express



King's Gateway is more eloquent of King Hal than of Edward IV.

what we felt: "Oh!" The river was gay with girls. The vicar had told us that the annual intercollegiate rowing races would occur at five this afternoon. This accounted for the gala atmosphere. To be sure, we wanted to go. Could we afford to miss anything in this land of delightful surprises? The course was some distance from the town, and there would doubtless be brakes in plenty to carry the race-goers. We sank upon a bench where we could watch the tennis playing. Diana opened a guide book and listlessly turned its pages.

"Do you care," she inquired of Sonia, who had furtively slipped her foot from its dainty "pump," and was scanning the distance fearful of detection; "do you care whether Cambridge was burned by the Danes or whether William erected a castle here while the Saxon nobles held the isle of Ely against his advance? Does your present or future happiness depend upon the knowledge that Cromwell took possession of the Borough of Cambridge for Parliament and garrisoned it with a thousand men?"

"It seems to me," replied Sonia, hastily replacing her shoe at the fancied approach of something human; "that those things occurred everywhere in England. I suppose King John granted all sorts of promises, Indian fashion,

that Richard II or III—not our splendid Richard—deprived everybody of everything they justly possessed, and that Elizabeth graciously volunteered to pay somebody a royal visit. Would it not be dreadful if we should become indifferent to such things! My brain is clogged; we have had such a feast to-day. I can't digest anything more."

"Here is something we should have seen," said Diana, with reviving interest; "in the market place, which this book says is one of the finest in England—opposite the guildhall stands the conduit erected chiefly by a bequest of Thomas Hobson, the 'immortal carrier,' because of his 'choice' in the matter of livery-stable accommodation.

"Just fancy Geoffrey Chaucer having been a student here!" she continued. "And list to these names! Cranmer, Coleridge, Milton, Ben Jonson, Pepys, Spenser, Ridley, Pitt, Jeremy Taylor, William Harvey, Elizabeth's Essex, Newton, Bacon, Dryden, Byron, and last—aye, and least—Oliver Cromwell. To Magdalene—must we say *Maudlin?*—Pepys bequeathed a valuable and curious library."

"Yes, Maudlin it must be; and did you notice that our nice vicar pronounced Caius, 'Keys'?"

Trinity's magnificent avenue of limes gave

us one more thrill before we concluded to forego the races; and having crossed St. John's Bridge of Sighs and traversed St. John's four rubble-paved courts, we hailed a yellow hansom which stood outside the Tudor Gateway and were driven rapidly to the station sans china and sans basket.

That evening Miss Hebert came to our lodgings with an invitation from Mrs. Trotter, whose husband is one of the dignitaries of Peterhouse, for the American ladies to come down to Cambridge for the Senior Wrangler and Wooden Spoon exercises a few days later.

"I say, it is a pity you went to Cambridge before you had this invitation. Mrs. Trotter would have given you a jolly luncheon in the doctor's rooms, and they would have shown you everything."

"Not in one day!" Diana exclaimed with emphasis; "but perhaps they will show us a few of the things we did not see: Milton's and Spenser's mulberry trees, for instance; some interiors and a few more colleges. We have seen only nine to-day."

"It will be a pleasure," said the undaunted Sonia, "to meet Mrs. Trotter, if only to thank her for her generosity to people she has never seen."

Arrayed in fine feather, therefore, we set

forth on the first Tuesday in July for Cambridge. Mrs. Trotter met us at the station and we were driven in her carriage to the Senate House, where a multitude of robed and hooded men and a bevy of eager young women were assembling. We remembered the day Sonia's brother was graduated from Harvard; and the brisk, if boisterous American way made the sober British method of graduation seem somewhat ponderous. The Senate House is not unlike a Presbyterian church. Part of the gallery was reserved for guests, but most of it was filled with undergraduates, whose enthusiasm was, we concluded, either tepid or controlled. There were a few rows of seats along the side walls, and we had no difficulty in obtaining places. The rear end of the hall was apportioned to the various colleges, whose positions were indicated by large cards bearing the somewhat startling names: Jesus, Trinity, Christ, etc.; and under these were gathered black-robed, fur-hooded, mortar-boarded seniors.

Two men entered bearing silver maces; another solemnly bore a book that looked like a family Bible—its covers chained together.

"The statutes," whispered Mrs. Trotter. Then came an old man in scarlet robes which were faced with crushed strawberry. He ap-

propriated an imposing chair—center front of the low platform. He was the Vice Chancellor. The two mortar-boarded mace bearers stood on the Vice Chancellor's either side and concentrated their solemn gaze upon the rear of the hall. The silence was sacramental. There were several Senior Wranglers; which discovery confused us considerably, because we had, in discussing the probable meaning of the term, concluded that a Wrangle might be English for debate, and that the Senior Wrangler, having been victorious in debate, was valedictorian. Evidently there were to be no speeches, no valedictory, no singing of glees. The seniorest Wrangler knelt before the Vice Chancellor, his palms together, raised in saintly supplication. The hands were overlaid by those of the scarlet-and-crushed-strawberry one who murmured something inaudible. One or two boys in the gallery feebly cheered, and the blushing candidate escaped by a side door.

"If only Billy and his class were here to give them a good Harvard yell!" whispered Sonia.

"Rah! Rah! Rah!—*that* one," replied Diana, pointing to the sacred name of one college, "would not be conducive to the sort of cheering Billy led."

The exercises continued for several hours, the graduates being conducted to the red one in groups of four, each member of which grasped a professorial finger like a frightened child reluctantly going to the dentist. Afterwards Mrs. Trotter went with us to see the Round Church—St. Sepulchre—one of the four round churches extant in England that the Normans had built in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This one is singularly like another we had seen—the beautiful Temple Church in London.

Then we went to Jesus College, whose most interesting feature to us was the chapel. The one-time Benedictine nunnery of St. Rhadegund forms a part of it and the Nuns' Gallery remains almost unchanged. Here carved on an oaken stall are the armorial cocks of Bishop Alcock, whose beautiful little chapel is one of Ely's most delectable features. He was founder of this college. In a cloistered court have recently been revealed early architectural beauties which had been plastered out of sight by some zealous restorer.

She also showed us Caius, with its Gates of Honor, of Humility, and of Virtue, which delighted us even more than its flower-decked courts. The other colleges she named to us as we passed; but now we must hurry lest we be

We sank upon a bench where we could watch the tennis-playing.

late for the Wooden Spoon ceremony. Dr. Trotter awaited us in his rooms at Peterhouse, his genial cordiality quite overcoming our awe of his lofty position. The luncheon was worthy of Lucullus; but we might not linger to enjoy it as it deserved. The doctor, clad in a scarlet coat with pink facings, placed on his auburn head a velvet hat much like those of the " buffetiers " in the Tower of London. Sonia strode proudly beside him while Diana followed with Mrs. Trotter and mentally decided that if there were harmony in the color scheme of collegiate garments it was of the sort that musicians call " close."

We both endeavored to learn the meaning of Senior Wrangler. Our companions labored kindly, patiently, and politely; but our impressions are still somewhat hazy. Triposes are lists of honor students in order of distinction. In the mathematical tripos the first man is Senior Wrangler. Wherefore wrangler? As Billy would say: " Search me! "

" The morning exercises are rather dull," said Mrs. Trotter, who had doubtless detected condemnation in our faint praise; " but the Wooden Spoon is right jolly, you know."

Let the eloquence of a London newspaper article on the following morning describe the afternoon's ceremony:

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

Conferment of Degrees.

Over six hundred degrees were conferred yesterday at the last congregation of the Cambridge academical year. Among the recipients was Mr. I——, of Pembroke, one of the Senior Wranglers, who, by right of his position in the mathematical tripos, took precedence of all his confreres. At the tail of the long list was Mr. R. P——, of Fitzwilliam Hall, the "wooden spoonist." Emblazoned with university and college arms, and decorated with the colors of the hall, the spoon was suspended between the galleries upon stout cords, and the quaint mode of presentation occasioned much mirth. After Mr. P—— had been admitted to his degree, the spoon was lowered, but just as he was about to clutch it, it was jerked out of his reach. This manœuvre was repeated time after time, varied by other antics practised by undergraduates on degree day. At last Mr. P.—— grew tired of the sport, and strode away toward the exit. "Come back, sir, come back," his tormentors roared. With some hesitation, the wooden spoonist retraced his steps, and was mercifully allowed to capture his legitimate spoil. Bearing the spoon on his shoulder, he made his way out of the Senate House, to the accompaniment of loud cheering.

Our splendid doctor was on the platform; but his presence could not deter the combined

influences of champagne at luncheon, a temperature in the hall of eighty-odd degrees that were not academic, together with the "sportive manœuvres," from producing in us a Henley-like sleepiness, more difficult to combat because of the greater need. There came an end.

Dr. Trotter was anxious for us to see some of the college interiors. Mr. Ruskin, he told us, considered the Second Court of St. John's —through which we were passing and had exclaimed at the mauve tone age had given to the brick buildings—the most perfect architecturally of all the many beautiful ones in the university. The great dining hall at St. John's is one of the finest we had seen since the Middle Temple. Here were Hepplewhite chairs enough to make a fortune for a Piccadilly dealer in antiques. Dr. Trotter pointed out the portraits of Wordsworth and other prominent St. Johnsmen. The long and narrow combination room has a low Tudor ceiling. Here were more interesting portraits; but our attention was chiefly given to the furniture. Diana discovered several Edelinck and Clouet engravings on the walls. The library is one of the many treasure troves which are so astonishingly plentiful in England.

Train time was rapidly approaching, so we could see no more of the beauties of Cambridge.

As we were about to enter a china shop on St. John's Street, Sonia exclaimed in some excitement:

"Here comes our vicar!" Not knowing that we possessed a vicar, the Trotters turned and beheld the vicar of St. Benet's, who paused, greeted us kindly, and a formal exchange was made of that necessary currency —names.

Promising to visit us soon in London the Trotters waved good-by as we leaned from the window in our compartment of the train for London.

CHAPTER IX

Stoke Poges, Burnham Beeches, Eton and Windsor

THE poet Gray: this is Stoke Poges. Before its Gray day there was at Stoke Poges a pretty village church around which spread a shady graveyard. The church and graveyard remain, and doubtless there are prettier ones in England; but from the moment the traveler steps out of his landaulet before the tiny ivy-smothered lodge, where he refuses to buy photographs of what he has not seen, but burns to see, his thoughts are of the poet Gray. Upon this single string, moreover, do sexton and pew opener harp.

From Gray the lych-gate, which he never saw, had excluded us. Immediately we had passed through it we were permeated with that peace in which the poet's spirit was steeped on the psychological evening which procreated the

poem best known to English-speaking people. Though we stood in the hot summer sun and looked down the flower-bordered walk between the graves leading to the little church—though curfew, lowing herd, and darkness were lacking, Sonia said:

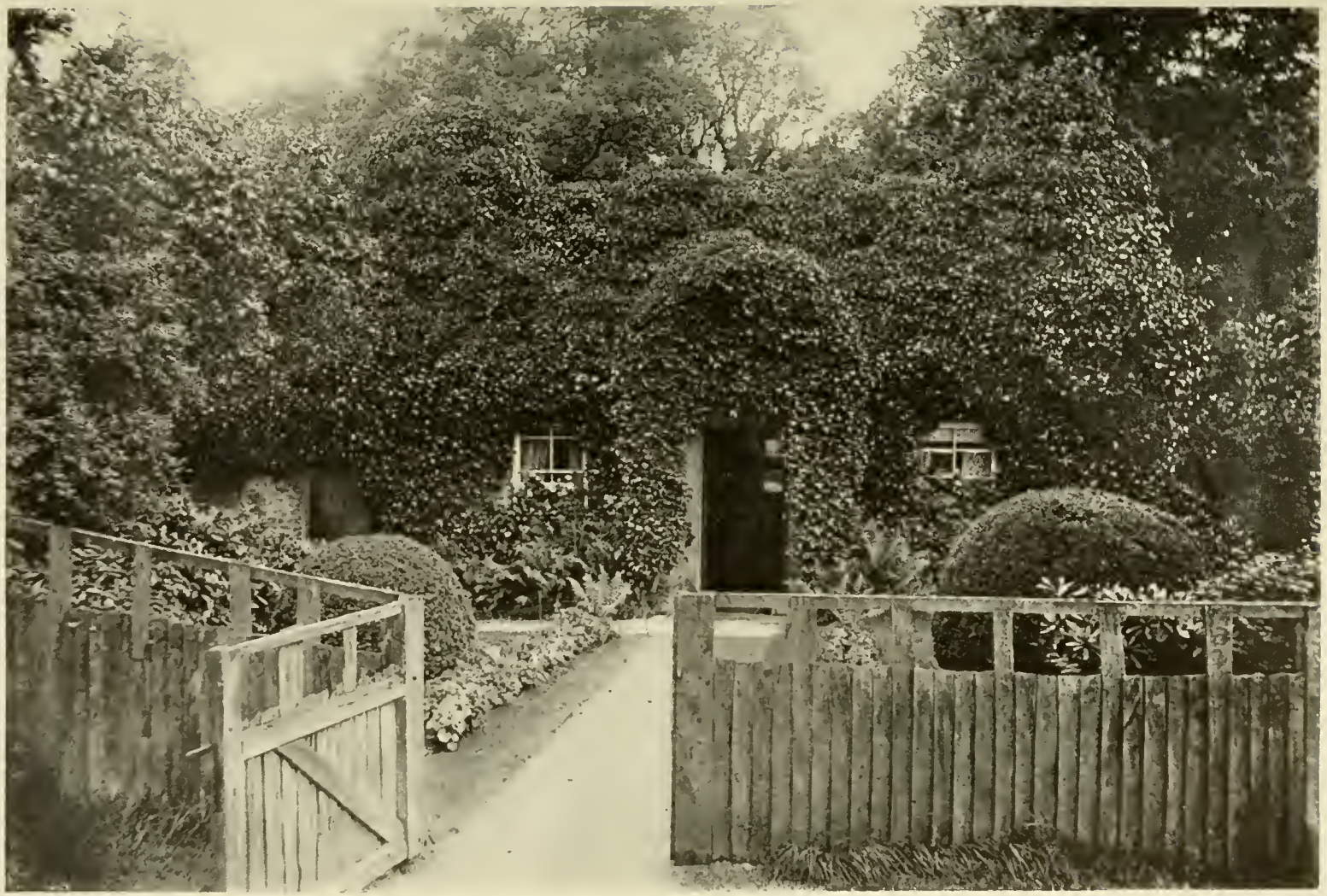
"I wonder why the world had to wait for the son of a London money scrivener to express the sensations that are shared by us all? Hundreds, thousands have felt the same poetic efflatus as they stood here; and how few possess the ability to crystallize it in language!"

A grave-digger's spade gave to the lyric silence a dramatic intensity. Some instinct led us to the poet's simple tomb, which bears not his name, though a tablet on the church wall facing it states that he lies "in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly inscribed his grief at the loss of a beloved parent."

A good woman must have been "Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

St. Giles is the patron saint of this parish, though his name is seldom mentioned in connection with it. Although the history of Stoke Poges began in Saxon times, a church was probably not built until after the Conquest.

"Domesday Book" records the demesne of



The traveler steps out of his landaulet before a tiny ivy-smothered lodge.

William Stoches, which is assessed at ten hydes —about eight hundred acres—and is worth in all five pounds.

"Fancy," said Sonia; "what the present 'worth' of beautiful Stoke Park must be!"

"Incidentally," mused Diana; "what will it be a thousand years from now?"

"The Earl of Huntingdon—that sounds like Robin Hood. I hope the Huntingdons who owned Stoke Park were Robin's own folk," she continued, as certain historical facts became known to us.

When royalty pays a visit, woe to him who would economize! Elizabeth was a sovereign whose restless spirit drove her forth on many a sojourn among her landowners; and Stoke Park's hospitality was lavished upon its sumptuous queen when the mighty chief justice, Sir Edward Coke, threw open its portals for her entertainment. Later, however, she had no compunction about seizing the estate for a debt, real or fancied.

Although the simple Quaker, William Penn, set forth in quest of a land that would not persecute the Society of Friends, and became by royal grant owner and governor of Pennsylvania, he did not become an American. His son Thomas bought this fair demesne of Stoke Park, in England, which was occupied by his

descendants for three generations. The Elizabethan manor of the Huntingdons was almost demolished in 1790; and John Penn caused the present Italian-style mansion to be erected. All we saw of it was a photograph, whose charm was enhanced by clustering roses and a large deodar, and the pretty entrance gate on the road from Slough.

In the north wall of the chancel in St. Giles's Church are two early English windows and a small Norman one. These, together with a fifteenth-century doorway, some early "restorer" had choked with plaster and stone, which have happily been removed. To Sir John de Molyns—marshal of the king's falcons, supervisor of the queen's castles, and afterwards a peer of the realm—is due all honor for having erected early in the fourteenth century the present church. We had entered by the little porch, whose two sturdy oaken timbers have withstood five hundred years of change and chance. A charming feature of the church is the private entrance for worshipers from the Great House. This so-called cloister leads from a low vestibule windowed with fragments of venerable glass that were brought from the Manor House at the time of its reconstruction.

Far up in Derbyshire we saw, later in the summer, Dorothy Vernon's beautiful home

From Gray the lych-gate which he never saw had shut us out.

and her tomb with its ugly wooden figures in stiff devotional attitude. And here at Stoke Poges behold painted upon the glass the arms of her son Roger, of John Fortescue, also, whose brother married Dorothy's daughter! What did they here? There was none to tell us.

The quaint "bicycle window" interleaded among these bits of old glass was pointed out to us with much pride of possession.

There are some interesting tombs and brasses in the church. From the Norman-French inscription on the slab of William de Wittemerse we gathered that he desired our prayers for his pardon. We liked the old custom of calling a woman Dame. "Dame Margaret" has a pleasing sound.

"What a beautiful name—Alianore!" exclaimed Diana. "Why has no poet sung of her? Lenore and Eleanore are as nothing to the music of this name."

Here the Penn is almost as mighty as the poet; but what is a colonist as compared to him who has struck a deep chord of sympathy in the human heart?

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

We scarcely glanced at the big monument to the poet in Stoke Park just outside the churchyard, to which our awakened driver directed attention. What avails a stone monument to him whose memory can never fade?

Past Stoke Common and a raw new village or so we proceeded. The Lord Mayor's Drive brought us to those hoary Burnham Beeches, gnarled and knotted as any rheumatic gaffer, the oldest beeches in old England, and, happily, in the possession of the Corporation of London, free to all who would enjoy them.

We had always supposed that forest trees grew tall and slender like our native pines and hemlocks; but the sturdy lower branches of the beeches were within a few feet of the ground. We learned afterwards that they had been pollarded. The tremendous girth of the trunks becomes more and more impressive as the driveway advances through this surprisingly

Those hoary Burnham Beeches, gnarled and knotted as any rheumatic gaffer.

extensive remnant of such a forest as Prosper le Gai traversed with his Isoult. Sherwood Forest is a disappointment. Its few old trees are tottering on the verge of extinction, and imagination falters before the decrepit survivors of the mighty oaks that sheltered the merry men of gay Robin's band. The Burnham Beeches, on the contrary, look as though they might endure for another thousand years. One, called the Druid, is known to be more than two thousand years old.

"Oh, for a dryad to tell us of the scenes these trees have beheld!" sighed Sonia. Eerie indeed are the gnarled, mossy roots writhing like great green serpents among the clustering fronds of bracken. A young forest fills the spaces between the giants and the shy eyes of deer alone are needed to complete the sylvan spell. Little opportunity was afforded us for sentiment. We were, all too soon, to pass through loud-voiced throngs of trippers who rode donkeys and patronized garish refreshment booths or cheap photographers. Our driver was bidden to haste lest we lose the fine flavor of the forest in this acrid aftermath. We had, however, in our flight a glimpse of some magnificent oaks at the edge of the greenwood.

In Eton "croky" and cricket were in full

summer sway. Here and there among the beflanneled cricketers strolled Kate Greenaways boys in the absurd raiment which a conservative custom requires. We had not planned to see the college buildings to-day, save what could be glimpsed *en passant*. Our driver insisted that we see the chapel, so, supposing him desirous of sampling the beer in a neighboring tavern, we consented—and were rewarded. The chapel is almost as fine as King's in Cambridge. Millais's *Sir Galahad* greeted us like an unexpected friend whom we had learned to know and love in his photographs. Some work of our beloved Burne-Jones adorns the reredos. The old choir stalls and richly glazed windows we needs must linger to admire; also the rows of brass tablets on the walls of the antechapel, bearing —in colors—the arms of many notable families that have been represented at Eton.

The inner quadrangle of the college is suggestive in color and style of Hampton Court and of St. John's at Cambridge.

And now at last were we at Windsor, of which but a hint had been accorded us on our first Thames day. We had expected much. Who dares to affirm that anticipation exceeds realization? We have usually found the opposite to hold true. Certainly no disappoint-

ment awaited in this monster palace of a hundred kings.

An afternoon's impression of Windsor Castle is like a conducted continental tour—merely a foretaste of later and more leisurely delights. Yet it may be fairly comprehensive.

We had read that the site of town and castle had been granted by Edward the Confessor to the Abbey of St. Peter, Westminster, which he had established; that William the Grabber, of Normandy, had appropriated it and constructed a fortress, devoting the adjacent park to hunting. In Windsor Park are still some ancient oaks, one of which—the King's Oak—is said to have been a favorite resting place of the Conqueror. To William's fort Henry I added a chapel, in which he was married to Adelais of Lorraine.

King John, when forced toward Runnymede by the determined barons, took refuge here on his way. Here Edward III, Diana's favorite king, was born; and here the clever William of Wykeham's architectural skill was lavished, his weekly stipend amounting to seven shillings and that of his clerk three. To the fourth Edward the Chapel of St. George, patron of the Knights of the Garter, is chiefly due. And so proceed the records royal. The

doomed first Charles many times held court in Windsor Castle, which later was his prison. Subsequent sovereigns perpetuated their individual bad taste in divers alterations and additions. Others, to their credit, interested themselves in enlarging the park and planting avenues of now splendid trees.

When we alighted at the castle the royal standard was not flying, by which we knew that the king was not in residence. Through Henry VIII's gateway, as ponderous and pompous as himself, we entered the lower ward. Grim gray walls surrounded us and stretched on indefinitely, so it seemed.

The Horseshoe Cloisters of Edward IV have been so well restored by Sir Gilbert Scott that the whole charm of their oaken antiquity is retained. But to Sir Jeffry Wyatt is due this imposing Windsor of to-day.

We walked about in that oversweet confection, St. George's Chapel, whose pendant bright-hued banners do a tale of knighthood unfold. Antwerp's artist-blacksmith, Quentin Matsys, is believed to have made the monumental gates for the tomb of Edward IV, whose coat of mail and pearl-embroidered surcoat of crimson velvet were hung upon them after his interment, but no longer exist. We saw here one of the few chained Bibles

which England contains. The gravestone of Charles Brandon reminded us of his pretty romance with the royal Mary, sister of Henry VIII. His armor we had seen in the Tower of London. Here we saw a statue to Leopold I of Belgium, who almost was Prince Consort of England, and whose parsimony is still talked of in Esher. The knights' choir stalls, bearing knightly helmets of carved oak, are *hors de concours*. Beneath the pavement of the choir lies all that's mortal of merry King Hal, whose fame shall not perish until the last man dies. Jane Seymour, last of the famous sextette, lies beside him.

Cæsar's Tower—now called Curfew Tower—is said to be entered from the cloisters; but we met a locked door, and were compelled to imagine the lofty belfry—where Henry VIII watched the execution of a butcher who was disloyal—and the tower's crypt-like under chamber, a grewsome dungeon in which many cries of human misery have perished unheard. From this tower a subterranean passage once led to Burnham Abbey, nearly three miles away.

"I suppose we came on the wrong day," complained Diana. "There seems to be no day when all of any place can be seen. Such and such parts are open on such and such

days; the rest are open only Sundays or some other than that on which we come."

"Why lament the loss of the tower when we thereby gain more time for exploring other parts of the castle?" philosophized Sonia.

When we came to the Hundred Steps we were tempted to go down to the postern gate, which we had seen on the day we came down the river; but conservation of energy and economy of time seemed the wiser decision. So we loitered a while on the north terrace, to which we had fled after a peep into the Albert Chapel. Would that Wolsey's Chapel had been spared by the mob that defaced it! Having seen the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens, we could not expect to find the epitome of good taste in any memorial to that estimable consort; but after a glance in the Albert Chapel and a pause to question the veracity of our vision we turned quickly away—one groaning; the other laughing.

"I suppose," said Sonia, when we had at last reluctantly passed from the superb landscape the north terrace commands of the slopes, the tree tops and avenues in the spacious home park, the lucent line of the Thames, and the distant lands beyond Eton,

Harrow-on-the-Hill, and Stoke Park; " I suppose it is our duty to see the state apartments. I hope this is the day they are not open. It would be much nicer to wander in the greenwood and find Herne's oak where the hunter's antlered ghost ' doth all the winter time at still midnight walk round about.' I like the old legend that affirms: ' as long as Windsore Forest endures, Herne the hunter will haunt it.' "

" The state apartments are open," sighed Sonia. " There comes a herd of gawpers out. I dislike to enter any residence uninvited, and I am not interested in royal upholstery. ' Dry rubbish shot here,' " she quoted from an imaginary sign over the entrance. We tried to hurry through the great museum-like halls and corridors; but our cicerone, who had learned his lesson to some purpose and length, would not permit a check to his informatory outflow.

" The family is in Switzerland and the furniture in Holland " might have been said with truth, certainly of the furniture.

" This chire is ownly used upon stite okkisions," bawled the guide, tenderly lifting the summer dust cover of a massive armchair with intent to impress us with its grandeur. There were acres of furniture-strewn floors, miles of

frescoes, portraits, and tapestry. We tried a center rush through the Rubens Room and succeeded; but our little guide was much perturbed by our irreverence. He had not seen the continental galleries, and therefore could not comprehend. Even Guido and the sweet Carlo we could not take seriously; but Da Forli's splendid portrait of Urbino arrested our attention, as did the Rembrandts in the picture gallery. Royal art collections are like neglected gardens—weedy. Amid a mass of doubtful Titians, unworthy Claudes, and Holbeins, interest in the greater works of great painters flags. The object has evidently been to cover wall space rather than to display a really choice aggregation of the best canvases of the best painters. The Van Dycks, however, are beyond reproach. Here we stood among royal personages—seen through the personality of a great artist—whose intensely vivid humanness made our hearts throb in sympathy with their woes and for their weakness.

The guard chamber was grewsome with trophies of sacrifice to insatiable Mars. There was a superb silver shield inlaid with gold, the work of Cellini, the wonderful, the atrocious. Of all the trophies at Windsor Castle from England's world-wide wars, the black flag of

the Khalifa that had been sent to Queen Victoria by Kitchener after the battle of Omdurman thrilled us most with its silent tidings.

There was also the great hall of St. George with its elaborate Gothic roof studded with shields of Knights of the Garter and its priceless portraits of Sovereigns of the Order, who sat to such men as Gainsborough, Lely, Van Dyck, and Kneller. The heavy oak paneling makes an impressive background for the portraits. Here was another "stite chire," very much like the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey. The great chimney of "dove" marble speaks of Yule logs and knights holding merry wassail. The reception room has at one end a great Gothic window that looks out on the fair Surrey wealds. We were weary of chairs and chandeliers, of gilt and gaud; but we had yet to see the throne room, where the garterizing ceremonials occur and the Garter blue is omni-evident. We were weary of the names of Grinling Gibbons and Thomas Lawrence, dearly though we loved their work; for one can have too much cake, howsoever great be the appetite. The throne in the throne room, our guide said, had been formerly the state chair of the King of Candy.

"I've heard of copper kings and the King of Spades, but the King of Barley Sugar is new to me!" whispered Diana.

The banqueting hall, resplendent in English oak, crimson plush, and portraits gay and grim, was inescapable; and really, as banqueting halls go, this Waterloo chamber is as splendid and as stately as poor comfortless royalty could require. Fortunately, visitors are not permitted to see the private apartments of their majesties, so we tripped happily through the grand vestibule and down the ditto staircase, emerging finally in the upper ward. Now were we free to investigate the Round Tower, the strong keep of this stronghold, of all Windsor's towers the most "perspicuous" from the country round about. To us it was the most triumphant feature of the whole castle. This one-time prison-house for superfluous royalties was surrounded on three sides by a moat in its early days. Now, however, this space is occupied by one of the most idyllic gardens conceivable. Of all the distinguished prisoners who have been confined in this tower—which has been called by some the Devil's and by others the Maidens' Tower—none excites as much interest as that fair boy, James Stewart, of Scotland. The lad's father was King of Scotland, but had become

To us the Round Tower was the most triumphant feature of the whole castle.

hopelessly insane. The oldest son, who was the natural heir to the throne, was as dissolute as a prince can be. The two princes had a cousin—the Earl of Fife—and the Duke of Albany was their uncle. These relatives were human wolves, seeking what they might devour. Albany succeeded in obtaining the regency, and straightway he caused Rothsay, the crown prince, to be imprisoned, and his jailers were commanded to slowly starve him to death. When this was accomplished even the king's weakened mind resented it so much as to threaten Albany's position; but to conciliate the sovereign the duke made a great show of punishing—by death—a handful of his own enemies who were formally accused of murdering the young prince. Now, only James, an eight-year-old boy, stood between Albany and the throne he coveted. He was sent to a bishop, who packed him off to France with two letters, one addressed to the French king and one to the English, lest accident befall the little traveler. The accident occurred; on the channel the ship which bore him was seized by an English cruiser, and the little prince was borne to King Henry IV, who, not being on the friendliest terms with Scotland, retained him as a hostage. He was sent to Nottingham to be educated, and after the accession

of Henry V, James, then seventeen years of age, was brought to Windsor. At this time he really had been made King of Scotland by acclamation—his father having died—but Albany did not want him to be released, nor was Henry willing to do so. Perhaps the boy was not unwilling to remain in England. He was by nature a student and a dreamer, although he sometimes accompanied the royal hunting parties in Windsor Forest, and could "run a spear or push a buckler" as well as any. At length, for state reasons—poor Henry's "guest" had become an embarrassment—James was confined in more or less comfortable apartments in the Tower. He philosophically accepted matters as they were and luxuriated in writing poems, many of which were inspired by the noble views his windows commanded. Where the moat had been was now the Maid of Honor's Garden, and there the French queen's attendants strolled in the cool of the day.

Now was there made, fast by the tower's wall
A garden fair; and in the corneris set
An arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railit about, and so with treis set,
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet
That lyf was none, walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

One Tom Payne, who had been a priest, a prisoner, and a jail breaker, attempted to rescue James, but was prevented and captured; and a stricter guard was placed on the tower. The royal prisoner one evening beheld a new figure among the maidens who strolled in the garden. She was alone. A pearl net inclosed the masses of her bright gold hair; a little dog frolicked beside her. She was intent upon a book held open before her and quite unconscious of the interest she aroused in the lonely prisoner's heart. Then she seated herself in a bower of roses and sang a song he knew well. He became bold, and replied by singing it also. The maid blushingly retired; but her heart, too, was stirred. To Henry's "Sweet Kate," Jane, this fair daughter of the Earl of Somerset, plied questions anent the voice that sang to her from the tower. Meanwhile the young poet was recording his impressions:

And therewith cast I down mine eyes again
Where, as I saw, walking under the tower
Full secretly, now coming to her plain,
The fairest or the freshest young flower,
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.

By the kind-hearted queen's intercession James was granted some liberty, and his in-

terest in the Lady Jane soon kindled into love. When Henry returned to France to do battle against the Dauphin, James was requested to accompany him, and the lovers were separated for a time. Instead of a triumphal return like that after Agincourt or his marriage with Katherine, Henry was brought back in a cortége, and his sweet Kate was widowed after two brief years of happiness. But she generously espoused the cause of James and Lady Jane and was instrumental in effecting his freedom and their marriage. Their love lasted until death. When the assassin's poniard had been struck through his heart she was with him until his last breath was drawn and his last word—"Jane"—was uttered. When Geoffrey Chaucer was valet to Edward III he, too, beheld a fair maid, Philippa, one of Queen Philippa's damsels, walking in the Maid of Honor's Garden, whom he loved and won.

"The pencil of the skillful graphist," says one of our guide books; "is required to give an adequate idea of the imposing east front of the castle as seen from the east terrace." The pencil of the skillful graphist was all that was accorded us of the east terrace, which, we learned with much dismay, is open to visitors only on Sunday, when the guards' band plays from two to four. We wanted to see the gar-

dens and orangery below the terrace, also the elephants that had been brought from Lucknow; and this disappointment was the keener because we had lingered so long on the parapet, looking down on the Maid of Honor's Garden and talking of its sweet romance, that we were unable to see the interior of the Round Tower because we requested admission just twenty minutes after the hour of closing—four o'clock.

George IV's gateway is guarded by the rival towers of York and Lancaster. The Long Walk was thronged with people as we looked down upon it, and in consideration of its three miles' extent to Snow Hill, whose chief attraction is the "Copper Horse," we contented ourselves with a brief stroll along its sunny pathway between fine old elms and ventured to dispute the guide book's assertion that: "Imagination cannot picture an approach of greater magnificence."

Chance now directed our steps to what we most desired to see—the Royal Mews. There are some private stables in the Berkshires and on Long Island that princes might covet; but we found a peculiar charm in the home of the sleek bays that had drawn their majesties to Royal Ascot, of the ponies beloved of the little princes and in the favorite carriages of "our

dear queen," as we had often heard our friends call her. The equerry who conducted us through the stables and harness room was the right man in the right place. He loved his horses and was proud to exhibit them and their handsome but refinedly simple trappings. We chatted with him of Ascot, Olympia, and of the Guildford Coach, for we liked to hear him talk; but train time was nearing, and we must yet buy arms-china and photographs.

ARMS OF
ST. ALBANS.

CHAPTER X

St. Albans

"WHERE are you going to-morrow?" asked Miranda-of-the-Balcony, as we sat in the twilight among clambering vines and glowing flowers, looking over the peaceful expanse of Brompton Cemetery—among whose luxuriant trees thrushes and wrens sounded their evensong—to the glitter of the Earl's Court Exhibition beneath a calm young moon.

"We were thinking of St. Albans," responded Diana; "do you——"

"St. Albans! Why in the world are you going there? My dears, it is the hottest place! and there's nothing to see. We have tickets for the morning performance at Terry's. It is an American play. Do come with us!"

But we went to St. Albans.

Still seemed London eager to place hazards in the way of our going; never was she willing to loosen her thrall. Arrived at St. Pancras in good time for the train our new A.B.C. had scheduled, we found it had been changed without notice; and London held our restless persons until twenty-three minutes after noon. The day being Saturday and the station thronged with "bean feasters," we booked first-class tickets and luxuriated in blue-cushioned seclusion past 'appy 'Ampstead, where long rows of new houses are aiding the fulfilment of that old prophecy that Hampstead will one day be the center of London.

Alas! Advertising signs—an atrocious Americanism—are permitted to deface this lovely country at the north of London. Can it be possible that soups, soaps, paint, or pills are desirable because they are proclaimed in hideous expanse beside the railway?

Beyond Elstree the line runs for several miles parallel to the Watling Street, a fitting reminder of Roman Verulamium, most powerful and populous of Roman stations in the south of England, to which the name of a Christian proto-martyr was given when Offa, King of Mercia, founded the Abbey of St. Alban in 795.

About the year 300 Amphibalus, a Chris-

We were so fickle as to become instantly enamored of sundry ancient timbered houses.

tian preacher of Caerleon, whose courage was inferior to his conviction, was fain to flee before the persecution that had become rampant in Wales by order of Diocletian, rather than suffer martyrdom. Arriving at Verulamcestre, he was given refuge in the home of Alban, a wealthy citizen of this town. The pious guest converted his host to his belief; but scarcely had this been accomplished when lo! Amphibalus was wanted by the Roman Emperor's emissaries who pressed hotly about the place of his hiding. Alban exchanged clothing with his guest—thereby proving that opera-bouffe disguises are not so transparent as we suppose—and Amphibalus escaped. Whether the pagan officers "saw through" the deception we are not told; but they were looking for a man to hang, and they found one. Alban, upon their demand that he sacrifice to the gods of Rome, not only refused, but reproved them for doing so; whereupon he was condemned to torture. This he endured with so sublime a patience that their ingenuity was circumvented; so, their merry sport having lost its zest, Alban was condemned to be beheaded on Holmhurst Hill. Upon that spot the abbey was erected five hundred years later. Many were the tales of miracles performed by the martyr on the day of his execution. One

affirmed that when the multitude which preceded him to the place of execution was detained by the narrow bridge across the Ver, Alban "by his prayer obtained that the river, parting asunder, afforded free passage for many together." Then followed the repentance and conversion of the executioner and the substitution of a cruel "Doeg," of whom it is said that when he had struck off the head of the martyr "instantly his own eyes fell out of his body."

"How much more effective that would have been if his eyes had fallen out before he struck the blow!" said Diana.

When Alban's official canonization occurred we do not know, but his bones rested in peace during those five hundred years so eventful in England. Offa, though a cruel man and the murderer of his kinsman and rival Ethelbert, evidently had a conscience, for we are told that his remorse permitted him no rest day or night. In a dream he learned the condition of his pardon. He must discover the bones of Alban and raise an abbey dedicated to him. With a procession of priests and monks chanting litanies he started forth; but they deserve no credit for finding the saint's scanty remains, for a lightning flash from heaven revealed their whereabouts, and any

doubt as to their identity was precluded by a band of gold, on which ALBAN was inscribed, circling the head. Scarcely were the precious relics removed from the grave when flocks of lame men were made to leap, the deaf to hear, etc. Offa then journeyed to Rome and obtained pardon for his crime to Ethelbert. It was probably at this time that Alban's canonization was solemnized. Then "St. Alban's Abbey began to be a fact." To the shrine came pious pilgrims from all parts of the land to be made whole. This "worked" very well until the good brothers at Ely, whose coffers had not such effectual means of enrichment now that St. Etheldreda's fame was waning, issued a counterclaim and announced to whom it might concern that Ely Cathedral enshrined the "true" relics of the saint, and had done so all the time. The people were told that they had been duped by the monks at St. Alban's. Perhaps it had been, after all, the faith of the pilgrims that had made them whole. At any rate, the efficacy of the shrine at St. Albans failed.

"To be entirely just," says Froude, "in our estimate of other ages is not difficult; it is impossible." It is not for us therefore to estimate the sin of men and women who had been sworn to a holy life during the Middle

Ages. No darker records can be shown than those of the unnameable atrocities committed here; but perhaps the Church herself is most to blame for creating conditions so productive of temptation. Would that we knew more of the saintly lives that were lived amid the voluptuous infamy of abbey and nunnery! At St. Alban's were a few men who devoted their lives to the making of beautiful books and to the recording of their country's history. Roger of Wendover left a most valuable account of the signing of Magna Charta; Matthew Paris wrote frankly of papal extortion and of all the chief events in the history of his day.

When we saw the market booths in the square at St. Alban's we were glad we had declined a matinée at Terry's Theater. Our transoceanic hurry is always dispelled by a market. To saunter admiringly past the pale golden pats of butter, to stroll by waving laces and ribbons or loiter among the color and aroma of flowers and baskets of fruit, is inevitable to market-going. We had to seize firmly upon the certainty that guide books, cameras, and parasols bear no light part in a fatiguing though delightful day to successfully combat temptation to buy of the market's wares.

The market place is on the summit of a hill at the meeting of several ways. We passed therefrom regretfully, but were so fickle as to instantly become enamored of sundry ancient timbered houses leaning awry among the less picturesque but more practicable edifices of our own day. After lunching at the Peahen we sought and soon found, beyond a little alley on the downward slope, St. Alban's Abbey church, which has been an Anglican Cathedral since 1877.

Though the English are conservative, and their British predecessors were not a progressive people, there remains in Great Britain—save at Bath and the Isle of Wight—not so much as a column to testify to the glory that was Roman during the five hundred years that these conquerors occupied the island. How we of to-day would have venerated a tiny temple of Vesta or a triumphal arch over the Watling Street erected to Suetonius or to Cæsar himself, who came as far as Verulam. We must perforce be content with walls, with bricks, with pots and trinkets that have been exhumed.

When the Normans brought their love of beauty and their skilled masons across the Channel, they either destroyed in Christian zeal the buildings left by the pagans, or else—

consciously or unconsciously—they employed pagan materials in the erection of Christian temples. It is presumable that Saxons and Danes permitted Roman buildings to stand; else how came so many Roman bricks in Norman castles and churches?

St. Alban's Abbey church is a distinct disappointment to the seeker after things as they were. It is also a disappointment to lovers of architectural beauty. Of the abbey itself, chief of Hertfordshire's monastic buildings during the Middle Ages, only the gateway remains—a really beautiful remnant of a once beautiful whole.

When Henry VIII was giving away church properties, the abbey church of St. Alban was granted to Sir Richard Lee. During the reign of Edward VI the inhabitants of the town purchased it for a parish church. It had suffered much during the parliamentary wars from the rapacity of troops and from prisoners confined within it. The first impression of the church is of a vast, ugly structure, utterly incongruous and inharmonious. Its elaborate new pink front looks as though it were pinned on like an apron to conceal a torn or spotted garment. The donor, we are told, of the several hundred thousand pounds which paid for this false front, was possessed of a cocksure-

Of the Abbey itself only the gateway remains.

ness of his own architectural skill, and thus perpetuated an expression of Lord Grimthorpe's monumental bad taste. Oh, that his money had been tainted and the gift refused!

We walked about the great church seeking something beautiful or admirable. Its vast length, second longest of any English cathedral, inspired only amazement at the extent to which ugliness may be carried. Its eminence—somewhat more than three hundred feet above sea level and the highest of any English cathedral—we appreciated later in the day, when we saw it from a distance. In our circumambient exploration, however, we found an occasional bit of Norman work; and near the foundation some Roman bricks were interspersed amid the masonry. The Lady Chapel looks like a lovely branch grafted upon a barren tree.

Great zeal has been employed in restoring the interior, wherein a potpourri of Norman, Early English, and Decorated styles plays havoc with an already dizzied observer. In the Lady Chapel, however, we found more harmony. Some beautiful bits of old moldings, capitals, figures of saints, and other ornamental details of the abbey in its heyday that had been incorporated in the wall, gave us as much pleasure as anything in the whole great

church. On one of the piers in the nave a faded fresco recalled those of Giotto in Florence. In the north transept are some fine old tiles with the *fleur-de-lys* of France in the center. The old glass is easily descried, for its mellow light emphasizes the crude color of the new. One beautiful door remains.

The shrine of St. Alban is no longer heaped, like St. Anne de Beaupré, with trophies of the miraculous cures it once effected. The oaken Watching Gallery no longer throngs with closely hooded nuns looking down upon the shrine.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Diana; "they made a saint of the truant Amphibalus after all. I have been rather sorry that he was so short-sighted as to prefer the tall timber to canonization as a martyr. I wonder, though, how he managed to get into the Calendar? Let's go back to the Presbytery and see the fragments of his shrine."

The poetical attempts of certain bereaved persons are sometimes too interesting to be overlooked or forgotten, although the reader's point of view may not always coincide with that of the writer:

To the Memore of Margery Rowlatt
Wife to John Maynard Esquire.

Here lies intomb'd a woman worthie fame
Whose vertuos life gives honor to her name
Few were her years, she died in her prime
Yet in the worlde fulfilled she much tyme
Which vertuously she spent providinge still
The hungry bellies of the poore to fill
Unto the God of heaven, thrice every day
Her prayers were heard God knewe her harts deser
And gave her heaven for her eternal hier
Where nowe she doth enjoye that endles blis
Which her redeemer purchased for his."

Another speaks with surety of the destiny of the departed:

To the Memorie of Raffe Maynard

The man that's buried in this tombe
In heavenly Canaan hath a roome
A gentleman of antient name
Who had to wife a vertuous dame
They lived together in goodlie sorte
Fortie five years with good reporte
When seaventie and seaven yeares he had spent
His soule to his Redeemer went
His body by will hereunder lyes
Still harkening for the great assies
When Christ the judge of quick and dead
Shall raise him from this earthly bedd
And give him heavens eternal blisse
To live and raigne with saints of his.

As we passed into the town again and looked down a steep road which we believed

tended toward Berkhampstead and whose directness proclaimed it a Roman road, we spoke of the occasion when Duke William with his army was advancing along the Watling Street into his newly acquired domain and was stopped by Frederic, abbot of St. Albans, who, though a preacher of meekness and peace, nevertheless compelled the Conqueror to swear in an assembly of clergy and nobles to govern according to the laws of his real predecessor on England's throne—Edward the Confessor. The domains of this abbey extended at that time through Essex Forest as far as London Stone. If William made fair promises in the moment of victory he quickly forgot them, and retaliated by seizing half of the abbey's forest lands, which he cleared of their timber and through which he opened roads. The brave Frederic was accused of treason and driven into the fens of Ely, where death overtook him. But for the intercession of Lanfranc, William had put the abbey to the torch. Stripped of its wealth it was; and a Norman abbot replaced the monks' idle extravagance with rigid discipline.

When Piers Gaveston in the time of the second Edward—who was really the fifth—puddled the politics of England, the barons who were confederated against him massed their

troops at Whethampstead, also near St. Albans. When Isabella, the "She Wolf of France," came to St. Albans—in the same year that King Edward was deposed and murdered, and England was at the "mercy" of herself and Mortimer—a mob of outraged citizens clamored about her carriage for justice. The queen, who could not understand English, appealed to one of her lords to translate. His reply was a lie full of coarse insult to the people. Annoyed by the interruption she commanded her coachman to proceed, and gave thenceforth to these downtrodden folk but an insolent stare. They, however, were fired to action. Robbed long enough by the monks and scorned by royalty they attacked the abbey, which narrowly escaped being razed. When Edward III, a lad of eighteen, succeeded in asserting his rights, Mortimer was killed and the queen imprisoned. The monks of St. Alban's Abbey were compelled to grant justice to their townsmen; but when the king was busy elsewhere, Richard of Wallingford—the blacksmith abbot, who invented a remarkable astronomical clock—again subjugated the patient townsmen to extortion.

On that same Corpus Christi day, when Wat Tyler and his men of Kent entered London, a mob, led by William Grindcobbe, came pour-

ing into the town of St. Albans amid welcoming shouts from farmers and citizens. Strange that another Richard of Wallingford should have shared Grindcobbe's lead and demanded the capitulation of the abbey where the previous Richard had held dominion! The socialism of Wat Tyler was not yet mature enough for continuance; but it was a safety valve for the people who had been oppressed by church and state in all parts of England and were waiting for a leader; and something had been gained. Mobs have done much for the English people, for the time is past when a king of that land can say:

"Clowns ye have been and clowns ye are. In your bondage shall ye remain; not as heretofore, but infinitely worse. So long as I live and reign I will make you an example to future ages."

The people, like children, are ever ready to believe promises; and when promises had been made by the insincere crown or prelate they crawled humbly to the oppressors' feet, supplicating pardon—they, the oppressed! Perhaps the fate of the rebellious leaders intimidated the men of St. Albans. Grindcobbe and thirteen others were hanged here. John Ball, famous as the author of the lines

When Adam dalf and Eve span,
Who was thanne a gentleman?

was brought to St. Alban's a month after his triumphal entry into London; and in the presence of the timid boy King Richard II, who was protected by a thousand men at arms, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered. Then the king went hunting, not having had enough of blood, and the citizens of St. Albans took down from the gibbets the bodies of their friends and buried them. The royal order required the bodies exhumed and again hung upon the gallows tree; and right meekly was it obeyed!

The modern town of St. Albans on its hill is separated from the ancient one of Verulam by the river Ver. Before Cæsar's legions invaded Albion there had been a British settlement here, in which the Romans established themselves after having driven out or murdered the inhabitants, as was their polite custom.

The peaceable Britons, so oft preyed upon by foreign foes, seldom made so notable a stand for freedom as when Boadicea—or Voadicea, as Holinshed calls her—sole leader of her oppressed people against the invaders, assembled her army here and herself com-

manded the British in a battle that slaughtered seventy thousand Romans and their allies. Verulam was destroyed; but the remaining Romans restored it, and its importance as a military station lasted until they left England.

We stood looking at the fields where once a lake had been, or where the little Ver had flowed in fuller stream in that far-gone day when Alban prayed its division for the multitude. Now beyond the sparkling river behold! a considerable fragment of Roman wall marks unto this day the boundary of Roman Verulam. We crossed the Ver and followed a path; doubtless it was the same which the martyred Alban had trod nearly two thousand years ago, followed by the throngs who wished to see the show that was furnished by his gibbet on Holmhurst Hill. The path followed another part of the Roman wall now almost concealed by clustering vines and the dense foliage of trees and shrubs. Again we loitered, drinking in present beauty while we talked of past ugliness, the path terminating at last beside a broad highway.

Light-hearted we took to the open road, which, after dipping and curving between the borders of Verulam on the one side and fertile farms on the other, brought us to the Watling

A considerable fragment of Roman wall marks the boundary of Verulam.

Street, pointing straight as an arrow toward London and toward Dunstable. We followed it until we came to St. Michael's Church, one of the three that Ulsig, sixth abbot of St. Albans, had built on the three principal highways that led pious pilgrims to the shrine of the "first Briton which to heaven led the noble army of martyrs." St. Michael's Church boasts of possessing the tomb of Francis Bacon, who was Baron Verulam and Viscount of St. Albans. Lord Bacon, the Lord Chancellor of England, a greater man than "Steenie"—favorite of James I—was found guilty of receiving bribes and by king and Parliament was stripped of his official robes. Strangely enough the evil that he did lives not after him, for he is better known to-day as the author of pretty philosophical essays that every schoolgirl includes with Ruskin and Emerson as "just too lovely," and as the posthumous pretender to authorship of the plays of Shakespeare than as a heinous criminal. He died in 1623 at Gorhambury House, his beautiful home near St. Albans.

While Diana tried the church door Sonia read a card that stated the keys to be obtainable at 13 St. Michael's Cottages.

Said Diana, sinking wearily upon the cool grass of the churchyard: "I don't want to see

'sic sedebat' enough to compel me to hunt for St. Michael's Cottages. We have had a delightful walk; let us rest here a while and perhaps we shall have better luck at St. Stephen's. He may keep his keys nearer his door."

"St. Stephen's," observed Sonia, intent upon a guide book, "is about as far from the town as St. Michael's—but in the opposite direction."

The value of St. Stephen's Church instantly "broke," and fell way below par in our estimation. We sat therefore in the shadow of a yew reading and talking of Ulsig, the abbot who had built the three churches and whose memory is the pleasanter because he was one of the few whose lives were devoted to the good of the townsmen of St. Albans. He it was who laid out the market place and encouraged the people to build, by loaning them not merely money, but materials.

The monks of St. Alban's Abbey had friends in high places. There came a time when the abbot was made a peer of the realm; and when Nicholas Breakspeare—the only Englishman who has worn the papal ring—became the head of the church he granted to this abbey's executive many special privileges, among which was precedence over all other

English abbots. If they had all been such men as Ulsig, what a glorious history had been that of St. Alban's Abbey!

"It is difficult to believe," Diana observed, "that a place so peaceful as St. Albans is to-day could have been the scene of so much bloodshed and horror. I had forgotten that two important battles during the Wars of the Roses occurred here."

While the Duke of York, with whom were the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, was journeying toward London at the head of three thousand men with intent to seize his Grace of Somserset, who had been impeached of treason by the House of Commons, they found St. Albans occupied by the king, who had come from London with his army of two thousand to impede their progress. After the battle, when the victorious York came to beseech pardon of his royal prisoner, Henry, hater of war, prayed of him:

"Let there be no more killing then, and I will do whatever you will have me."

Six years later, in 1461, Henry's queen—Margaret of Anjou, who should have been a man—having vanquished and slain the Duke of York, was returning to London, and was met near St. Albans by the Yorkists under Warwick, accompanied by their prisoner the

king. The Lancastrians won and the king's release was obtained.

"Was not this the battle in which the newly knighted John Grey was slain?" asked Diana.

"I think so," Sonia responded, "and the weeping but lovely-in-her-tears widow promptly and picturesquely sought the compassion of the royal Edward, who had recently supplanted Henry the Timid. The minx, if you remember, got him into a fine predicament by marrying him despite his honor-bright promise to the French princess."

"Yes, and she managed to install her relatives in the Blue Book before Warwick succeeded in driving the faithless Edward from England and herself to Westminster Abbey for sanctuary. Who shall say she lived in vain or that her dear John's demise was wholly as disastrous as she represented to the susceptible Edward? Here come some people to see the church! Perhaps they will fetch the key."

The small boy of the party was sent for it; and we saw Lord Bacon's monument.

Our return to the town was by way of a green lane bordering a field of "corn." On the tiny bridge across the Ver we paused to look at its pretty curve.

Much has been said in these chapters of tea; yet tea is so much a part of the day in

The "Fighting Cocks" claims to be the oldest inn in England.

England, and the tea hour brought us to so many delightful places, that this British beverage may oft again recur. On this afternoon a little street beginning at the bridge disclosed a tiny inn—the Fighting Cocks—which claims, as do many others, to be the oldest inn in England. Certainly this was the quaintest in our experience. Beside the entrance blooms a triangular bit of garden. A larger one overlooks the river. Diana's stately head collided with the ceiling as we passed through the old tap room, the cockpit, and the kitchen, where a bright kettle steamed on a real hob. While we awaited tea in the riverside garden Sonia played with a cat that did not want to be photographed and Diana wished for the brush of a Hobbema to paint the silvery sky and far-reaching fields.

Ascending into the town again we inquired as to the whereabouts of the Sopwell Nunnery, and were relieved to learn that it was not near enough for us to seek it in the brief interval that remained before train time. There can be no sentimentalizing by us over this Nunnery, of which so little that is good is known. Even the ruins, as we saw them in a photograph, seemed utterly uninteresting. They might have been the walls of a half-burned factory.

The holy well that was so miraculously potent while St. Alban's shrine retained its efficacy, and that had been summoned into existence by the martyr's prayer on the day of his execution when he, being athirst, prayed for somewhat to slake his suffering, has been "filled in," we were told.

At the station we climbed into a third-class carriage on a train that we hurried to catch.

"Are you sure this is the train for London?" asked Sonia, usually confident in her friend's capability.

"I asked a newsboy, a porter, two male passengers, a woman, and a boy," she replied, short of breath and with a dash of scorn. Sonia, still unconvinced, leaned out and called to a guard who had slammed the door.

"Is this train for London?"

"No! You should be on platform number three. Up the stairs and over the bridge. Here it comes now! You will have to hurry."

"It really seems," averred Diana, when the "right train" had shrieked and started, and we had leaned out for a last look at St. Alban's Cathedral — somewhat borrowing enchantment from distance—"as though London is determined to be as inhospitable as she is captivating."

CHAPTER XI

The Henley Regatta and Down the Thames to Maidenhead

AT Paddington we looked about for signs of regatta enthusiasm such as would obtain in Grand Central Station on Yale-Harvard day; but we saw none. Some one has said that the Englishman takes his pleasure sadly. Certain it is that he takes it leisurely; for the inter-university rowing races which occur annually on the Thames at Henley are of three days' duration. We had chosen the last day because of probable finals and greatest interest. Signs of the Stream of Pleasure's magnetism became plentiful as our train approached Henley. Beflanneled men carried oars and luncheon baskets; beruffled girls bore parasols and boat cushions. Everybody smiled happily. At the station all was gayety and pleasurable excitement. Almost we ex-

pected that some of the tall young men in the bright blazers of their colleges, or perhaps one of the clean-shaven clergymen were awaiting us. But none among them greeted us, and we passed into the street, where vendors of Japanese parasols, regatta programmes, and post cards were not so willing to let us proceed unnoticed.

We had engaged rooms at the White Hart at inauguration prices rather than return to London on a crowded train. We were also forethoughtful of another day on the river.

A kind-hearted and frugal bobby told us the White Hart was "just over there," and we walked nearly half a mile in the hot sun, past several inns dedicated to various members of the royal anatomy and to highly colored wild beasts ere we perceived the golden letters on the White Hart's modest façade. We should have profited by our experience en route to Boulter's Lock from the Maidenhead Station; but who could doubt the accuracy of a rosy-cheeked bobby whose blue eyes looked so honest?

We searched vainly for the entrance; but there seemed to be none save that to the taproom. Midway through a driveway into a large courtyard an entrance was at length revealed. While Sonia spoke of the beauty of

the ivy-lined court and deplored the necessity of great signs indicative of the prices of meals, Diana sought a means of announcing the arrival of guests to whom it might concern; for the door was open and nothing human was visible beyond it. She found a brass-handled bell rope beneath an oval plate on which was graven Boots. She pulled the bell rope timorously and raised such a clamor somewhere within that she was mischievously tempted to test the result of a vigorous pull. This was prevented by the appearance of a woman who, after examining our credentials, pulled another bell and bade a housemaid show us to our apartments.

"Feather beds!" gasped Sonia. "Well, it is only for one night; and do you see that dear little casement window?"

Diana caressed the leaded diamond panes and opened the casement, which admitted a great waft of fragrance from tall syringas. Beyond them we descried a many-angled roof that may have been a part of the inn. Its seemingly purposeless gables and tiny eyelike windows winking among age-mellowed tiles were more like old Nürnberg than, we supposed, England. Still farther away a clock striking eleven bade us notice the fine church tower that held it.

"You are very nice," said Sonia; "but I think if some one were to tell me that Julius Cæsar had been crowned in your church on Washington's birthday by the Archbishop of Canterbury, I should say: 'No; we are not sight-seeing to-day. We are here to behold a spectacle.'"

"Perhaps we had better be off, then," suggested Diana, shaking out the folds of her sunshade.

Our rooms gave into a long narrow corridor whose windows indicated that it bounded the courtyard on at least two sides. We spoke of the embryo theaters in Will Shakspeare's day and those earlier Miracles and Mysteries that were played in just such places. The woman in charge of the inn overheard us in passing. She paused to tell us that the White Hart has undoubtedly existed since the year 1600, and may have been erected somewhat earlier. This corridor had been an open gallery, and Elizabethan players are known to have performed in the yard. As in all the inns we had seen, there were here many pieces of rich old mahogany and rosewood; chairs, tables, sofas in the corridors; tall clocks on the stair landings and gilt mirrors on the walls; old willow china and Crown Derby in drawing-room or banqueting hall.

Across the River a row of houseboats was moored to the poplar-bordered shore.

On Henley's strong stone bridge we paused and leaned upon the rail while we looked down the long regatta course against whose green shores hundreds of punts were drawn in readiness for hire. The vivid color of flags and pennants amid the green gave a gala atmosphere, although the stirring human element was still lacking. In the garden of the Red Lion Inn on the river bank were tables and chairs, mutely inviting mankind to refect under the free heaven and in the shade of trees. On both banks of the stream long lines of gaily draped stands and marquees awaited the regatta's interested spectators.

When, a fortnight earlier, we had noticed in our morning paper an advertisement of the Henley Regatta, we instantly determined to "take it in." Our English friends, one of whom had once been to Henley, directed us to a bookseller in the Earl's Court Road who could furnish tickets to an inclosure known as Phyllis Court. We told him we could go only one day, preferably the last. The tickets would be a guinea each, he remarked in a careless, offhand manner; but if we would economize we would better subscribe the extremely low amount of two pounds ten, and thus be enabled to attend the entire three days' regatta. Paternal letters of credit, howsoever

generous, have limitations, and the extent of our past peregrinations and future plans suggested the wisdom of avoiding unnecessary extravagance. In view of the inn's tariff and probable incidentals we frugally concluded to forego the Court of Phyllis and seek a less costly coign of vantage.

When a woman economizes, she usually ends by spending more than if she had bought the thing of which she is denying herself, and burdens herself or others with makeshifts. Makeshifts are the most costly of purchases; because instead of the right thing at the right price, the makeshift means sacrifice of comfort and convenience, plus entire absence of satisfaction, whereas the supposed saving of expenditure results in a sum total of unforeseen extras which the higher price might have included.

We had our experience.

Looking down from the Henley Bridge we saw Phyllis Court, cool, shady. The Empire Stand, on which we had secured numbered seats at half a guinea, we descried after much search on the opposite side of the Thames.

"Not so bad!" was our first half-hearted expression of comment. The first race was scheduled for one o'clock. The church clock now vibrated solemnly the noon hour. Re-

membering Yale-Harvard day along the sound we marveled that so few beholders had yet appeared on this long-established occasion. Through a trampled field, past grandstands galore, malformed mendicants, and vendors who out-Conied Coney Island, we at last presented our pink tickets and climbed upon the Empire Stand. It was vast and empty, save for an usher and ourselves.

"I am glad we came early," said Diana, panting a little; for we had hurried lest anything interesting be "missed."

"It will be nice," assented Sonia, "to see the gathering of the clans."

"I don't want to be skeptical," Diana remarked after a time, a dead weight of foreboding anchoring the spirit that loved to soar on the wings of enthusiasm, "but I believe we are on the wrong side of the river. The shade of these trees will desert us and our nice front seats will be in the full blaze of the sun."

Sonia hoped her friend was mistaken.

A centipede-like shell came up the smooth stream coached by a man on a polo pony cantering along the bank, who managed bridle and megaphone with much skill.

The long line of stands of which the empire was one were set back some little distance from the river. Evidently the space served

for promenaders. Some way down the river a row of houseboats was moored to the opposite poplar-bordered shore. They were decorated with bright flowers and awnings; and from each masthead hung a flag. On one Old Glory lay as limply as did the Union Jacks hard by. Could they all be weary of three days' regatting? Perish the thought so early in the day! Gradually punts were pushed into midstream and seemed to be enjoying a leisurely uneasiness. The women in fair raiment lolled comfortably under gaily colored sunshades. Their cavaliers, standing to wield the long punting poles, displayed much of the lithe grace of gondoliers. Other crews "warmed up" under megaphonic instruction. There was promise of something to happen ere long. A sloe-eyed gypsy with a beautiful but dirty baby in her arms solicited silver that she might tell our fortunes. Some negro minstrels came along, serenaded, went. We were until now sole occupants of a stand large enough to accommodate several hundred people. A half dozen noisy girls and men, with the easily provoked laugh of bourgeois birth seated themselves at the far end. A continuous succession of performers selected henceforth the newcomers as an audience, and with singular discrimination passed us by—to our infinite

relief. A ballad-bawling man having passed his butterfly net and collected a few coppers, Diana turned wearily and said to her friend:

"I thought we came here to see boat racing; but it appears we unwittingly engaged seats for a worse than concert-hall show. I never realized until now how much glamour is contributed by the limelight, or how utterly tawdry and banal the cruel sunlight shows such mummery to be."

"Something is going to happen now!" exclaimed Sonia, the optimist.

A launch came up the course and drove the punts toward the shores of the river, clearing the way for the first race. Far below a pistol shot was heard; and at length two very lively centipedes skimmed past while a mild wave of voices evidently wished to encourage but not to alarm with too much vehemence. One or two men shouted; one of the boats won the race; then the punters pushed out into midstream again and the itinerant vaudeville continued. All the folk on land and water seemed relieved that the interruption had ceased.

Sonia looked wistfully over the heads of two perspiring tumblers in collarless and coatless street attire and the fourth-class audience they sought to amuse to Phyllis Court across the river, where women of our own sort

strolled about or sat in easy chairs on the shady riverside terrace. With our persons were we paying far more than we had saved in shillings on that fateful day of economy.

"If I could have a coat of arms," said Diana wistfully, "I should inscribe: '*The best or nothing*' upon it."

"Suppose we go to the luncheon tent now," said Sonia. "Perhaps there will be a rush later, and we have an hour to spare—or kill—before the next race." We sought the necessary ticket seller. Signs were plentiful, advertising luncheons at half a crown.

"Seven and six each," said the ticket seller in a tone intended to convey the notion that this was the last word. Poor Diana, bearer of joint funds, who abominates bickering, at length secured what she at first requested—two half-crown tickets. With flushed faces and no appetite we approached the tents whose tables were heavily spread in readiness for people who did not come and whose waiters were disconsolately idle. We seated ourselves. A waiter asked to see our tickets.

"You must have seven-and-sixpenny tickets," he said.

"No," replied Diana, who was having something too much of this, "I should not. Are you serving any luncheons for two and six?"

One of the boats won the race.

"Yes, miss, in the next tent."

Seated in the "next tent," another waiter demanded a five-shilling ticket. Again we rose in our wrath and proceeded. We were the more enraged and humiliated by the knowledge that had we been in Phyllis Court there would have been no extra charge for luncheon. The only comfort in the present situation was that we had disposed of some of the superfluous time. The following race was "eights" instead of "fours." That was about the only difference—the number of legs on each centipede. Then came an interval of two hours. The space before the stand was thronged with people, classified by the scornful Diana as "among the lower orders of animal life." The heat was intense; our seats were in the full rays of the sun, and what with this and utter ennui we were sorely tempted by the sweet seductiveness of sleep. We had nothing to talk about, nothing to do. The charm of the river was destroyed by the inescapable foreground. To force a way through throngs of perspiring Britons to our hotel was not to be imagined. We had bought seats for a "bargain matinée," and we had not yet wholly paid for them. So we nodded heavily in invertebrate discomfort during the long two hours, while organettes wheezed of "Poppies," brazen-voiced women

shrieked of "Violets," and a cornet blew blasts of "Sourire d'Avril." We gave money to them all, silently grateful because their performances were addressed to the other end of the otherwise empty Empire Stand. A man on long-skirted stilts cavorted for the delectation of the gawping yokels, who should have been wearing smocks and chewing straws. He also glanced at us and passed comprehendingly to the loudly laughing folk at the stand's lower end.

"The Henley Regatta," said Sonia scornfully, "is no regatta at all. It is a county fair; a pretext for giving the British public a holiday—three successive ones."

"The marvel is," averred Diana, "that the British public can enjoy it. But it does. These vermin here—I am uncharitable—prefer mountebanks; the folk there on the river, lunching, sleeping, or reading, are pleasing themselves after their own manner; and those lovely ladies over there in that heavenly Phyllis Court are the most contented of all."

We went out to the luncheon tent in quest of something liquid. Diana said she was dying for an ice-cream soda, and would drink no more warm Apollinaris, so we compromised on lemon squash—iceless, of course.

When a shot announced the coming of the

half-past-three race, Diana avowed willingness to give a golden guinea to hear just one American college "yell."

"How can they expect anybody to be interested in their old races after making us wait these horrible two hours? And who is interested in the races but the racers?" Thus Sonia.

When Eton had won some cup or other, and the lukewarm enthusiasm had ceased, we forced our way to the bridge, from which we looked down on the day's most interesting scene—a long, broad stretch of boat-strewn river; on both sides the deep green of midsummer England. Where was the Fortuny to immortalize the sparkle of so brilliant a display? The rich tone of St. Mary's bell advised that tea time and cool rooms at the White Hart were at hand.

The day's programme had included an "imposing pyrotechnic exhibition" as a fit conclusion to so brilliant an occasion. In the early dusk we entered St. Mary's churchyard and paused to look at a row of pleasant almshouses that faced it. A young man in evening clothes passed us, returned and said, his hat doffed:

"Pardon me! are you ladies looking for the lane to Phyllis Court?" Earlier in the day this would have been a rapier thrust.

When he had gone beyond overhearing Diana said:

"I love that dear boy for thinking we look as though we were going to Phyllis Court. He has poured balm upon my wounded spirit."

In the darkness we paused to admire the homelike rooms in the almshouses, which were now revealed by their lighted lamps. The shriek of a rocket warned us that the imposing pyrotechnic exhibition was beginning. We hastened to the river bank, where a few village folk and motors were grouped. With them we patiently waited. Persuading ourselves at length that we had mistaken the rocket-line sound, we perceived the colored fire from a single Roman candle jerked off ball by ball. Another long wait terminated in another rocket. Then we laughed and went back to the White Hart's feather beds.

The morning dawned chill and damp with impending rain. Despite a remarkably rainless summer, we had been true to the traditional necessity for rain coats and umbrellas. The littered shores of the river looked like the aftermath of a country circus. Even on the river itself we were all day subject to annoyances due to the Henley Regatta. Raftloads of punts clogged the locks and delayed the uncomplaining steamer somewhat more than

an hour in its fifteen-mile transit between Henley and Maidenhead.

Sky and river were gray; there was no horizon. Mist lay upon the meadows, and yet we, whom yesterday had bored, thought this day delightful.

We were surprised to find that on the little steamer were but few passengers. Those who preceded us had preëmpted all the dozen or so hard, flat cushions mercifully provided to ease the discomfort of the boat's gridiron-like seats.

The worn trail of the regatta past, it was good to see only green fields and banks untrodden by humans.

We had strolled about Henley on the previous afternoon and found it pleasant; but there was little to suggest the town's great age. The Britons had a station there called Hanlegang. But Henley boasts no historic thrills, though there is still standing in front of the grammar school an elm tree from which a Roundhead spy was hanged. A skirmish occurred here during the civil war. The Bluecoat School, now merged in the grammar school, was founded by a sister of Lord Bacon of St. Albans. Henley is famous for the regatta chiefly.

Phyllis Court, our Pleasaunce of Dreams, was once the royal residence of the Prince of

Orange, but is now one of the many clubs to which the river has given rise.

At Hambleden Lock an old man disturbed our pleasure in the ivy-clad cottage and the roses over and about it by fiddling a mock-merry melody. Yesterday was too fresh in memory for us to accept kindly his squealing tunes; but his irascibility when pennies were thrown before the conclusion of his solo was funny; and we forgave him because he made us laugh.

Below Yewden we passed an elaborate residence of an Anglicized German, who is said to have been a benefactor to Hamburg. Here we met swans for the first time to-day. Fields in which hay carts were being loaded with fragrant burdens increased the sense of tranquillity which even on a cloudy morning pervades the river. Beyond the hay meadows gently undulating pastures, where sleek dun cattle grazed, inspired Diana to say:

"No wonder cream is good in London!" Sonia, in more exalted mood, quoted:

"Like a bird singing in the rain—"

After yesterday's hurly-burly to glide silently down the smooth river listening to bird notes and watching the ineffable grace of the swallows darting up and down, bright flashes

Rafts loaded with punts returning from Henley.

of blue and buff now dipping to the water, then circling swiftly above the meadows—seemed like a day culled from another life.

We had read "Sir Richard Escombe," and Medmenham Abbey recalled that vivid tale of love and intrigue. The abbey in ruins, however, had been more picturesque than the present reconstructed residence, although the tower has been left partly in ruins, and its mantle of ivy has been added with the master touch of Nature. Diana made a note of the Abbey Hotel, declaring that she was "going to bring mother here some summer."

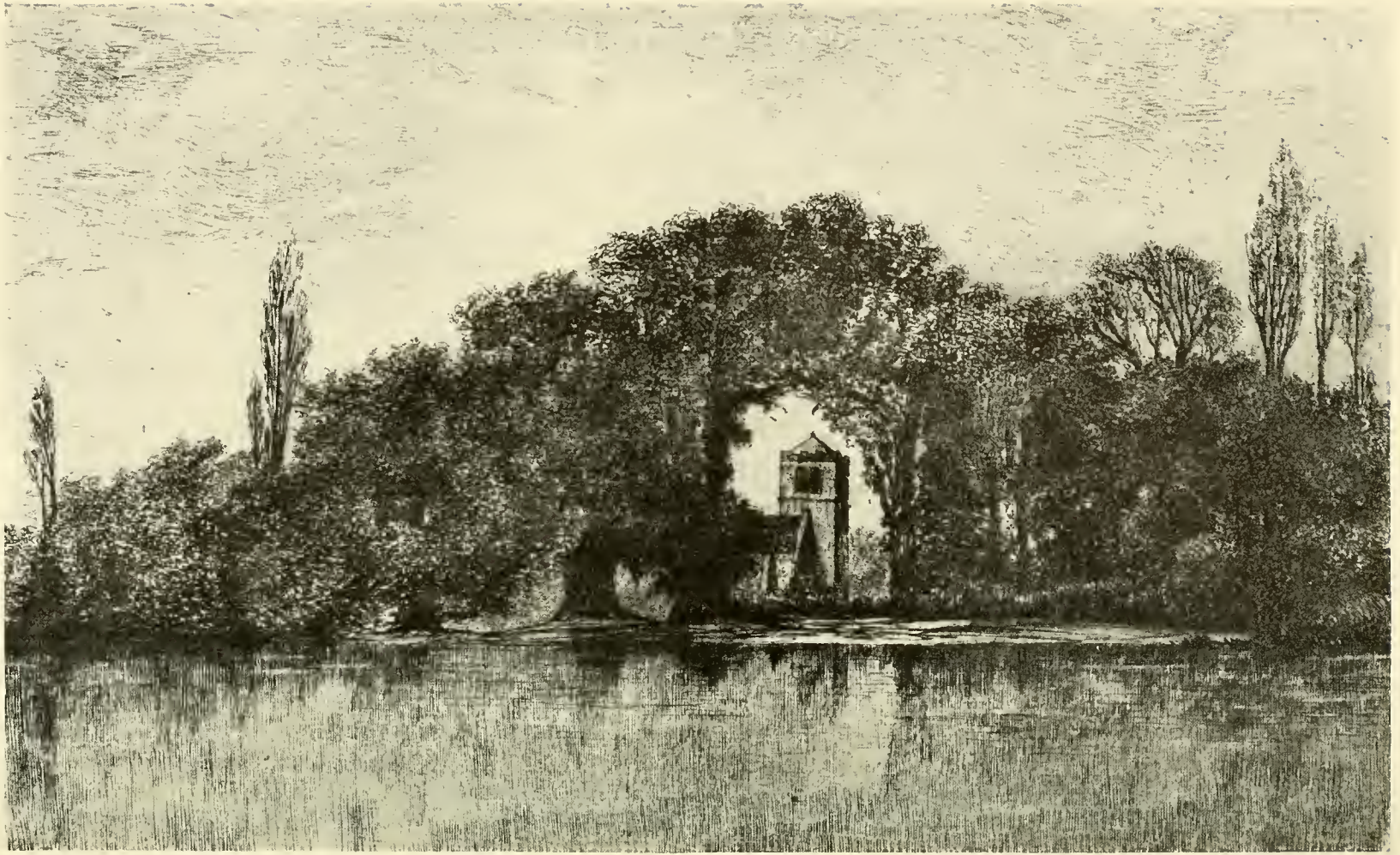
Below the abbey the river becomes more sinuous, its banks as fresh and undisturbed as though 'twere Arcady. The sparse late-summer flowers of the iris greeted us like dear friends long unseen. Suddenly a turn in the stream whisked us out of Arcady into England, whose gentry know so well where and how to build their country homes. High on a densely wooded slope a great white mansion gleamed amid the green. Danesfield, it must be, we thought, near which are the remains of a Danish camp. Or was this New Danesfield? Of its beauty, however, there was no question.

"'Chiltern,'" Diana read; "'is derived from the Saxon *cylt*, meaning chalk.' Please notice that all chalk hills are not 'downs.'"

We had been for some time in sight of the Chiltern Hills, which became gradually higher and more impressively beautiful. Now we passed chalky cliffs topped with emerald. In every cranny grew tall foxglove, planted with Nature's inimitable cunning and making a wholly new color note in the river's gamut.

There was many a conventual building along the Thames in those "good" old days of the Middle Ages. Choked by rafts loaded with punts returning from Henley was Hurley Lock; and a dense mist having shut out the world we read of the priory Geoffrey de Mandeville had founded here, which was "annexed" to Westminster Abbey not long after the Norman rule began. There still exists the crypt of the monastery where assembled secretly the nobles who were principals in the plot to dethrone James II and import William of Nassau to occupy the throne by right divine.

Then there was Bisham Abbey—Bisham being a contraction of Bustlesham—built in 1338 by William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. It is not to be wondered that Henry VIII, whose sub-acute appreciation of all beauty but feminine, chose to suppress the Augustinian friars of Bisham and add this fair abbey to his own list of royal residences,



Bisham Abbey, backed by tall trees.

especially if its structural beauty, backed by tall trees and half concealed by ivy, were then as now enhanced by superb flower borders.

"Southern planters say that cotton is the most spiritual of plants, because it can be grown for many successive seasons in the same land without detracting from the richness of the soil. Ivy, I should say, is the most tactful of plants. It always knows how much to conceal and how much to reveal." Thus spake Diana.

Of all the flower-decked locks we had seen along the Thames, Temple Lock took precedence. Red-rose arches, tall pink-rose trees in full bloom, masses of Canterbury bells and larkspurs were offset by a background of lindens and elders, also in full flower and fragrance. Between the old and new Temple Locks is a walled eyot, also gay with geraniums and the bright faces of pansies. Temple House, on a quiet backwater, spoke softly to us of England's love of home life.

"Look!" exclaimed Sonia, indicating a group of three trees on a hillock some distance from the river, which, with the single slanting ray of sunlight breaking through the heavy clouds behind them, might have been Rembrandt's chosen subject for the most beloved of his etchings.

Henceforward for several miles—all the way to Maidenhead, in fact—the scenery of the Thames assumes a quiet grandeur that is surprising in consideration of the gentle undulation or uncompromising flatness of its valley elsewhere. Why is the Rhine so famous? Or, rather, why is the Thames not equally renowned for beauty as well as for historic interest?

Marlow is a large old town. Some of Shelley's poems were written here. Marlow's weir is the largest we saw; and from the force of the ordinary outflow over its curved dam it is easy to conjecture how greatly would spring freshets damage the shores of the Thames but for the locks. "Gentlemanly Marlow!"

The Thames has a way of confiding its secrets with an almost feminine assurance that never before have they been revealed. Had our Berkshire Hills a Thames curving in their valleys they would be like unto the Chilterns. In such as the sloping Quarry Wood might the "real" Diana have hurled her lance. In such a wood might Paul and Virginia have dreamed away their sweet romance. Quarry Hall abuts on a sharp bend in the river with so much abruptness that Sonia held her breath lest the steamer's prow collide with the garden wall.

Beyond the little village of Bourne End a long line of poplars on the river bank divides to disclose a low, comfortable house. Farther on, gigantic rustic baskets set on a broad, smooth lawn, filled with scarlet geraniums, their handles twined with graceful vines, were an effective fancy.

Cookham is old enough to have been mentioned in "Domesday Survey," and is charming enough to be mentioned in many other books. The river here is divided into several channels. At Cookham Lock we were again delayed an unconscionable time. Inaction is not always restful. We were almost overcome by somnolence.

"I believe," said Sonia, yawning, "that I prefer doing penance on the rubble quads of Cambridge or galloping 'round the Norman keep at Guildford at full speed to this enforced idleness when we are so eager to catch a train. We *must* not miss the reception at Dorchester House!"

A man who was gallantly pulling a rowing boat up the rollers at the side of the lock for his feminine companion lost his footing and slid backward; and everybody on the steamer laughed inconsiderately. The lock-keeper's house is ivy covered, and the window sills evidently afford insufficient space for decoration,

wherefore dozens of pots of geranium were cunningly disposed in the strong stems of the vine.

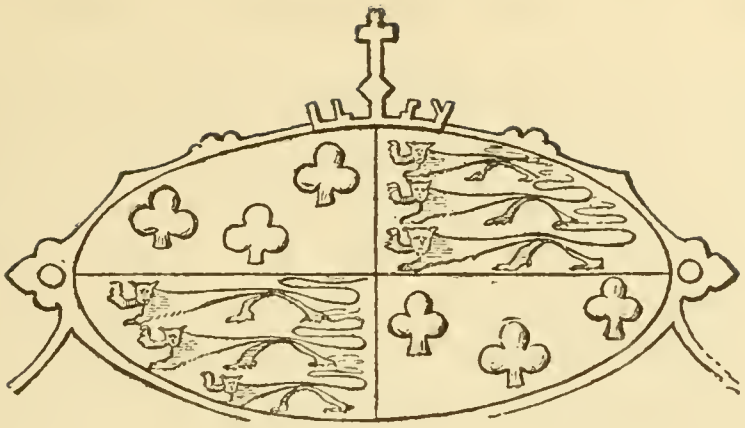
"My next Dorothy Perkinses will be planted so they can climb among shrubbery," affirmed Diana. "Do you see how effective these are?"

Beautiful Formosa Island, whereon nestles a residence in well-kept grounds, is said to be the largest island in the Thames.

Cliveden was once a duke's residence and once that of a Prince of Wales, but has now fallen (?) into the hands of a much-advertised American millionaire.

"He could not have shown better taste in selection of a country house location had his money been as old as these everlasting hills," asserted Sonia. "This is superb."

And here was Boulter's Lock again; but not for us. The steamer was subject to indefinite delay by punts innumerable that had not yet reached their home. We were assisted to alight on the wall supporting the riverside driveway. Our bags were handed to us, and a cab that happened to be waiting bore us to the station just in time to catch a London train not so late as to prevent our presence at the embassy.



CHAPTER XII

Epping Forest, Waltham Abbey, Waltham Cross, and Temple Bar

SONIA had made a discovery. There is a forest within a very few miles of London.

Arden and Sherwood had been vaguely formulated hopes; but now—Ho! for the Forest of Epping.

Hitherto had we seen but parks—Bushey or Battersea. The mere word *forest*, however, thrills with outlawry, romance, fairies, and fireflies.

At Chingford station were *char-à-bancs* whose drivers bawled the intelligence that sixpence secured a "return drive" to High Beach. Diana spoke to a smiling bobby.

"About ten shillings, I think, miss, to Waltham Cross. A shilling a mile is the usual price." The cabman who had offered to take

us for this sum was hailed. Scarcely had we raised our sunshades ere he halted before a pleasant hotel and, indicating a small cottage adjoining it, informed us that we "wanted" to see it.

"Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Lodge," he vouchsafed; and the magic words dispelled any lingering hesitancy. We saw it to be a timbered building with thatched roof, recently restored, we learned.

A toothless woman, middle aged and adipose, whom heaven had designed for a taker of toll—they are so singularly alike—received of us each threepence and a signature in her (greasy) visitors' book before permitting us to ascend the spiral stairway solidly built of that strong heart of oak so freely used in Tudor times. Up this very stair did the merry queen ride her favorite hunter all the way to the banqueting hall on the third story. The house is now used as a museum for collections of minerals, flora, and so forth of Epping Forest. We but glanced at the cases, so greatly were we interested in the charming old rooms with their great fire-places, their tapestries, and the leaded casements from which the queen had often looked out upon her hawkers making ready for the chase three hundred years ago. The banqueting hall has

a timbered gable roof. In this room convened the dread Forest Court that by a cruel travesty of justice determined many a human fate.

Since biblical days, and perhaps earlier, royalty has ever usurped unto itself all forest rights—and wrongs. Essex Forest, which once extended beyond Colchester and Cambridge on the north and all the way south to the Thames, had its " Code " long before William of Normandy came; but what it had lost in rigorous enforcement under the Confessor and Harold was regained under the Conqueror's iron hand. The original idea of forest law was the protecting of deer that royalty would stalk. The forest was so protected that the people were heavily taxed to supply the royal coffers. The people had certain " privileges ": right of way through the forest trails was one. But woe to the vassal who bore a bow! The right of lopping the trees for firewood was another; but if while trudging homeward with a bundle of fagots a man's heart were pierced by an arrow intended for some fat buck—what mattered the loss of a human life as against the royal chagrin at having missed his quarry? When the churl infringed upon his scanty privileges and snared a rabbit, the authorities assembled in Queen Eliza-

beth's Hunting Lodge, or its predecessor ordained that his hands or ears be "lopped," or his eyes cut out, all in the queen's or king's name. Often the penalty was death. To the poor little dog who had pointed so skillfully for his humble master, "justice" was also administered in the cutting off of his paws.

Thanks to the lion-hearted Richard, who loved his forests and was not unwilling to befriend his people when knowledge of their needs was brought to him—what little while he was in England — the cruel code was amended somewhat; but he needed funds for the pleasure trip mistakenly called crusade and sold some of the forest lands to his barons, who inclosed each his own acres and thus made of them a park.

The tiny, yet grim toy house of the whimsical Elizabeth was soon left behind as we rolled along the dusty road toward Connaught Water.

"Dust?" say you who know more of mud and mackintoshes in England. Aye, dust indeed—eke drought. Only a brief shower or so had there been in two months. The sky was as boldly blue as that of America, the sun as hot; and the roadsides were as whitely powdered. The superb emerald of many a closely

cropped lawn was burned to ochre; and our parasols afforded insufficient shelter.

"How refreshing the cool forest glades will be!" murmured Sonia hopefully. At length we began to wonder where the forest could be; and Diana openly expressed a doubt as to its very existence.

"Broad fields are very nice, and so are the thin woods beyond these scrub-oaks; but I came to see a forest; I want my forest and I want it now! Driver! How soon shall we be in the forest?"

He pulled the reins far above his shoulders and forced his steed out of an incomprehensibly slow trot into a miraculously slow walk.

"The—*forest?* We've been in the forest since that gate at the Hunting Lodge. This is the principal road." He had gathered the reins in one hand and turned around on the box for a scornful look at the young woman who was too stupid to know a forest when she saw one. Querulously he snapped his whip and bade his steed "plep" while we looked at each other in dismay.

"How could we have expected to find a real forest so near London?" said Diana. "The Tudor builders used all the oaks for beams and stairways. Oh, to have lived a few

centuries ago—before cathedrals were restored and forests felled!"

"There must be more than these sparse woods," insisted Sonia hopefully. We thereupon persuaded our driver to leave the main road for one that led through a pleasanter part of the woods, where tall bracken drooped gracefully under the trees and midsummer wild flowers were less laden with dust. At length we ascended a hill atop of which our semi horse-power vehicle came to a stop while a circling whip emphasized the announcement:

"This 'ere is 'Igh Beach."

"There's no beech at all!" exclaimed Diana, misunderstanding. High Beach we discovered to be a plateau of considerable extent, whereon are England's inevitable twain, a tavern and a church. Our attention was called to the alleged view of the Lea Valley far below; but the noonday haze left much to be imagined—and desired. There were refreshment booths and a multitude of London trippers who had come in sixpenny *char-à-bancs*. The inn is pleasantly shaded by heavy trees. It is here that Tennyson had been inspired to write the "Talking Oak," and possibly also "Locksley Hall." Before the inn is a semi-invalid oak which Queen Victoria planted on May 6, 1882, by this act "dedicat-

Where shadows at noontide spread twilight.

ing the forest to the people, free forevermore." When Essex was an unbroken forest, the battle-axes of conquering hordes—Celt, Roman, Dane, and Saxon—seeking the defenseless little straw-thatched, huddled towns of native islanders blazed many a trail that eventually became highway. Sovereigns enforced the code and took rich toll of the peasants. The disafforesting, which had its real beginning under John Sans-terre, was continued under subsequent merry monarchs, and by 1640 the Royal Forest of Essex had shrunken many thousands of acres; while "landed" gentry were becoming ever more numerous. According to the "perambulation" of that year its name had been changed; the Royal Forest of Waltham it was because the sixty thousand remaining acres were round about this parish. Fifty years ago the acres had dwindled in number to six thousand, so royal had been the spending of this treasure, and so zealous had Lord Wardens been in exercising their privileges of "grant" and—to speak arborially—of graft. To every shilling paid to the crown by the purchasers of forest lands the Lord Warden was accustomed to withhold for his own pocket a penny. Again the name was changed, to become Epping Forest in distinction from that portion of Essex Forest

near London, called Hainault Forest—for the family of Edward III's queen—to become wholly detached from the remaining upper portion. At length, there being but thirty-four hundred acres uninclosed, the Corporation of London "took action," and after much litigation, together with delay, a quarter of a million sterling was paid and the present forest was formally presented to the people, in token of which Queen Victoria planted this oak tree on High Beach, on the very spot where the famous King's Oak—associated with the Saxon king Harold—had stood, the stump of which had been removed for the planting of the Queen's Oak. Harold's lands probably extended as far as this. Perhaps he and his Edith of the Swan Neck held tryst here beside Hilda's altar, the sacrificial fires of which might have been seen far down the valley of the Lea. The name of the inn on High Beach alone perpetuates the memory of the King's Oak.

"There's a ditch bank!" exclaimed Sonia, when we were faring onward again, "just like the one on my great-grandfather's farm in New England."

The ditch bank proved to be a part of the earthworks that Boadicea's army had raised as a defense when Suetonius, still smarting

under his defeat by her at Colchester, where seventy thousand Romans had been slain, attacked her untrained Iceni at these Ambresbury Banks and stilled forever eighty thousand hearts of the foe. Sitting on the grassy mound in the shade of thickly clustering trees, we pictured the scene, thinking chiefly of the brave Iceni women, who seemed pluckier than their lords and stationed their chariots about the battle field to watch the fray and urge the fighters to greater endeavor. Alas! that their superbly courageous queen must be overcome and captured by the Romans, whom she so bitterly and righteously hated. Some chroniclers say she was borne to Rome, where she died in captivity; others that she died in England of poison self-administered rather than submit to the will of her conquerors. Certain iconoclastic learned folk have "decided" that the Ambresbury Banks were not the scene of this battle; but they fail to decide in favor of a more likely place.

Now at last was our longing for a "real" forest gratified. Green rides shaded by mighty trees stretched into the infinite and enticing beyond; under the trees bracken—as tall as a man—ferns and mosses triumphed! In the open spaces wild roses grew so profusely that the wondrous climbers and tree

roses at Kew seemed crudely artificial. Nature's untended garden is best. How the fairies must revel here in dewy moonlight! and how sadly must dryads and fauns have passed away when none believed in their presence!

Sonia became rapturous over the blended perfumes of bracken, rose, and pine in the hot sun, and called it "heavenly." Where shadows at noontide spread twilight under the mighty branches we knew John Amend-All must be lurking, ready to speed an arrow into the heart of an enemy. We bade our driver await us a half mile or so down the road toward Epping while we loitered in the cool glades of Epping Thicks, compensated a hundredfold for our previous disappointment.

"When we were at Windsor," Sonia said, "I tried to recall the story of Henry VIII watching from Cæsar's Tower for the signal of Anne Bullen's death. I remember now; it was a disloyal butcher whose death occurred then; and when poor Anne was being executed the king was in Essex Forest, near Windsor, waiting for the firing of a gun to announce the end. When it was heard he heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed: 'The business is done. Uncouple the dogs and let us follow the sport.' Bluff King Hal!"

When Robin of Huntingdon ruled o'er the

highways in Sherwood Forest and Jerry Avershawe brandished holsters on Hounslow Heath, Dick Turpin was the terror of Waltham Waste. But for Harrison Ainsworth's sentimentalizing, however, in "Rookwood," Dick Turpin had been as little known to us as his confederates, particularly Tom King, whom Turpin shot by accident. Turpin was a cattle thief and lawless house breaker, especially where women were alone and unprotected, quite as truly as he was "gentleman of the road." A band of highwaymen, known as the Waltham Blacks, terrorized the travelers on these lonely forest roads ere such splendid creatures as bobbies existed to hale them to Scotland Yard.

Before coming to the town of Epping a little inn is called Dick Turpin's Cave. Near by is a small cave where Turpin concealed himself and his plunder. The innkeeper treasures a cutlass and pistol together with a pair of spurs alleged to have been Turpin's.

The little town of Epping was famous as a posting station on the Cambridge Road in ante-railway days; and no less was the fame of Epping butter and Epping pork when the county came to market. Now it is a quiet little town whose ribbon-like High Street is its sole thoroughfare.

When we mildly reproached our driver for taking us to the Cock's unsatisfactory luncheon, for which we had been overcharged, he tactfully accepted our point of view and said he had not been offered his customary pint of ale. Diana ignored his hint and bade him drive on to Waltham.

The distance, two miles, was protracted by the extraordinary inability of our steed to "drive." He took a great many steps; but the result seemed to be vertical rather than horizontal, like the violent throbbing of a motor car before the clutch is thrown.

"It is what my grandfather would have called 'trotting in a peck measure,'" Sonia said. There was no hurry, however, for the scent of newly cut hay and of potato blossoms, the midsummer beauty everywhere, soothed our impatience to arrive. A windmill's idle sails stood against the unclouded blue.

The Lea is one of those absurdly small rivers, omnipresent in England, which wind and curve as winsomely through shady banks as e'er the tresses of a maid about a lover's heart. Old Izaac's favorite stream is still the bourne of anglers. One "compleat" specimen we saw—the inevitable boy with primitive tackle and infinite patience.

Waltham Abbey is but a fragment of that

Our gropings were indirectly the means of the day's most delightful discovery.

in which Harold prayed on the eve of Hastings while Edith watched him from the shadow of one of its mighty piers. Its few remaining Norman bays are noble specimens of the noblest architectural era England has experienced. These stones were tooled in genuine devoutness and love of work for the work's sake; beauty being an exigeant result. When the zigzag ornamentation on the arches and columns was inlaid with brass, no wonder the looters of "reformation" times coveted and carried it away together with the lead roof!

Waltham spells Harold, stalwart son of Godwine and the last of England's Saxon kings. No chapter in all of England's stirring story is at once so thrilling or so fateful as that of Harold's brief career. His brother-in-law, Edward the Confessor, a large landowner in Essex Forest, gave to Harold, then earl, the Saxon town of Wealdham (woody town) on the River Lea, now the boundary between Hertfordshire and Essex; the river that is "seven times parted from itself." These lands included a vast forest tract. The town had first been settled by Tovy—or Tofig—a standard bearer of Knut, who wanted a home near his shooting. Only threescore and six dwellers, by his wish, constituted the town in his day. Tovy also established here a small

church, which was rebuilt by Harold when he became its possessor. Perhaps his rich endowment thereof consisted chiefly of the loot he had brought from an attack on Wells, whose cathedral he pillaged. He made the foundation educational rather than monastic, its incumbents being chiefly clerks and lay priests, of whom he created a chapter, consisting of a dean, twelve canons, and a few minor officers. The church was dedicated by him in 1060, one Adelard having been brought from France to be its first chancellor. Some say Adelard was a physician summoned to cure Harold of paralysis, and that the cure was effected, at Adelard's suggestion, by the miraculous rood which had been brought during Knut's reign from Montacute in Somerset by Tofig the Proud. It is difficult to associate paralysis with the slayer of Hardrada.

The rood appears again in Harold's story. Before the battle "at the hoar apple tree," a nameless field near Hastings, that the Normans subsequently called Sanguelac—Harold came, as has been said, into his church to watch and pray while his soldiers were carousing near by. As he knelt before the rood the head of the Crucified was seen to bend forward—a token of calamity to the suppliant monarch. When the battle was done and the body of

England's king had been so hacked that none but his beloved Edith could recognize it, and she only by her name tatooed on his breast, permission was sought for the burying of Harold in his church. This was granted by the Conqueror; but none knows what became of Harold's body. The great stone sarcophagus that was made for it stood for hundreds of years before the altar, and in the twelfth century the monks opened it. A few bones they saw, which fell into dust upon contact with the outer air. A legend hath it that the Conqueror caused the body of the defeated king to be buried on the channel coast near Pevensey, where had landed the Normans to conquer the kingdom so bravely defended by the Saxon monarch. Other tales aver that when the arrow which blinded Harold toward the close of that dreadful day also felled him, he lay as though dead until Edith found him, pulled out the arrow, and escaped with him to Chester.

The fragmentary west end of the abbey church and the Lady Chapel alone remain to hint of the splendor of the whole.

"Have you seen St. Bartholomew's the Great in London?" asked the young woman in custody. "It is said to be the other half of Waltham Abbey."

In fancy we looked beyond the filled in and rose-windowed east end of Waltham Abbey and saw the splendid apsidal curve of St. Bartholomew's complementing these sturdy side walls.

Until we ignorantly sought among the churchyard tombs some trace of Harold's (never-located) monument, we had not realized the abbey's once vast length. Our gropings, however, were indirectly the means of the day's most delightful discovery—the old Monastery Gateway with its bridge across the Lea.

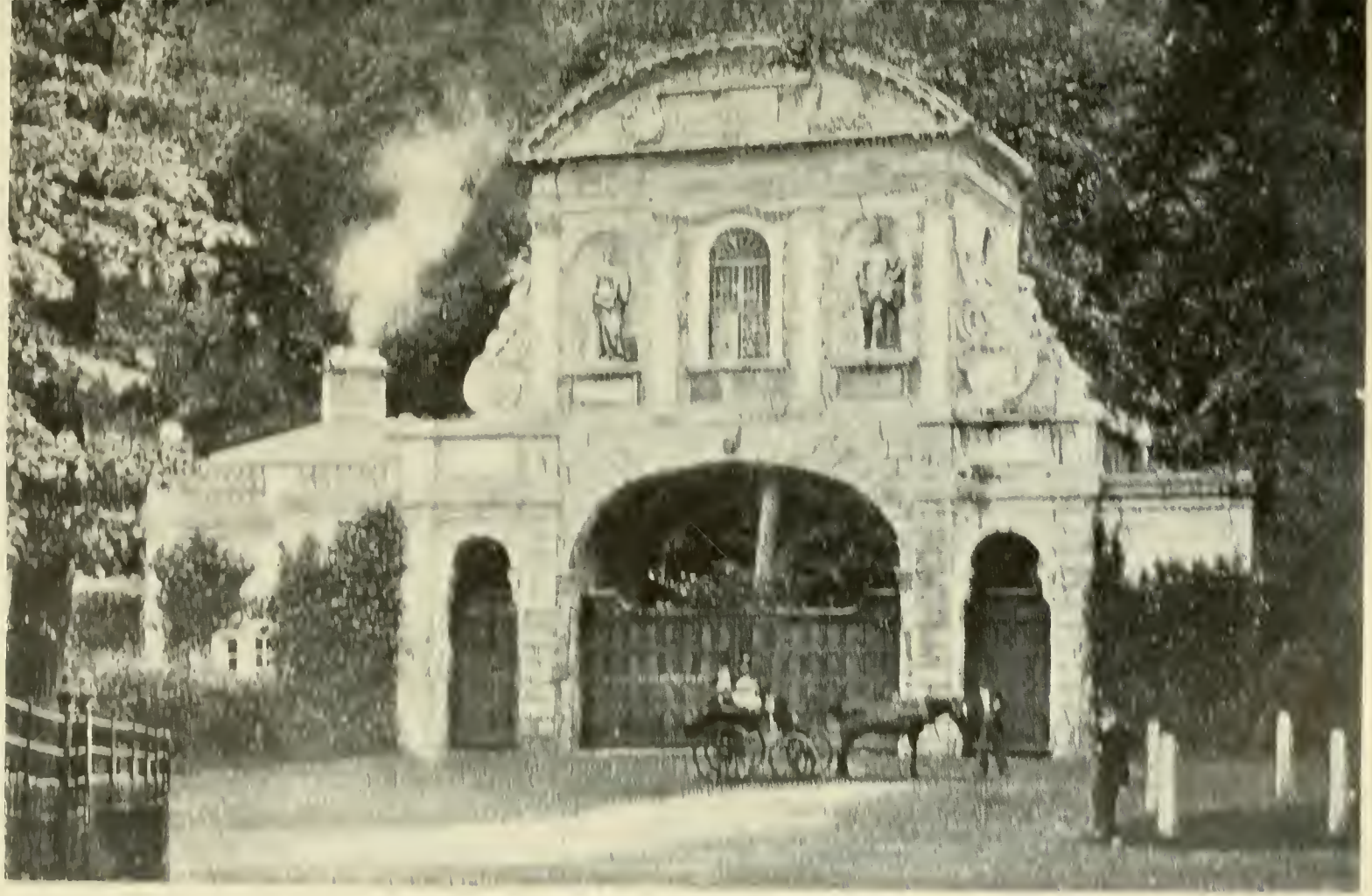
As we turned away from the beautiful Eleanor Cross, about which a village called Waltham Cross clusters, we inclined toward tea at the Four Swans whose sign spans the road; but the slovenly appearance of a stupid "boots" and serving maid diminished our appetite for this inn's further acquaintance. A pastry shop beyond the cross, where greasy townsfolk were partaking of the cheerful cup amid flies, dust, and sunbeams, was worse. We tried a third direction, and found what we needed in a clean and fragrant dairy. Restored again to vigor we inquired of the rosy lass who presided over the great blue-and-white bowl of milk and the butter crock on

About the beautiful Eleanor Cross clusters a village.

the marble counter the way to the Temple Bar. Our driver, whose ten shillings had terminated at the cross, told us it was but a bit of a walk. Somebody else put the distance at two miles. The dairy maid estimated it at half a mile.

Having promised to see Coppelia in the evening at the Empire, the five-forty train for London was the latest we could take. Being therefore hurried, we inevitably lost our way, but were rescued by the omnipresent whistling boy, who saw us safely started within the gates of Theobald's Park, which is pronounced "Tibbles." He said the bar was "stright on at the bottom of the road." At any other time we should have loitered along this shady driveway in a private park that had once belonged to Cardinal Wolsey and later to Richard Cromwell and James I, and is now owned by a titled somebody; but London was tugging at us and we must needs hasten. The road, once a track through Essex Forest, no doubt, seemed to have no "bottom." We became incredulous, interrogated. At length, only because we refused to be conquered by swift time and sure fatigue, we found the broad stone gate that had spanned the Strand where now the City Griffin stands with Queen Victoria and His Majesty Edward VII, and where the

Lord Mayor is paramount over the sovereign even unto this day, so much so that the king must secure permission to enter the city. Sir Christopher Wren was commissioned to erect the Temple Bar on the Strand about fifty years before the *Mayflower* bore Sonia's ancestors to Massachusetts. Statues of royalties adorn it. On the heavy oaken gates that swing open for her ladyship's carriage were iron spikes in the good old days for the display of traitors' heads. When the weight of the gates (due to the number of traitors!) had been found to have weakened the arch, and the city traffic had enormously increased, the bar was taken down—in 1878. A year later it was erected in Theobald's Park, where its dignity is enhanced by the superb trees that remain of this portion of Essex Forest.



We found the broad stone gate that had spanned the Strand.

CHAPTER XIII

Dulwich and Crystal Palace

AMONG the hordes of Americans who dutifully—and, it is hoped, happily—devote long hours to becoming acquainted with the world-renowned canvases on the walls of the threefold National Gallery in London, few have ever heard of—much less visited—the quiet little village of Dulwich which reposes but five miles from St. Paul's, and enshrines a picture gallery worthy a longer pilgrimage.

We vaguely remembered having heard of this gallery, and had determined to seek it on a certain afternoon in early July. The morning had flown in the happy quest of seed pearls and Georgian silver, so we lunched "with" Peter Robinson, as Sonia said of the cozy little restaurant tucked in a corner of one of our favorite shops. Chance directed that Miranda and her ladyship entered the restau-

rant as we were leaving it. Upon learning our plan they passed a *viva-voce* vote that we should meet them at Claude Hebert's home in Norwood for tea; and a "wire" was forthwith dispatched to Mrs. Hebert. Why certainly she would find it convenient. Had she not been urging them for weeks to bring us out? And this would be the jolliest sort of an opportunity. Wherefore we hastened toward Victoria on a hay-making excursion into the shining hours of early afternoon.

It was fortunate that when De la Wyk, a landowner in this part of Surrey about the time of the conquest, established a village on his estate, the great highway to London was not its chosen locality—fortunate for those who like to find rustic oases in the aridity of modern townful and city-spread territory that, even in the Old World, is swiftly effacing the last traces of a picturesque past. To the Cluniac Priory at Bermondsey the manor and lands of De la Wyk were royally bestowed by Henry I, who thus exercised the "divine right of kings" by pilfering from Peter in order to propitiate Paul. Gradually the name of the former owner of the estate—for some things cannot perish—became softened to Dilwysshe, and as Dulwich still lives. Happy must this priory have been, for almost nothing of its

history is known. No Friar Thomas, no Roger of Wendover was here to record the deeds of monks and men. Some little talk there was of a convent at Halliwell whose prioress in 1245 compelled Bermondsey's prior to an agreement regarding the tithes in "Est-Dilewich," which had been converted from woodland into "tilth"; by which agreement the convent won advantage. Bermondsey Priory became an abbey, which in 1539 yielded to the protestant axe of Henry VIII; but rather than await the inevitable blow upon the abbey's massy doors the astute abbot voluntarily surrendered his domains to the crown, thereby obtaining for himself a pension of three hundred and thirty-three pounds annually. Merry Hal sold the abbey together with Dulwich manor and lands to one Thomas Calton, a goldsmith, whose grandson, Sir Francis Calton—a youth from whom money was soon parted—mortgaged a portion of the Dulwich estate in 1602 to one Sir Robert Lee, who was not a Confederate general, but Lord Mayor of London.

In the days of Elizabeth and James I, a pleasure that had previously been proscribed in England began to permitted. One Edward Alleyn, an actor, made so bold as to erect on the Bankside—a quiet bit of Thames bank

opposite the most populous part of the city—a playhouse, the Rose Theater, wherein he acted *Lier*, *Romeo*, the *Moore of Venis*, *Barabbas* in the "The Rich Jew of Malta," and in other dramas. The venture succeeded and Alleyn's friend and fellow actor, William Shakspeare, established nearby the Globe Theater. In a few years the Swan and Hope theaters were added, and all London crossed to the Bankside to be amused and thrilled. According to Taylor, the "Water Poet," the watermen employed in ferrying the folk across at fourpence per capita numbered forty thousand.

Diana did some figuring. "Allowing five passengers to each ferryman," she said, "and considering how many of London's present theaters would be requisite to seat two hundred thousand people, it is only fair to suppose that Taylor was a strong-water poet whose license, poetic and alcoholic, exceeded even the elastic bounds of his profession."

Certain it is, however, that the queen had her state barge for crossing from Queenhythe to the Bankside, which boasted "two splendid cabins beautifully ornamented with glass windows, painting, and gilding." This barge is believed to have been bought after her death by Alleyn, who caused a stately mantel to be

made of it; and this mantel may be seen to-day in the library of Dulwich College. How came this to pass? Listen and learn!

"Edward Allin," says Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," "was bred a stage player, a calling which many have condemned, more have questioned and some few have excused, and far fewer conscientious people have commended. He was the Roscius of our age, so acting to the life that he made any part, particularly a majestic one, to become him. He got a very great estate, and in his old age, following Christ's counsel—he made friends of his 'unrighteous mammon,' building therewith a fair college at Dulwich—for the relief of poor people."

The sacred counsel to which Fuller refers is probably the reputed appearance on the stage of the devil in person while Alleyn was playing *Faustus*.

In every great awakening of the world the light of one great personality more or less dims others of exceptional brilliance and force. In his day Edward Alleyn was more talked of than was William Shakspeare; but now his fame is faded in the strong ray of Shakspeare's glory.

Nash, in "Pierce Pennyless, his Supplication to the Devil," says of Alleyn: "Not

Roscius, nor Æsope, those tragedians admyred before Christ was borne, could ever perform more in action than famous Ned Alleyn."

Dekker, too, speaks well of him, especially of his "well-tunde voice." Others of his contemporaries extol his skill; most noteworthy of such expressions is Ben Jonson's epigram:

To

Edward Allen.

If Rome so great and in her wisest age
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,
As skillful Roscius and grave Aesop, men,
Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches, then;
Who had no lesse a trumpet of their name,
Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame:
How can so great example dye in mee,
That, ALLEN I should pause to publish thee?
Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Out-stript, than they did all that went before:
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speake but only thou dost act.
Weare this renoune. 'Tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.

In the zenith of his career as an actor, as manager and owner of the Rose Theater, of the Paris Garden—for bull-and-bear baiting—and of the Fortune Theater, Alleyn retired from public life to become a landowner, farmer and philanthropist. About the time

Sir Francis Calton's tailor was sewing up the holes that departed pounds had burned in that gentleman's pockets, in preparation for the reception of sums about to be advanced by Sir Robert Lee on Calton's estate at Dulwich, Edward Alleyn began to look for land to buy. The Lord Mayor was glad to have the mortgage redeemed, and the great actor made his first purchase of an estate which ultimately comprised thirteen hundred acres and extended from the crest of Sydenham Hill to that of Herne Hill, three miles nearer London. He had long dreamed of establishing a "hospital" for the poor of the four parishes in London, which partly furnished his fortune, by inheritance and by marriage. His birth had occurred in that of St. Botolph's without Bishopsgate, two years after the Bard of Avon's voice was first "heard to roar" in Stratford. Alleyn's marriage with Joan Woodward being childless after twenty years, he began "playing the last act of his life so well" as to gain honor and further fame. Living at Dulwich Manor, and still making occasional visits to the court at Greenwich, Windsor, or Whitehall in his capacity as "Master of the King's Games of Beares, Bulls, and Dogges," he resigned all his professional successes and interests.

Because Inigo Jones was present at the dedicatory exercises of the College of God's Gift, as Alleyn's foundation was called, it was thought by many that he was its architect. If so he committed ignoble errors in construction, for Alleyn spent large sums on repairs during his lifetime, and the tower was so insecure that it fell twenty years after it was built. Probably Benson, the builder employed by Alleyn, drafted the "plotte." It seems naïve that in order to provide funds for the tower's restoration the fellows were deprived of salary *pro tem.* The College of God's Gift was begun in 1613, and completed four years later. Still longer, however, was delayed the charter of incorporation, "for setting his lands in mortmain," for Chancellor Bacon endeavored by star chamber finesse to divert Alleyn's gift to the establishing of lectureships at Oxford and Cambridge. Alleyn's letters patent were nevertheless issued in June, 1619. The purpose of his gift appears to have been double: almshouses for the aged and for youth a college which should gratuitously educate a certain number of impecunious boys. These beneficiaries were to be chiefly selected from the four parishes in London previously referred to—St. Giles, Camberwell; St. Botolph, without Bishopsgate;

St. Savior's, Southwark, and "that part of St. Giles's without Cripplegate which is in the county of Middlesex." The original letters patent specified "six poor old brethren, six poor sisters, and twelve poor schollers."

"Nice of him," said Sonia, "not to call the sisters old."

With ceremony and sermon the College of God's Gift was dedicated in September, 1619, Lord Chancellor Bacon, Lord Arundell, Inigo Jones, and certain other celebrities among the invited guests. Later, Alleyn wished to extend the gratuities of his foundation, and shortly before his death, which occurred in 1626, drew up statutes ordaining that in addition to the original twelve poor "schollers," who were "to pay such allowance as the master and wardens shall appoint," there were to be six chanters for singing in chapel and teaching music. This amendment to the original foundation was proved to be illegal and his wishes were disregarded. For more than two hundred years the beneficiaries of the school were restricted to the original twelve boys.

The founder tied a string to his gift, which was largely responsible for the slipshod way in which the institution was managed, and which inevitably bred discontent and dissatisfaction;

he required that master and warden of the college be always Alleyns. Whereby he overlooked the probability that the name was less essential to the welfare of the college than the capability of master and warden. Until 1858 the name of Allen obtained, but by that time the entire foundation stood in need of reconstitution; so the Court of Chancery took the matter in hand. Edward Alleyn had left regulations for salaries and maintenance of the master, warden, and four fellows (preacher, master of the school, usher, and organist), also for the diet and clothing of the pensioners. He wrote out rules for management of the estate, servants, subjects of instruction in the school and hours for service in the chapel. The master was to be chief ruler in Dulwich village, the warden collector of rents.

A certain James Alleyn, who was chosen warden in 1712, and became master nine years later, was a benefactor to the village. He established a charity school to teach "poor boys to read, and poor girls to read and sew." In 1877 this was restricted by Act of Parliament or Chancery to girls, and is now known as "James Allen's Girls' School."

Edward Alleyn refrained from active membership in his college, although a fat memorandum-diary is still preserved there in which

White-flanneled students were playing cricket in front of the college.

he recorded his intimate interest in its daily life. He engaged the boys in theatrical performances, and in January, 1622, he says:

"The boyes play'd a playe."

The present buildings of the college are exceedingly modern and not conspicuously periodic, although the style is declared to be Italian Renaissance. They might indeed be any one of the numerous red-brick state normals in the transatlantic child of Mother England. A host of white-flanneled students was playing tennis on the broad lawns in front of the college as we approached. These buildings are nearly half a mile distant from the old college. They were erected in 1870, and formally opened by the Prince of Wales. The great hall is cleverly patterned after the lofty old style of the Tudors, and is a close second to the finest in Oxford or Cambridge.

Many portraits of Alleyns and others hang in the college. Under one of James Allen, he of the Girls' School, is an inscription to the effect that he was "six feet High, Skilful as a Skaiter, a Jumper, ATHLETIC, and humane." Romney was the portrayer of his successor, Joseph Allen, M.D.

Some anecdotes of the Rev. Ozias Thurston Linley, whose portrait also hangs in the college, caught our fancy. He was chosen organ-

ist in 1816. While giving instruction in music —which had been well taught him by his gifted father at Bath—he displayed what some would call the "temperament artistic." When he was not twisting his snuffbox rapidly between his fingers he was pulling his wig awry, and as often as not it was hindside foremost, and his bald pate gleaming in the gap. In the dining hall, too, seeking in his own chaotic way to restore order among the boys, he would pound upon the table till he "put the glasses and decanters in serious jeopardy." Like many musicians and college professors, he was afflicted with absent-mindedness. Upon one occasion, going to play somewhere beyond Norwood, he set off on horseback, as was his custom. "'What have I to pay?' said he, coming to a turnpike, whip in hand, with a bridle trailing on the ground. 'You have naught to pay, sir,' replied the keeper; 'you have left your horse behind you, sir.'" The horse had stumbled and thrown him; but Ozias, like the soul of John Brown, went "marching on."

The college has many precious mementoes of Edward Alleyn and of his friends and fellow players, Shakspeare, Marlowe, Burbage, Jonson, Greene, Peele, Bond, Field, Sly, and others of the long list of famous men of Elizabethan times. The authorities of Dulwich Col-

lege, albeit Alleyns, have been monumentally reckless of many precious opportunities. The Alleyniana that exist happen not to have been destroyed. Chance alone has preserved them for the delight of those who in our time appreciate such things so fully. The lost and destroyed papers and books far outbalance the few that escaped oblivion. David Garrick once obtained from the master of the college a number of Elizabethan manuscripts and early editions in exchange for a parcel of new books! Garrick's bargain is happily preserved in the British Museum; but how much of equal or greater value went into the dustbin?

In the college library are now treasured many of Alleyn's papers. Letters to Joan, his wife, who stayed behind while the plague raged in London and all the players went "on tour," begin: "My good sweete harte and loving mouse." Here is a bit of the long inventory of his theatrical apparel:

CLOKES

A scarlett cloke with ij brode gould laces with gould buttons of the same down the sids, for Leir.

A purpell sattin welted with velvett and silver twist Romeos.

A long blak tafata cloke.

A colored bugett for a boye.

GOWNES

Hary the VIII gowne.
A crimosin bestrypt with gould fact with ermin.
A cloth of gould Candish his stuf.

ANTIK SUTES

Blew damask cote for the Moore in Venis.

Among the doublets &c., were

" Pryams hoes in Dido."

Somewhere (in the diary, I think) he noted under " howshowld stuff " the purchase of a copy of Shakspeare's " Sonnets " for fivepence. In the college library may also be seen one of Alleyn's own posters:

To-morrow, being Thursdae, shal be seen at the Bear Garden on the Bank Side, a great match played by the gamesters of Essex, who hath challenged all comers whatsoever, to plaie five Dogges to the single Beare for five pounds, and also to wearie a Bull dead at the stake, and for their better content shall have pleasant sport with the Horse and Ape, and whipping of the Blinded Beare. *Vivat Rex.*

" Shame on the English that they ever could tolerate such horrors! " Thus Sonia, her face twisted with the shuddering thought.

" To their credit rather, let us say, since they quickly wearied of so grewsome a pastime," Diana pleaded.

Even when this sort of "sport" was in its heyday of popularity there were voices lifted in protest. Of Skelton's verses here is an excerpt:

> What folly is this to keep with danger
> A great mastive dog and fowle ouglie bear,
> And to this end to see them two fight
> With terrible tearings a ful ouglie sight.

A detachment of parliamentary troops under Colonel Atkinson was quartered on the college in 1647; and the merry soldiers, when fighting was not the order of the day, amused themselves in the chapel—without remonstrance from their commander—by pulling out organ pipes and keys, tearing open coffins for lead to mold into bullets, and doubtless playing many a prank with the coffins' contents. The vestry became a stable during their stay.

The chapel is one of the few remaining portions of the old college of Alleyn's foundation, and but little of this has been spared. The inscription was erased from Alleyn's tomb by the troopers; but it has been replaced:

> Here Lyeth the Bodie of Edward Alleyn
> Esq. the Founder of this Church and
> College who died the 21st day of November
> 1626 aetat 61.

It was at one time averred that he was not interred here. Some said his tombstone stood in a field in Half Moon Lane. Perhaps the Cromwellian practical jokers put it there. Alleyn's body is known not to be underneath the present stone in the chapel; but it is believed to lie near by.

The Rev. James Hume, a fellow of the college early in the eighteenth century, gave to the chapel a font, and he it was who wrote the inscription to Alleyn on the outside of the porch, which finally exhorts him who reads:

> Beatus ille qui miseritus est paupurem
> Abi tu et fac similiter.

The fellows, however, being human, preferred to contemplate the welfare of ego and gave as little heed to this exhortation as to Alleyn's statutes, which should have been morally if not legally binding to those intrusted with the administration of his gift. There was formerly on the south wall of the chapel a painted inscription to Joan, stating that she was interred in the "Quire of this Chappell." A stone in her memory on the chancel has also vanished. The warm color of Giulio Romano's copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," which now glows on the north wall, originally stood over

the communion table, but was removed in order to permit more light to enter from the window there. In 1712 the church register records the marriage of John Lucas and Mary Pepys.

"I wonder if she could have been Samuel's sister?"

"I wonder if he was related to Sir George Lucas, of Colchester?" we queried simultaneously. During the eighteenth century two actors were buried in the churchyard; and here was buried, also, Bridget, queen of the famous Norwood gypsies, from whom are descended several of Herne Hill's "first" families. Speaking of families, Sonia said:

"I have been wondering whether Edward Alleyn was related to the Vicar of Bray? Was not his name Simon Alleyn?"

The estate of God's Gift College is not now as large as Alleyn's, but still comprises many acres. The playground alone occupies twenty-five, and Dulwich Park—now public—nearly eighty. The new college buildings were erected on the old common. The chapel, being a part of the original structure, is therefore some distance from the new buildings. Adjoining it are the almshouses which continue Alleyn's eleemosynary purpose. And here, too, as modestly as any wood violet, hides 'neath wide-branching trees and thickly clus-

tering rose vines that which we had come forth to see—but had well-nigh forgotten in the intense interest bestirred in us by Edward Alleyn and his Golden Age—the Dulwich Art Gallery.

This one-story red-brick building occupies part of the site of the old college, although it is of recent construction. About the beginning of the nineteenth century King Stanislaus, of Poland, commissioned Monsieur Desenfans, a famous London art dealer, to collect paintings suitable to adorn a national gallery at Warsaw; but Poland's " Dämmerung " had already begun to darken and Warsaw was destined to lose not only her king—whose " paper tabard " was plucked off—but the picture gallery he had planned. Desenfans found his title of Polish consul-general to be about as empty as the purse that had paid for a valuable collection of pictures; so he published a catalogue of the aggregation and advertised the " goods " for sale. At the time of his death he still had thirty-nine of the one hundred and eighty-eight he had bought for Stanislaus. These Desenfans bequeathed to Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois, a member of the Royal Academy, together with many other notable canvases acquired in the meantime. Bourgeois was the son of a Swiss watchmaker who

wished the lad to enter the English army, which was all but accomplished when he became acquainted with Desenfans and determined to be a painter. He was sufficiently successful to receive from King Stanislaus the Order of Merit and to be elected to membership into the English Royal Academy. In the Dulwich Gallery are about twenty of his canvases which might, alas! have been stacked in somebody's hayloft but for his bequest of them to the College of God's Gift, together with the superb collection which had come to him from Desenfans.

In 1814 the gallery was opened; but at first visitors were admitted only on certain days, and the tickets must be procured from specified London art dealers. Now, every day, save Sunday—O Sabbath-sealed Britain! —the gallery is free to all.

Of these wondrous pictures which shall first be named? Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse" comes uppermost in memory, one of Sir Joshua's masterly works. Oddly enough, next floats to the surface of the pool of memory the tiny water-color portrait of "Queen Victoria in Childhood," by S. P. Denning. The list of painters includes such names as Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Cuijp, Teniers, Velasquez, Murillo, Claude, Raphael, Dolci,

Gainsborough, Hobbema, and so forth. Some bumpy Rubens nudes and goddess-like ones of Van der Werff; some children of Murillo's brush and a St. John by Guido; an exquisite little panel by Annibale Caracci and a large, glowing Ruijsdael; the lovely Van Dyck "Madonna," whom he must have loved—for he painted her many times; this gallery is rare in that it contains very little that is bad amid very much that is good. It was comforting to be spared the weariness of traversing long corridors on whose walls hang but a few fine pictures among hundreds of mediocre ones. Diana gave utterance to this sentiment.

"Draw a veil over that sad, yet funny Cartwright collection," said Sonia, referring to the group of pictures bequeathed to the college in 1686 by William Cartwright, a London bookseller. They were chiefly portraits of Elizabethan actors, Burbage, Bond, Field, and others; but the keeper of the gallery wisely gives them a room to themselves, so a glance is sufficient to show the visitor that they are—what they are.

"Here's a Lawrence portrait—Linley." Sonia was stooping to see the name.

"Not Ozias?" Diana exclaimed. "Yes, when he was a boy. What a dear!"

"And here," said Sonia from beyond; "are

his two sisters, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell. Why she is Sir Joshua's 'St. Cecilia'!"

"And also the Maid of Bath, famous not alone for her beauty, but for her singing and as the heroine of Foote's 'Comedietta.' What an interesting life she had! And Mrs. Tickell's career was almost as picturesque. I am so glad we liked dear, absent-minded Ozias, who, it seems, gave all these Linley portraits to the college. Our interest in him makes all these painted people so much more human.

We found a portrait of Lord Bacon, whose tomb we had seen in old Verulam. What is there more mysterious, more baffling, and at the same time more alluring than the human face, especially when one seeks in it traces of character known to dwell behind its seldom transparent mask? There were Beechey's and Northcote's portraits of Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois; another of Northcote's showed us M. Desenfans; and of Stanislaus of Poland there is one by an unknown — unsigned — artist.

There was no time left us for visiting the little mausoleum containing the tombs of M. Desenfans, his wife, and Sir Peter, whose names are so generously and permanently associated with this gallery.

Croxted Lane we came upon; but alas!

there stands no longer at its " top " the manor house that was ancient when Edward Alleyn and his Joan came to live in it. A few years ago the land on which it stood was let for building purposes, but the lessee was permitted to destroy the manor—and he built nothing! Walker Weldons are omnipresent.

Of the College of God's Gift we read occasionally in the writings of English men of letters.

Evelyn says: " I went to see Dulwich College, being the pious foundation of one Allen, a famous comedian in King James's time. The Chapell is pretty, the rest of the Hospital very ill contrived, yet it maintains divers poor of both sexes. . . . I came back by a certain medicinal Spa at a place called Sydnam Wells, in Lewisham Parish, much frequented in summer."

In Horace Walpole's loquacious letters to the Misses Berry, he says: " This morning I went with Lysons the Reverend to see Dulwich College, founded in 1619 by Alleyn, a player, which I had never seen in my many days. We were received by a smart divine with black satin breeches, but they were giving new wings and new satin breeches to the good old hostel, too, and destroying a gallery with a very rich ceiling, and nothing will remain of

At a place called Sydnam Wells, much frequented in summer.

ancient but the front and a hundred mouldy portraits among apostles, sibyls and kings of England."

"I wonder," said Sonia; "if he refers to the immortal Cartwright collection? We were hastening back to the railway lest we miss the train on which we had promised to proceed to Norwood, when a big motor car came purring toward us down the shady road which we were about to cross. We stood aside for it to pass, at which instant several arms began to wildly wave at us while female voices shrieked: "So!" "Di!" These were the nicknames Lady Maude and Miranda had given us; and as the motor backed, belching smoke and dust, veils were lifted and our friends' faces became recognizable. They had come to drive us over to Norwood. We went through a toll gate—a pleasant reminder of past annoyance—and by way of College Road sped past the college and Dulwich Park, past the great Crystal Palace at Sydenham, which we might not stop now to see, for the muezzin had called the hour of tea. A cozy tea in a pretty English home, whose doors led out into a fair English garden, is as pleasant an experience as is afforded in a long English summer day. Large, luscious strawberries from Kent's sunny fields were brought in on heaped-up platters. The while

we did full justice to them and to several cups of tea and slices of plum cake, we heartily extolled England and everything English, to the kindly strangers who gave us so cordial a welcome.

There is nothing now in Norwood to suggest the simple life of the Romany tribes who made it headquarters during many years; but it is a quiet, shady suburb, whose pretty houses are homes, each of which has ample ground for dooryard and garden.

Our plan had been to dine *à quatre* at the Crystal Palace and stay for the fireworks; but we found the giant glass-house so anticlimactic after the peculiarly rare delight of the afternoon at Dulwich that we all voted "yea" when Miranda proffered an invitation to dinner in Finboro Road and a long twilight on their flower-decked balcony overlooking Brompton Cemetery, whence we could see sufficient *feu d'artifice* at the Earl's Court Exhibition beyond the graves and the trees a-twitter.

"But you must see the palace, now you are here!" they said. So Mr. Hebert's car brought us to the High Level entrance. The Crystal Palace is as useless as it is immense and imposing. It affords lodgment for cat shows and for cycle exhibitions. The Bar-

num and Bailey Circus oft has saved its life. Here Londoners do congregate for many purposes of entertainment, varying in character from cricket matches to oratorio. Baedeker is inclined to be somewhat expansive in praise of the palace's attractions. Sonia said he must have received his information from a coster, for that was the only sort of person we saw there who appeared to enjoy it. Some British tourists from far counties closed their mouths long enough to read their guide-books' eulogy of the palace's cost, its extent, and its "art." The palace is a left-over from the first world's fair ever held, and was for many years a world's wonder. Some of the inhabitants of the earth have not yet discovered that it is now a monument to sentiment.

"Every year at Christmas," said Miranda, "they have an immense tree in the center there. Last Christmas the tree was given by Sir Jeremiah Colman. It was about ninety feet high, and from it a hundred and twenty thousand toys were distributed among the poor. They have given up the old custom of having Father Christmas give them out—such a pity, I think; but they still have him here, although the clowns hand the toys to the children in the 'circus.'"

Some sort of an exhibition there was, strung

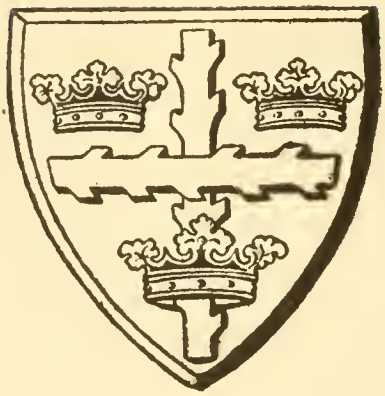
tawdrily along through endless aisles and corridors. We dragged wearily past embroidered cheap-expensive shawls, beaded moccasins, burnt leather souvenirs, and post cards. We tried not to be too peremptory in our persistent refusal to become interested in the wares that bedizened girls or tinsel-and-velvet-coated men raucously advertized and held toward us in greasy hands. Had the place been less vast we could have better appreciated its few beauties, such as fountains, palms, and plaster casts of classic statues. The aquarium, with its prisoned fishes ever silently saying, " bop, bop, bop," held no charm for us, and when our friends suggested seeing the monkeys, we made haste into the gardens. The superb view from the terrace restored for the moment our peace of mind. We did not try to see all of the gardens when we learned that they comprise about two hundred acres, but strolled among flower borders and sought a place to rest. There were benches in plenty, but all were preëmpted by costermongeresses and Tommy Atkinses making love with so ruthless an ardor that we were too horrified to laugh.

" I know now," said Diana, " why Tommy wears his pillbox on the side of his head. I have often wondered." Other sportive young creatures in Arcadian simplicity of manner

played leapfrog or kiss-in-the-ring, noise being the chief element in their enjoyment. When the frogs—female—were bowled over in the exuberance of the game and rolled down hill, screaming, we turned away summarily. But on the broad walk we came face to face with a half dozen girls and men bearing empty beer mugs and displaying the effect of their imbibing. Bacchanalia in Arcadia may have been picturesque, which is not true of Crystal Palace Gardens. As we stood aside to allow them ample space for passing us, one of the men winked solemnly at Sonia and bawled:

"Thire awl lidies, real lidies; eyen't ye 'Arriet?"

"I'm glad," Diana said, "that we decided not to stay for the fireworks. Let us go down to the Low Level station and wait there for our train."



CHAPTER XIV

Colchester

GOING out from London whether by railway, road, or river its immensity was borne in upon us more fully than was possible in traversing the city even from Clapham to Islington or from Stepney to Hammersmith. The throbbing heart of the metropolis, where great human tides surge and swell, stimulates by its very intensity. As we pass through the outlying districts the pulse beats more slowly, life becomes level; the very types of buildings express a passivity, a lukewarmness not like the peace of rurality, but merely a surcease from the city's strife.

As there must be some unsightly corners in the most sumptuous palace, so in order that Mayfair may glitter at night and its daily linen be cleansed, gasometers, laundries, and so forth must exist, however unsightly they may look

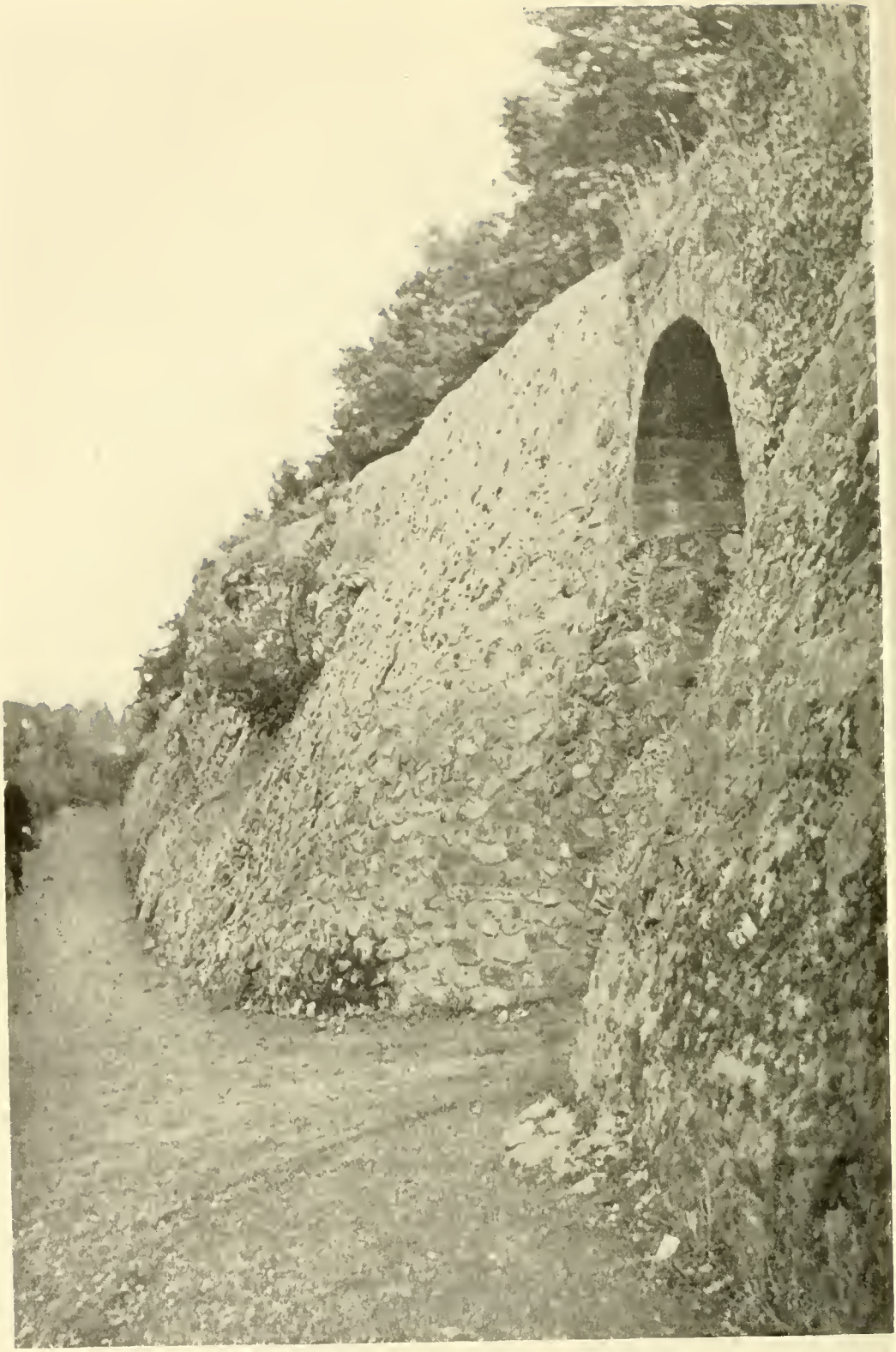
from the windows of a railway carriage. Once past these districts, however, the dividing line is definite, and there is no straggling aftermath of oil tanks, cemeteries, and dump heaps, such as surround New York in all directions. You are either in London or out of it. Once out of it the train is magically gliding past hedgerows, undulous farms, and the graceful elms more common in England now than her famous oaks.

We had been whirled through Kent's rich dales, through the lush fens of Cambridgeshire, and Surrey's heath-topped downs. In Essex, upland pastures rotated around us, scarlet bean-blossoms vied with the poppies' flaunting flame; little curling roads led to distant toy villages among clustering trees, where square church towers rose above red-roofed farms and thatched cottages. An occasional windmill's slow red sails revolved against the sky. The great hay ricks were diminishing like mammoth loaves of bread from which thick slices had been cut. We were never so fortunate as to see the giant bread knife that would seem to be necessary. Along the railway banks were narrow strips of garden, between hedge and track. Often they seemed miles away from a village; but they were well tended and promised beans or potatoes in plenty.

Have you ever seen cloud shadows romping over a field of grain while the wind ripples and waves its surface? Have you watched a black squall blow across East Anglia from the sea, beating the trees into a fury of resistance, laying its heavy hand upon the sunshine and flinging in a brief moment of frenzy its great pearls broadcast o'er copse and pasture, only to laugh again and chase your flying train with a rainbow whose two pale ends splash color through pasture and pool in its headlong race? If so, you know something of the beauty of Offa's domain, of the gentle Eadmund's kingdom—aye, and of Old King Cole's as well!

You thought King Cole, like King Arthur, was a myth! You will believe in King Arthur when you have seen Tintagel on the wild Cornish coast. Perhaps you will believe in Old King Cole when you have seen his " Castle " and " Kitchen " in Colchester.

In the earliest of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts and in the triads of the Welsh troubadours mention is made of King Coel. Coel Godebog—the good fellow—probably a Norseman, conquered and killed Asclepiodotus, a king of the Britons. Constantius, one of Cæsar's generals, who afterwards became Emperor Constantius I, accepted the apology which Coel



One remains, the Balkon Gate.

thought incumbent to make, on condition that Helena, Coel's beautiful daughter, be given him to wife. This same Helena became the mother of Constantine the Great. Helena was born at Colchester—or Camulodunum—as it was then. She was long worshiped as the town's patron saint, and is represented in the earliest Seal of the Bailiffs, while in some early charters of the borough she and Constantine are pictured in the initial letters. Evelyn's diary records "a statue of Coilus, in wood," then existing, and Colchester Castle was from ancient times known as Colking's Palace. If you still doubt, go to the Herald's College and ask to see the arms of Coel Godebog; but you have them in a modified form in the present arms of Colchester—Coel's Camp. Tradition assumes that he was buried at Nottingham, which town was founded by another son of Helena. The arms of Nottingham are almost identical with those of Colchester. The three crowns are said to represent the three Wise Men whose heads were found by Helena and taken to Cologne. They are still there; so we were requested to believe on the occasion when we viewed the bones of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins. Manifestly Coel's arms were not devised until after Helena disinterred the Wise Men.

Colchester was called by the Romans Camulodunum, but its existence had begun long before Cæsar helped himself to this morsel of the map of Europe, although Cæsar declares that what the Britons called a town was merely a clearing in the forest defended by earthworks or a river.

British princes, like many others, did not always dwell together in love. One Caswallon had killed his royal brother so as to obtain for himself a throne. The brother's son, Mandubratius, displayed some natural resentment thereat, and having heard that the Great Roman was coming over from France, he sent messages to Cæsar imploring him to pitch into —or words to that effect—Caswallon. Cæsar, being an assiduous seeker after trouble, found here what he most desired. Caswallon's army of untrained Britons was mowed down with ease, whereby any further resistance from the regicide was quashed. His life had been spared; and taking an I. O. U., payable annually in gold from the citizens of Camulodunum, for value received, Cæsar returned to Rome, and Mandubratius was permitted to govern his father's subjects. A nephew of his became famous when Shakspeare called him Cymbeline.

When Claudius ruled over Rome's domains

and traveled to Albion, a temple was built where the castle now stands and a statue was erected to Victory. Camulodunum became a Roman city with Senate House and a theater. What little of it the Danes and Saxons may have left standing was demolished by the Normans, and all we have of Roman Camulodunum are some articles in a museum, a wall, and some splendid specimens of Norman herringbone masonry, for which Roman bricks from the Temple of Claudius were used.

An earlier demolition occurred, however, when Boadicea came with her vengeance-impelled army and devastated the city in the year 61 A.D. The present Roman wall was not built until after this. The Romans, for once, had been caught napping. After the majority of the townspeople had been slaughtered and their houses burned, the few who remained erected this fortification of flint and brick cemented with that wonderful pink mortar they knew so well how to make, and rebuilt their town.

We reached Colchester about noon. There was but one cab at the station. We requested the driver to show us the castle, St. Botolph's Priory, King Cole's Kitchen, and Scheregate Steps. Save for the castle, his expression was as blank as though we had commanded him to

drive us to the Eiffel Tower or the Pyramids of Ghizeh.

"Take us to a shop where we can buy a map," said Diana the determined.

"It is Early Closing Day," he demurred; "the shops is all closed."

"That means no arms china—no photographs," lamented Sonia.

"Hurry, please!" Diana commanded; "there may be something open." They were all closed, however, and the town had a Sabbath-day appearance. An ignorant driver and a town deserted! This was disheartening.

"Stop here!" shouted Diana, who was on the pavement before the wheels were still. Shutters were about to be put up on the windows of the Essex County *Standard*. She had spied the open door. Happily the proprietor was present. He was most sympathetic, furnished us with guide books in plenty —of his own compilation—and instructed the driver where to take us.

"That was lucky!" gasped Sonia, wide-eyed.

The wall was our first quest. A portion of it we had seen while driving up from the station, its crude massiveness richly mantled with trailing vines and overhanging branches.

Delightfully incongruous was a motor wagon at the base of "King Cole's Castle."

Originally there were four gates in the wall. One remains—the Balkon Gate.

Among St. Helena's achievements was believed to be the finding in the Holy Land of the Cross on which the Saviour died. For this reason the town consisted of two principal streets crossing at the center, typical of the Cross, which also shows on the borough's coat of arms.

Sonia is logical. "How do they reconcile that story with the fact that Constantius, Helena's son, was not born until nearly 300 A.D. and the streets of Camulodunum were laid out during the reign of Claudius, more than a hundred years earlier?"

"But me no buts," Diana responded; "let us believe all the pretty stories, however thin they may be."

In another part of the wall is a bastion that has become known as King Cole's Castle. Delightfully incongruous was a motor wagon at its base.

We paused to look at the old tower of St. Mary's-at-the-Walls. The foundations of the church are a part of the wall; and the tower is chiefly constructed of Roman materials. Its top still shows where Thompson—the one-eyed gunner who was so loyal to the crown during that bitter seventy-six days' siege of Colches-

ter by the "Protector,"—placed a saker, and therewith killed many of the besiegers. Fairfax, however, who led the attack—and won at last—succeeded in demolishing the belfry and down came crashing poor, brave Thompson and his gun, together with the mad clangor of the falling bells.

The castle is declared to be the largest Norman keep in England.

"I observe," said Diana, "that everything we have seen is superlatively—something. This, though, is tremendous!" as we came suddenly upon the castle from Balkerne Lane and through a part of the Castle Park.

The castle's custodian was a man of intelligence far above that of the usual taker of toll. He showed us holes where the fastenings of the portcullis had been, the great chimney vents in the thick walls, and ever so many other interesting details. The dungeons were superlative enough. We descended, each bearing tallow dips—as in the Catacombs—into the cold subterranean chasms which seemed to have no end. Sonia, whose imagination is so vivid at times as to intimidate, clung to Diana's arm, and would have been content to forbear exploring these grewsome chambers which reeked of death and horror. Some torture devices still remained to show that such things were no

fiction. She almost shrieked when she stumbled against a clanking chain that threw her against a moldy wall, where hung rings which had held the fetters of many a prisoner. Here Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, those loyal royalists, were confined before their execution. Here also dozens of Protestants were thrown by Queen Mary's command ere she caused them to be put to death in the Castle Bailey, forgetful of the loyalty of Colchester to her cause in opposition to that of Lady Jane Grey. How heavenly sweet to regain the sunshine!

"The staircase is superlative, too," whispered Sonia, when the custodian had told us this was "the widest newel staircase in England."

From the ramparts of the castle we looked far away in all directions after we had rhapsodized upon the myriads of harebells abloom in the chinks of the stonework and ivy outlining the arches of the inner walls. In the square turret at the corner which we were approaching, James Parnell, a Quaker lad of eighteen, who had preached his gospel of peace, was imprisoned by the Protector and hurried to death by the cruelty of his jailers. In order to obtain food he must slide down a rope and then climb down a too-short ladder into the

Quadrangle. Once he fell, struck his head, and was nearly killed. Then he was thrown into the dungeon, and again, when almost stifled by its foul air, he was shut out in the cold of a winter night. After eleven months he was folded in the long sleep he so desired.

On the ramparts, near the round turret, which is rather modern, a well-rooted tree is called the Waterloo Tree because it was planted in the deeply accumulated moss there in the year 1815.

Colchester Castle also had its Walker Weldon, under the name of John Wheely; and in 1683 he bought the castle, intending to dilapidate it and profit by its sale to "local paviors" and such. Gunpowder and crowbar did more to deface it than time or siege; but he grew weary of the task, contemplatively scratched his furry pate, and—decided to sell the material in its present unremunerative bulk. Fortunately its present owners have some respect for the past glory of England.

A part of the castle, once the chapel, is now used as a museum for the rich collection of Roman and other relics that have been exhumed in and near Colchester.

"How does it happen," pondered Sonia, "that so many Roman coins have been found?

Of course, the Romans intended to return; but why did they leave so much money?"

"I have it!" exclaimed Diana. "The coins were legal tender only in Britain; what more simple, therefore, than to bury chests full in safety and readiness for their return. They were experienced in burying things. All these vases, jewelry, lamps, and beautiful crematory glass vials were exhumed from tombs. And here is proof of what I inferred. 'Part of a hoard of 16,000 early English coins found in 1902.'"

Some terra-cotta figurines bore strong resemblance to those graceful ones of Tanagra. We were interested in a specimen of the "bays," for which Colchester was once famous. When religious persecution was rampant even in Holland, and Diana's ancestors were preparing to sail for New Amsterdam, many Dutch Protestants crossed the North Sea and settled in seaside counties. To Colchester they were welcomed; and a company was formed for the establishing of commerce and manufacture. A certain woolen stuff called "bays" and a coarser grade—"says"—were manufactured extensively. It is estimated that at one time a weekly income of thirty thousand pounds resulted therefrom. The bays and says merchants, as well as the

native townsmen, bore the stress of the Cromwellian siege; but the famous company was not disrupted until 1728.

From the museum windows we caught the best view we had of the herringbone masonry.

King John is said to have frequently visited Colchester Castle.

"I wonder," mused Sonia; "if old Lackland paid as bountifully for his entertainment here as at St. Edmundsbury, where, after remaining with his retinue for a fortnight, he presented the abbot with thirteen pence."

There are not many old houses of interest in the town; but our driver indicated a "black-and-white" one that had been standing since before the siege of Colchester. Some others lean o'er the footworn Scheregate Steps which lead from the end of Abbeygate Street to Trinity Street. Trinity Church has an interesting Saxon doorway.

While Savonarola was leavening the lump that Italy had become, and Columbus was seeking the Indies by a western route, the same psychic stimulus was astir in this northern isle. After the triumphant return from San Salvador, when people were credulous and none doubted Christopher's discovery, his brother came with the news to Henry VII, who lost no time in putting his finger into so

We came suddenly upon the Castle: The best view of the herring-bone masonry.

savory a pie. So, too, came the tidings of brave men who were striving to amend the evils that a thousand idle years had wrought in the church; and seeds were sown of that Reformation which swept England of the plague which infested her too-long neglected monastic byres. Not all the monasteries were corrupt; and even in the worst of them were many good and pious monks. Wolsey's successor in King Hal's confidence—Thomas Cromwell—influenced, no doubt, by his predecessor's impression upon the wax of history, determined to cut still deeper. He was astute enough to recognize Opportunity's knock. Knowing that corruption smirched some of the religious houses, his inflexible will became concentrated upon a single purpose—the destruction of all monastic institutions. He employed his favorite method that permitted no defense to the accused, and proceeded to wipe the slate.

Two institutions at Colchester were thus effaced. The Priory of St. Botolph is so picturesque a ruin that we could not greatly deplore its demolition. All that now stands is a part of the priory church. The institution is said to have been the first in England of the Augustinian friars. It was founded in the twelfth century by Ernulph, himself a monk

and its first prior. This ruin we had not seen but for the courtesy of a gardener who unlocked the gate and afforded us the freedom of the pretty garden about the ruins. The Norman façade we admired to our hearts' content.

When England's throne was occupied by William the Red, true son of his incendiary father, the people of Colchester " made up to " his steward Eudo, hoping for royal favor to their town. The king appointed Eudo to the management of Colchester; and, strangely enough, the steward more than justified his reputation for justice and generosity. He repaired the castle, and, being religiously bent, determined to found an abbey. On St. John's Green was a little wooden church of Saxon origin, where miracles were said to have frequently occurred. One, especially, on a St. John's Day was conferred upon a poor man whose hands had been chained together for some misdemeanor, and was praying in the church when the chain broke and the man was freed. Wherefore Eudo decided to build his abbey on the site of the little church and call it after St. John, on whose day the miracle had occurred. This was in 1096. At Eudo's request the Bishop of Rochester sent two monks to establish the abbey; but they did

not care for the plain living supplied by Eudo and ran away home, like truant schoolboys. Others came, but finding no luxuries, left. Eudo had spent a great deal of money on his beautiful abbey, and innocently supposed that monks were devotees of the simple life. Finally, Abbot Stephen, of York, sent him a baker's dozen who stayed. Eudo also built a hospital for lepers who had returned from the crusades covered with doubtful glory and certain disease. He died at his castle in Normandy; but to the Abbey of St. John he left money and land, also his topaz ring and a gold cup—aye, and his horse and mule.

Cromwell permitted the beautiful gate of St. John's Abbey to stand. Perhaps it is enough. Other of the buildings might retain unsavory associations like the hideous Abbey Church of St. Albans, whose stain time cannot erase while its walls stand.

Those gentle ladies, Jane and Ann Taylor, who wrote "My Mother" and "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," were residents of Colchester.

In St. Giles's Church is a black marble slab covering the vault that contains the bodies of Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas.

Under this marble ly the Bodies of the two most valiant Captains, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George

Lisle, Knights, who for their eminent Loyalty to their Soverain were on the 18th of August, 1648, by command of Sir Thomas Fairfax, the General of the Parliamentary Army in cold bloud barbarously murdered.

It is said that the Duke of Buckingham, smarting at this reflection on his father-in-law's character, asked the restored king to have it erased. Lord Lucas, to whom the king spoke, gave his consent on condition that substituted therefor be the statement that:

Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were barbarously murdered for their loyalty to King Charles I. and his son, King Charles II. has ordered this memorial for their loyalty to be erased.

The depth of the present inscription is due to the king's subsequent command that it be cut deeper into the marble.

We drove out to Lexden to see King Cole's Kitchen, which is merely a hole in the ground, but may have been an amphitheatre or possibly a British dugout of some sort. It is wholly unprepossessing at present.

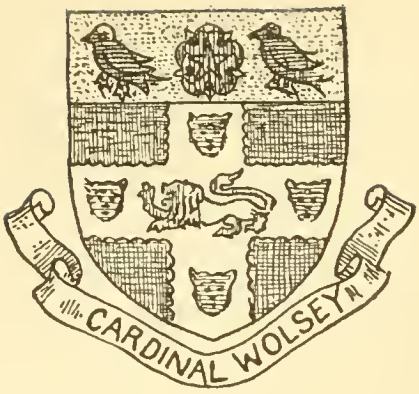
Our stupid driver did not chance to take us to Bourne Ponds, of which we had no previous information; so we did not see the "picturesque mill, built up with stonework from the Abbey of St. John." The brothers fished here

before the Colchester oysters became known; and still osiers grow thickly at the ponds' edges.

The Hythe—in Saxon, harbor—really a sort of firth, is the port of Colchester, which is distant about eight miles from the sea. One of the Cinque Ports bears the same name; but this is not unusual in England. There is a river Colne that flows into the Thames; and here is another Colne that is "no relation."

"How delightfully Dutch!" exclaimed Diana at the line of gayly painted fishing boats in the hythe. "No wonder the bays and says merchants felt at home here."

For the past two hundred years Colchester has had no history. Happy town! We left it regretfully despite its inhospitable reception to us; for it had given us one of our summer's happiest days.



CHAPTER XV

By River to Hampton Court

WHETHER the ancient wooden London Bridge was as long in "falling down" as the fame thereof we do not know; but the present solid structure, traversed daily by thousands of vehicles and pedestrians in greater number, seems in no danger of immediate collapse. The first London Bridge of stone was thirty-three years in course of construction, and doubtless a marvel of engineering in those days as the present bridge is in these. Its completion was celebrated six years before Magna Charta. The last remains of the splendid structure that Chaplain Peter of St. Mary Cole's had constructed at the command of Henry II were removed about seventy-five years ago. As we stood on the float at the foot of the great highway, whose dull roar mingled with the lapping of water against

the landing stage, we tried to recall that bridge of Chaplain Peter. This was not difficult; for some old prints in a bookseller's window had shown us the two rows of houses bordering the thoroughfare, their ragged roof lines and solid bases—beneath which flowed England's aorta —sharply contrasting. We had seen thus the traitors' gates guarded by bastions, at each end of the bridge; and of course we had also seen the chapel to St. Thomas of Canterbury, who was quite the rage when Henry commissioned Peter to build the bridge.

The sensible way to have " taken " a steamer for Hampton Court had been to go down to the Chelsea landing, near our lodgings; but when we learned that London Bridge was the little steamer's starting place, we prodigally spent an hour and fourpence on a bus through Piccadilly and the " city " because of this opportunity to see both the bridge and London from a new point of view.

A few fishing boats still lingered about Billingsgate as we looked for the steamer's approach and beheld it gently gliding toward us.

Who has not seen London from the Thames knows not the half of London's charm. It is like discovering new and unsuspected beauties in the character of a beloved friend. To him

who is blind to the magic effects made by factory walls, lumber piles, or dirty brown schooners under whose torn sails bricks are piled, by the reflection of such lines and color in the turgid water—this river glimpse of London gives no pleasure. Memories of Turner and Whistler obsessed us, who were happily able to idealize the commonplace.

The crescent that curves from Blackfriars to Westminster seemed familiar yet strange. Cabs tinkling or tootling along the Embankment, the Temple buildings amid their gardens, the great hotels, Somerset House; all were known to us from other points of view. Big Ben chiming the quarter hour, the lace-like loveliness of Westminster Palace, intensified the feeling as did the Tate Gallery, where we had recently looked out from the balcony above its entrance, on the river.

"The marvel of marvels in London," said Diana; "is the multitude and magnitude of its parks. Perhaps a trace of the old Norman love of forests still exists in that ponderous body—the Corporation."

The Albert Embankment, on the Surrey side of the river, begins at Westminster Bridge and with slight interruption there is a tree-bordered path or driveway for several miles. On the city side the Grosvenor Road and Chelsea Em-

The Bishops' Palace might be many miles from the roar of Bayswater Road

bankment extend even farther, a selvedge of green along the shores.

Back of the trees lining and interlining Cheyne Walk we descried Whistler's house; and while waiting for the few Chelsea passengers to come aboard had opportunity to note the extent of Battersea Park on the Surrey shore and to register a vow of exploration therein.

Another crescent merges Chelsea into Fulham and Battersea into Wandsworth. Magic names all; and we are still in London. Yet the palace of the bishops of London, with its battlemented roof and corner turrets, secure yet unclerically formidable within its moat and amidst its splendid trees, might be many miles from the roar of Bayswater Road. At the upper end of Fulham giant plane trees on the Hurlingham Club grounds follow the curving river bank.

Wandsworth's present fame is derived from a large prison; but in its Huguenot cemetery sleep some of Diana's forbears—so she averred.

"That great stone bridge must be Putney Bridge," said Sonia before we were near enough to descry the letter P doubly carved—*dos-á-dos*—on the escutcheons which decorated the huge piers that might defy the swift Rhône as effectually as the tranquil-flowing Thames.

"Surely those boats over there do not imagine they can get their tall masts under such low arches!"

"Not until the tide comes in are they likely to attempt such a seeming impossibility," said Diana, referring to their present high-and-dryness. "Perhaps they have a way of lowering their masts like some of the steamers their smoke-stacks; but methinks we must to our history lesson.

"For what two reasons is Putney especially famed? You do not know, I see. I do, for I crammed it last night when you were writing to Billy. First of all is Putney famous to regattors—I wonder why they did not name it Puntey? — because an annual championship boat race between Cambridge and Oxford begins here and ends at Mortlake. You recall our dear Charley Ravenshoe rowing on such an occasion? Secondly, history lovers like you should know that Putney's fame is linked with a blacksmith's son, one Thomas Cromwell, traces of whose ministerial zeal we have oft encountered."

Between Putney and Barnes lie the beautiful grounds of another of London's country clubs, Ranelagh, for which "vouchers" had been promised us. At Hammersmith a glance at the map betrays the startling nearness of

Kensington. Here, however, are rows and rows of new brick houses and young trees so typical of suburban London, whose attempt at dooryard gardens and shaded pavements is an almost pathetic protest of the Briton's eternal love of home and outdoors.

Chiswick House, built by the Earl of Burlington, is as pretentious as these others are unobtrusive. It is a transplanted Italian villa and looks ill at ease on the banks of the Thames.

At last the town was being outstripped. Pleasure-boat houses, swans paddling beyond the current, bridges terminating in green rusticity proclaimed that we we were emerging into the peace of England from the unrest of the metropolis of the world. A group of poplars dominating a foreland seemed to have come suddenly forward to welcome us in the name of England and the Stream of Pleasure.

" Surely," said Diana, " if I were a suburbanite, I should live at Strand-on-the-Green. What could be more delightful than one of these comfortable homes from whose windows I could gaze upon this adorable river? Moreover, *Strand-on-the-Green* would look so much nicer on my note paper than *Upper Tooting* or *Ham Common.*"

" I believe," mused Sonia, " that Ham Com-

mon appeals to me from another standpoint; perhaps it pays dividends."

"And may not this be also true of Strand-on-the-Green preferred?"

Kew's riverside garden loses none of its charm as seen from the river. The curving short at Brentford is also outlined by a roadway; and cattle browsing under tall elms bestir the low tone of restfulness that is the leitmotiv of the Thames. Between Brentford and Isleworth still stands Sion House, for which Kew's Syon Vista is named. Katherine Howard, one of the royal sextette, was imprisoned here after the religious foundation had been disrupted and the property seized by the crown. When King Hal's great corpse was borne to Windsor seven years later, it lay here for a night and a horrible tale was told of its bursting and of dogs drinking the blood that flowed from it. Edward VI granted Sion House to the Duke of Somerset, who erected the present dwelling on the monastery's site. On his disgraceful attainder it was acquired by the Duke of Northumberland, who was destined to lose it because of loyalty to his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey. A later duke of this house regained the property, and Sion House remains in the Northumberland possession.

A group of poplars seemed to have come forward to welcome us.

"And to this day," mused Diana, "in that far away Sion Abbey at Lisbon its recluses—English women—still dream of returning to their former lands at Isleworth and reconstructing the abbey, whose original keys they carefully treasure."

At Isleworth is the first of the locks that control this gentle stream.

"Are we turning the pages of an illustrated story book, or is this a Parsifal-like scene unrolling before us? Will you please pinch me, to see if I am awake?" said Sonia, "these dear little homes seem unreal. They are too tidy, too precise for humdrum human habitations. A heavy rain might wash the color out of the painted gardens, which are too bright to be real, and unglue the paper roofs. They ought to be in a toyshop."

We passed a group of red-sailed boats in tow.

"Evidently," said Sonia, "they *can* pass under the bridges."

The wound of our Henley experience was tender, and when a woman began to strum on a diminutive piano on the deck near us we fled as far as we could. The thin wail of a "fiddle" and the plaintive quavering of a flute increased our apprehension.

"Let's go down and have luncheon!" we

said, fearfully listening for the coming of "Poppies" or "Violets."

How few traces one encounters along the Thames of the bitter battles, the carnage, and the incendiarism that have scarred the fair face of England in a thousand places and stained her sod for thousands of years.

"Perhaps," murmured Sonia, over the inevitable chicken and ham, "perhaps even the savage hearts of Danes and Romans were softened by the river's reposeful spirit. Perhaps they paused amid the iris on her shores to send up prayers to their gods and to cool their hot blood in the tranquil stream. Until the abbeys' destruction I can recall no violent deeds beside the Thames."

"Save Magna Charta," said Diana, serving the salad; "and it is pleasanter to know that such chapters as Ferdinand and Miranda, such books as 'Ravenshoe' and 'The Wind in the Willows' made the Thames known to us before we saw it." She unfolded a map. "It is two o'clock, and we are about six miles from Hyde Park Corner, as the bee measures distance. I think I remember that when we went to Hampton Court before, I heard a declaration in strong language that we should go more rapidly on another occasion."

"True, but to-day we shall be there earlier

than the time of starting from Earls' Court Road on the former occasion; whereby you perceive that we are actually all these hours to the good, despite the desultory pace of up-stream steamers. Hurry with that cheese! We are coming to Richmond, I think."

High above the river, like some dominating *Schloss*, the Star and Garter towers beyond Petersham Meadows. Below it, also overlooking the meadows and river is a vine-wrapped house, where lived the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

"Is not she the one whom your Bartolozzi portrays in the act of chastising her baby?" Diana asked.

If saints were easily made in the days of William of Perth and the Marathonic Amphibalus, when the calendar contained as many empty spaces as the dance card of a wall flower, certainly earls and dukes were easily "created" at all times—even to our own day—when tea merchants and actors are knighted. Diana read:

"'The whipping boy to Charles I was made Earl of Dysart and given the Manor of Ham'; likewise a prayer book. Behold Ham House on your left——"

> "He whipped the folk so carefully,
> That now he is a member of nobility;"

hummed Sonia to Sullivan's air. "Was not Ham House the meeting place of the famous Cabal? Oh, yes! and her Grace of Lauderdale, who was William Murray's—the whipping-boy earl's—only daughter and heir, permitted the eventful assembly."

Here, too, James II, on his way to a cooler climate, was invited to stop. So great was his haste, however, to escape in possession of his head that he declined, and posted on to Rochester, where a few loyal fellows packed him off on a packet for France.

Twickenham's oft-sung ferry is not doing a phenomenal or even romantic business in these days, if we may correctly conclude from appearances.

"There's the wherry," said Sonia, "but I misdoubt the oarsman is indulging in a pint stoup at the Clarence."

"How fortunate that nobody has made a ballad about Eel Pie Island!" exclaimed Diana. "Thompson was capable of it, if we may judge from his extremely blank verse anent the 'classic groves of Hammersmith.' Orleans House—that must be it—seems to be going to the dogs, or the auctioneer. So this was where fat Philippe came with the posting boy, whose boots are at Esher! It looks like the harbor of a forlorn hope."

Twickenham's oft-sung ferry is not doing a phenomenal business.

We passed the home of Horace Walpole and of his splendid art collection—Strawberry Hill—wishing we might have seen its treasures. Kingston's river front is not specially prepossessing; but its bridge is. And so also is Hampton Wick, opposite Kingston, with shaded footpath, flowers, and pretty homes.

"I like the cobbler of Hampton Wick," said Diana, "who had spirit enough to exhaust his slender fortune by fighting for and winning in the courts a right of way for the people through Bushey Park when stingy royalty withheld it by inclosing the park with fence."

The Fox-and-Hounds at Surbiton, where the Reliance had changed horses on its way to Guildford, we recognized as a pleasant acquaintance.

Of another inn, the Swan, at Thames Ditton, Theodore Hook wrote in 1834:

> "The Swan, snug inn, good fare affords
> As table e'er was put on."

There was no landing stage at Hampton Court; when the steamer stopped, a longshoreman placed a plank for us to alight and saw to it that compensation was not neglected.

"It seems years since we were here!" sighed Sonia.

The gate at the "bottom" of the Broad Walk being closed we went through the town as far as the Trophy Gate. Parts of the palace are now bestowed as residence upon various governmental pensioners and hangers on. We entered the public galleries by way of the Queen's Great Staircase, from the Fountain Court. So little remains of Wolsey's Palace that we resigned ourselves to Hanoverian obsession, and—palace interiors are very much alike.

Among the myriad uninteresting pictures and the semi-interesting ones of doubtful authenticity are a few real treasures. Like rare shells on a beach strewn with cohogues, we welcomed them. The Lely portraits to be appreciated should be seen before the Van Dycks, the Gainsboroughs, the Reynoldses, and the Lawrences at Windsor. Afterwards they seem mawkish.

"If George Villiers looked like this Janssen portrait," said Diana, "I do not wonder that women found him irresistible."

"A disgusting face," Sonia contradicted, unable to admire what she cannot respect. Poor, pitiable James I and Elizabeth, grotesque in their superb royal robes! We sighed because of all they never had. Little "Sir Jeffrey Hudson," by Mytens, is also pitiable;

but this pity is akin to love. Sonia was rapturous before Correggio's lovely "St. Catherine Reading" and "Holy Family." Another "Holy Family" of the elder Palma, its rich color dim with age, held us, especially because of the beautiful face of the stooping woman beside St. John.

Wolsey's "Closet" is one of the few links connecting Hampton Court Palace with its originator. We stood looking about its painted walls and out of its casement trying to think some of his thoughts. We spoke of his fatal mistake in out-glorying royalty. His retinue numbered eight hundred persons. His master cook wore velvet and a gold chain. Wolsey supposed the dignity of service lay in being served.

To Wolsey's Palace was the court always invited for Christmas, and many called it the Christmas Palace. To picture Yuletide wassail was easy in the sumptuous Great Hall, although this hall was not built until after Wolsey's downfall. Hal at length became jealous of his prelate's power and stripped him of it; but the process of royal awakening was slow and Wolsey's glory was a world's wonder—even as Becket's had been. When the court was at Greenwich Wolsey's state barge came down in arrogant splendor, with "yeomen

standing upon the sails"; and the great king's beady eyes were dazzled thereby. Kings do not like to be dazzled; they prefer to monopolize all the glory. So Henry's cold purpose began to be. The poets' skits, too, may like gadflies have stung him to revenge. Sang Skelton:

> "The kynges court
> Should have the excellence;
> But Hampton Court
> Hath the pre-eminence."

Queen Mary, determined to marry Philip of Spain, succeeded; and here passed their honeymoon.

In Elizabeth's time came Shakspeare's players and Burbage with masques and interludes at Yuletide. The honeymoon of Charles I and Henrietta Maria in London was interrupted by the plague; and in Hampton Court they found refuge. Well for their brief happiness that they could not foresee the day sixteen years later when a more formidable foe drove him here again from Whitehall—also the day when he escaped his pursuers and fled from Hampton Court to the Isle of Wight—and again the day when he was borne hence to the block.

Gentle Anne of Denmark, wife of James I,

died here. Perhaps her starved soul it is that haunts the Queen's Gallery. Or is it that of Jane Seymour, who died at Hampton Court soon after the birth of her son, Edward VI?

Thomas Cromwell, once Wolsey's secretary and afterwards his supplanter, dwelt here with Henry while the deposed prelate sorrowed, and, perhaps hoped, in exile. The other Cromwell, who liked his title of "Protector," but who protected neither wisely nor well, arrogantly assumed a sort of royal residence at Hampton Court, ever glancing over his shoulder for an expected assassin. Conquered by ignoble fear, the Protector had no joy of the pomp to which he was not born. His daughter Elizabeth's wedding to Lord Falconer occurred here; and a year later Mrs. Claypole, his "favorite" daughter, died at Hampton Court, daring on her death bed to denounce her father and tell him some trenchant truths about himself.

The Restoration saw a king here again and resumption of ceremonial. The splendid gardens we owe to William III. He it was also who commissioned Sir Christopher Wren to erect the south and east portions of the vast palace.

The fine old clock court and the indoor tennis court—the oldest tennis court in England—are of Wolsey's day. So are some of the

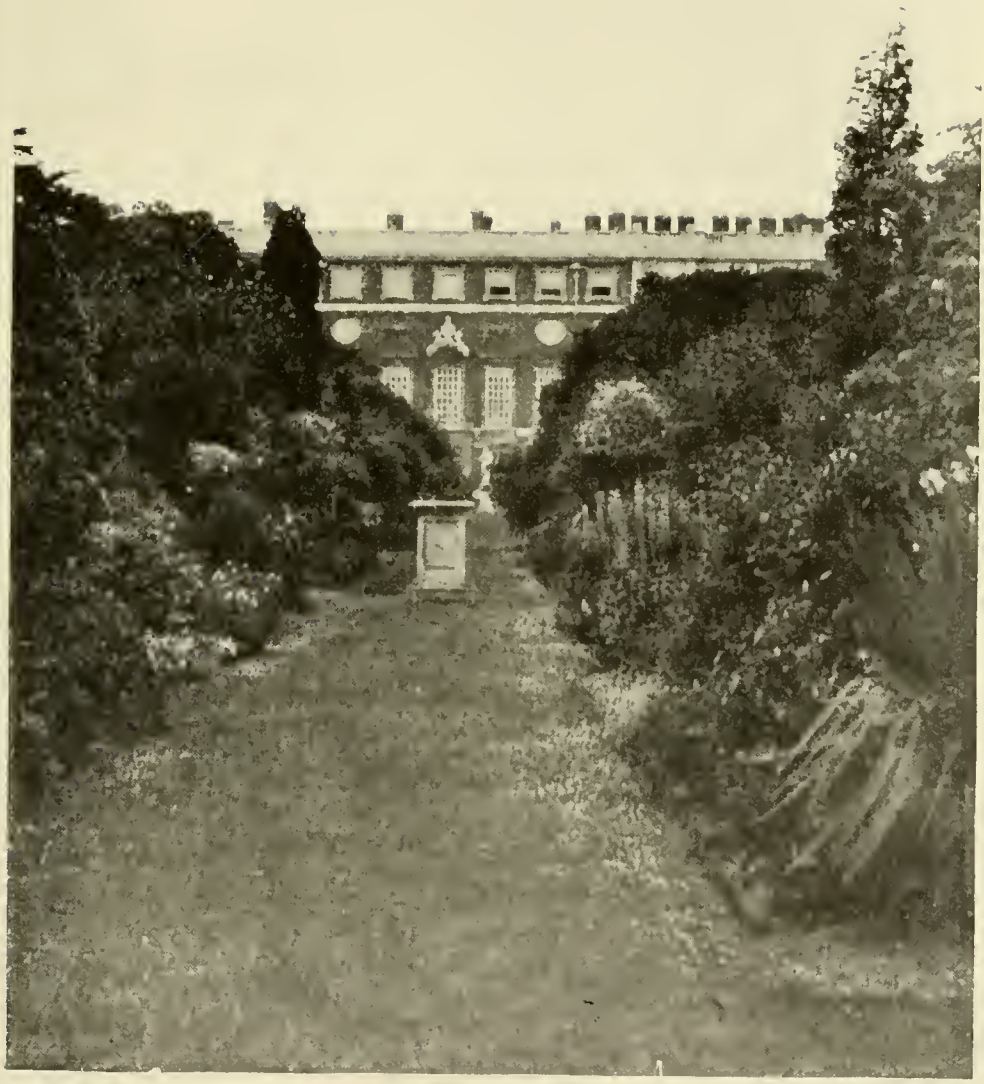
tapestries that line the great hall, though many of these are of Henry the Usurper's choosing.

The grapevine, carefully guarded in its glass house, we were permitted to see. We had been more impressed with the story of its fecundity had this been the bearing season.

The sunken pond garden we found by chance, having followed the south side of the palace for a better view of the round, lozenged chimneys of Italian design, which we had perceived from the privy garden. The pond garden's gate was closed; but we peeped happily through the shrubbery within its wall, which on this side is low, and enjoyed the formal box-bound beds and the white Medici Venus at its far end.

Stately are the long avenues in the Home Park and the broad ones in Bushey Park. The fame of Horse-chestnut Sunday is merited, for the trees are superb. We passed again through the Trophy Gate, crossed the Thames, and had a much-needed tea on a hotel balcony that overlooked the river.

Reinvigorated, we indulged in the customary search for usable pieces of arms china, ere our return to the palace, where a pleasant bobby showed some quiet old courts, the Fish Court and Carpenter's Court, rarely seen, he astutely informed us, by visitors.



Stately are the avenues.

An attempt was made to see more of the Home Park, but was forborne, when we had attained the end of the long canal, baffled by the flight of golden hours and the park's immensity. We sought the pleasant bobby after a last worshipful look at the brilliant flower borders and a last whiff of the tall heliotropes, and learned from him that there is a railway station at Hampton Court and that a train for Waterloo was due in nine minutes. Feeling better acquainted with Hampton Court than after our previous visit, we sat down, freshly garbed, before one of Mrs. Dodson's delectable dinners at the customary hour of "half after seven," both hungry, happy, and thoroughly content with another day out from London.

CHAPTER XVI

Greenstead

ONCE upon a time, more than a thousand years ago, there lived in the little city of Nürnberg a gentle boy whose name was Eadmund. Eadmund's father was a king; Alkmund was his name.

When Offa—the King of East Anglia, who had caused the death of a good, but to him dangerous man, and was endeavoring to expiate his sin by journeying to the Holy Land—passed through Nürnberg, he visited Alkmund and saw the little boy Eadmund, who was then thirteen years old. Offa had no son to be king of the East Anglians when death should take him from the throne. The gentle Eadmund pleased him, and was forthwith made his heir. Why Alkmund consented to this when the boy might in time have reigned over the Teutonic

province, we do not know; but we hope it was not for a price. During the following year, while on his way back to England from Jerusalem, Offa died at Port George, and the boy became monarch over a country he had never seen and of whose language he was ignorant. Had his claim been questioned Offa's ring, which had been given him, was sufficient guarantee; but the peaceable little country on the western shore of the North Sea made no protest.

Alkmund fitted out a right royal expedition for his son, who "sailed and landed in East Anglia where he made devout prayer to God, and not far from thence he built a royal tower called Hunstantone." Only the name remains of this "rising watering place, with good bathing, a pier, and a golf course," where Eadmund held his court once a year thereafter and then returned to reside at Athelbrough.

Eadmund was a student and a dreamer; yet there must have been some glamour for the boy in becoming king in this marvelous land that all Europe desired to conquer and possess. On Christmas Day 855 he began to reign; but not until the following Christmas was he crowned and anointed King of East Anglia, being then but fifteen. He learned the Psalter in the Saxon tongue, "which book was preserved

in the revestrie of the monastery at St. Edmundsbury till the church was suppressed in the reign of Henry VIII."

Happy for the taxpayers is the reign that has no history! Of Eadmund's reign little is known save that he loved his people and served them unselfishly. Trouble came, however, but from without.

The Danes descended in wolflike fury on peaceable Britain more frequently and fiercely. A tradition states that Ragnar Lodbrog, a Danish pirate who had achieved fame in his free, if not easy, calling, was driven on the Norfolk coast in a storm. Pirates were presumably heroes to men in those days as they are to boys in these; for Ragnar Lodbrog was conducted to Eadmund's court and received as an honored guest. While out hunting in the royal forest he was accidentally slain and his Danish compatriots, to whose ears the tidings sped like the wind across the sea, were but too ready to accuse the kindly Eadmund of the pirate's murder.

Of the attack that followed there are several versions. One states that the king was residing quietly at a village near Heglisdune—the Hill of Eagles—intent upon his studies and devotions and unmindful of defending his people against the oncoming wolves; but that his earl,

Ulf Ketul, met the Danes at Thetford—then the seat of both king and bishops of East Anglia—and was defeated.

Another narrative, that of Eadmund's sword bearer—who related it to Dunstan—would seem more probable. Eadmund, he said, fought in this battle at the head of his people and, horrified by the fearful carnage, he surrendered himself voluntarily to the enemy in hope of saving his subjects from further slaughter. The victorious Danish king sent to Eadmund a message requiring him to yield half of his treasure, renounce his religion and reign under him—the Danish invader, whose only right was might. Eadmund conferred with his bishops, who recommended compliance and urged him to escape. This gentle youth was no coward, and disdaining the priestly counsel he summoned the enemy's emissary, refused all the conditions imposed and defied the foe. He was seized, but offered no resistance.

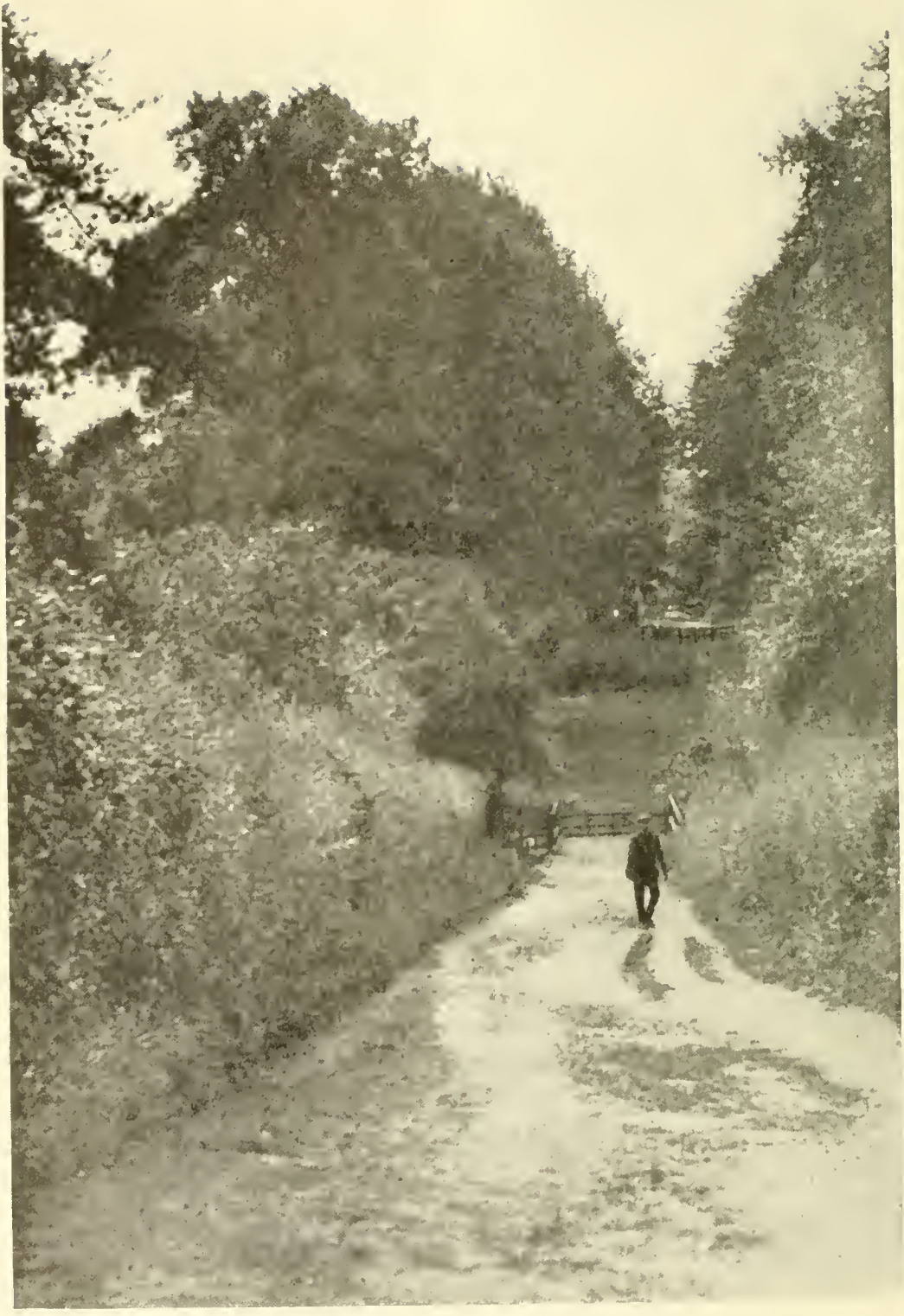
Naked, he was bound in chains and scourged. Then he was tied to a tree and whipped again. Like St. Sebastian he stood, silent, to be riddled with arrows. The tormentors, maddened by his incomprehensible calm, were not satisfied when death came, but severed the head from the mutilated body and flung it in a ditch. Thus perished the last king of East Anglia.

From Thetford the body was borne to the Hill of Eagles and buried in the earth under a wooden chapel. According to legend the head was found guarded, in the ditch, by a she-wolf. Could this have been a Danish woman whose heart had been stirred to love and pity? The she-wolf joined the procession that bore the head to be placed with the body.

About a generation later people told of miracles that were performed by the body under the little church, the beloved and martyred king having become to his people a saint. A former king of East Anglia had built a church at Beodricsworth (Bury), where the sacred remains were taken about this time and placed in a jeweled shrine. They were destined not to rest long there, however, for the Danes again poured into the land, led by the mighty Sweyn. The bishops, fearing outrage upon the precious relic, sent it to London, where it remained three years. The danger having passed, the jeweled shrine was borne back to Beodricsworth—now St. Edmundsbury.

An ancient manuscript informs us that at Aungre a wooden chapel lodged the shrine *en route*, "which remains to this day."

Until 1849 a tree stood in Hoxne—the Hill of Eagles—Park, which—overcome at last by the weight of its twelve hundred years—



The lane dipped suddenly.

fell and was split up for firewood. In its trunk an arrowhead was found deeply embedded!

Our bourne had been Epping Forest; but having breakfasted late and dawdled over a voluminous American mail we were tardy in setting forth upon the day's adventure. To him who is already late comes delay. We had been told to " change " at Mansion House for Bishopsgate, which is the nearest station on the Underground to Liverpool Street. Obediently we alighted and more or less patiently we waited. Trains came and passengers hurried from them, but no train for Bishopsgate arrived. At length, when Diana had acidly announced that we could not possibly catch the train for Epping, and reluctantly admitted that there was another a half hour later, a man among the hosts hastening from a train toward the " Way Out " glanced at us, hesitated, lifted his hat and held it while he begged our pardon, but were we waiting for the Bishopsgate train?

" They run at long intervals," he said. " May I show you a surer and quicker way to go? It is but a short distance." We humbly followed him up to the street and preceded him into a bus.

" You are from across the sea, I reckon—I mean, I *guess!* " he laughed. Sonia noticed

that the big book he carried was entitled "American Banks and Banking."

"I'm an American, too," he continued, probably quite conscious that he bore all the John Bull points. "I was on a horse farm in Virginia for ten years. Here's where you get off, ladies. Pray do not mention it! The greatest pleasure."

While we were waiting for luncheon in the station restaurant Sonia glanced over a guide book.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "let us go there instead. We could see it more quickly than the forest, and we haven't very much time, and the forest would be full of Saturday trippers and——"

"What is the cause of this babbling?" Diana interrupted; "pray show me what you have been reading." In fine print were these words:

> Greenstead, one mile to the West of Ongar, has a remarkable wooden church, the walls of the nave being formed of upright tree-trunks, said to date from Saxon times.

We purchased two "third returns" for Chipping Ongar. There remained opportunity to watch the people rushing for suburban

trains. True, we had overlooked the facts that this was Saturday, and that all London leaves for an exurban week end. The third-class carriages were thronged; so were the second. The first were empty. Diana led the way into a first-class compartment and opened the window preparatory to comfort. Sonia stood on the platform, wavering, her eyes big with protest.

"Come in, my dear; and please close the door after you." Diana had long since recovered the equanimity lost at Mansion House station.

"But we have third-class tickets!" Sonia's conscience was bred of Plymouth Rock ancestry.

"It is too late to change them.

> Third, and the world rides with you,
> First, and you ride alone,"

paraphrased Diana. "I am going to Chipping Ongar in this nice blue compartment. If you prefer a brown one and the company of seven overheated city clerks, leave me, but don't look at me as though I were committing grand larceny. If the ticket collector wishes more of our pence he shall have them." Sonia entered. A guard slammed the door after her; a bell

rang; the engine shrieked and we were off. When the ticket collector saw ours he said no word save:

" Change at Stratford, if you please, ladies." Sonia would have inquired the sum of our debt to the railway, but he was gone ere she could utter a word.

" Stratford! It is not possible—" she said instead.

" No, that is Stratford-on-Avon. This is, I fancy, Stratford-atte-bow."

At the many stations *en route* to Ongar, the city wagemen and holiday-going women and children, together with dozens of empty milk cans, were " set down," as the railway time bills would say. When we stepped on the platform at Ongar, the last station on the line, there was a jumping-off-place appearance about the quiet little station where neither cab nor porter waited. Toward the left a few buildings indicated the presence of an unobstrusive village. Elsewhere was naught but rusticity—just that wonderful remoteness from the metropolis that is so characteristic of the country the moment London's grasp is outreached!

We asked an old man loitering near the station if he could direct us to Greenstead. He did so clearly, gazing at us the while in simple wonderment as to our errand. We came sud-

These sturdy Saxon timbers that have stood corner to corner for a thousand years.

denly upon the lane, between rose-flecked hedges, which led to Greenstead. Some children were playing there. They paused and looked wonderingly at us with the villager's instinctive inquisitiveness regarding the unexplained presence of strangers. We smiled at them and proceeded. Suddenly the lane dipped into rich pastures, and thenceforth it became a broad grassy path between magnificent trees which themselves might have stood since pre-Norman times. There being no necessity for haste we sauntered leisurely along this delightful mile, so as to lose no detail of its charm and also to permit full play to the feeling of detachment from London in whose heat and hurry we had been less than an hour ago. Before reaching an imposing residence at the end of a long vista the path swerved to the left and skirted a hay field beyond which we spied the wooden tower of the tiny church at Greenstead.

If the shelter that was erected for the protection of Eadmund's sacred shrine were chosen for remoteness as well as peacefulness and beauty of environment, a fitter site could scarcely have been found. The square timbers might have been lately set in the wooden sill where corner to corner they have stood for a thousand years, so perfect is their condition.

Thirty generations of men have come and gone within these walls and themselves made room for others. Perhaps the pious builders of the simple lodging for the relics of a simple-hearted saint had some prescience of the almost immortality that would be granted the timbers they hewed from the Forest of Essex. To us the dignity of this little church was more spiritual in its appeal than the carefully thought-out lines and exotic richness of emblematical decoration in the fairest Gothic minster could be. We thought of the royal-ecclesiastical march along the Roman road or British track, barbaric in its splendor, yet simple in its grief for a slain king and its reverence for a martyred saint. We dwelt on the nights when lights burned within the tiny temple and watch fires flared on the spears of alert sentinels. At length Sonia said:

"Perhaps we can go in." In the porch was a notice stating that the key could be obtained at the Farm Cottage. Across the road were two cottages. We rang the bell of the nearest and then knocked, to prove that we were no ordinary folk; but none opened unto us. At the second an irate female iterated that the key was at the *farm* cottage. We humbly inquired where that might be and were grudgingly told.

"All is not peace that's quiet," sighed Sonia.

"The key is larger than the situation!" exclaimed the delighted Diana, swinging it gayly on its jingling chain and watching the glisten of its silvery polish wrought by age and use. When the bolt flew back with a clang at our command, all the thrills we had felt during our Walter Scott days came back with a rush. Inside, the little church is much like many modern English churches and destroyed the spell which the timbers had wrought about our fancy. We locked the door again and withdrew the giant key from the portal; but Diana would not hear to its immediate return to the Farm Cottage. She played with it, coveted it, and imagined the wild joy of stealing it. Sonia suggested that she "take" a photograph of it, which would be the next best thing. And with this she was perforce content.

We lingered to enjoy all the roses, from the creamy gloire-de-Dijons clinging to the east wall of the church to the tall trees freighted with damask or deep-red ones. The churchyard is small and not too full of graves. A few clustered yews add solemnity to its beautiful, fragrant peace.

Reluctantly we yielded the key to the woman at the Farm Cottage, who ingloriously hung it on a nail inside the door, as though it were a beer mug. She was incapable of sharing our

sentiment; but the touch of silver on her palm brought lustre to her weary eyes.

We walked back to Ongar by road, which we had occasion to regret, for we thereby lengthened the distance and trudged through dust and sun instead of idling along the grassy lane by which we had come. But Diana never likes to return the way she has come.

We sought vainly the remains of Ongar's—once—Norman castle. No trace of it is visible; and its very site is problematical. Perhaps this was one of Henry II's eleven hundred.

"Where have you globe trotters been today?" was asked of us at dinner that evening in Palace Gardens by our hostess.

"To Chipping Ongar and Greenstead," replied Diana demurely.

"I say, now! You are joking, really."

"Indeed no."

"I never heard of such a place. Did you, Sir Arthur?"

"Tell us what you went for," said he.

"We saw an old Saxon church and had one of the most entrancingly lovely walks imaginable."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! You Americans are *so* amusing. Aren't there churches enough in London?"

CHAPTER XVII

Greenwich

"IS Greenwich far away? We really ought to go there and see whether white-bait on its native heath, or out of its native hatchery, is as much better than the usual sort as peas from your own garden or apples from somebody's else's."

"How odd that you should mention Greenwich! I was just going to ask you for the scissors so I could cut out an advertisement from the *Telegraph* of steamers that ply to Margate and stop at Greenwich on certain—what day is this? Wednesday? Let us hurry into our street things and we can catch the twelve o'clock boat."

At the top of the steps to the landing stage we hesitated. A man leaning on the railing took from his mouth a well-colored pipe and asked if he could be of any assistance.

"Is this the landing for the Greenwich steamers?" He shook his head sadly, yet with a peculiar pitying expression on the front of it that regarded us as though we had been children requesting him to hand us the moon.

"Ow, now! lydies; they eyen't no boats to Grinnidge."

"They are advertised in the newspapers."

"Mye be. They ad em awn, but business was a bit dull and so they were tyken orf."

Diana thanked him. "You need not tell me a steamer company in frugal England would pay to advertise boats that do not run—sail—steam," she said to Sonia. We went down the steps. A man in uniform stood on the bobbling landing. We put the question to him. He looked bland, then blank; at length a gleam of almost human intelligence lit his eye.

"Ow, you mean the *Margate* steamer."

"It stops at Greenwich; does it not?"

"Yes, Miss; but it is the Margate steamer. The time bills is chynged since last week. The next boat is at one o'clock." Big Ben was chiming twelve. We all but decided to forego Greenwich, and London whispered:

"Stay here and do some shopping!"

"There's a tram starts just across the bridge for Greenwich, if you don't wish to wait for the Margate steamer. You are American lydies,

I suppose? No, indeed! Miss, they are not all alike; but they've a wye about them, you know. Thank you, Miss! Good-dye, lydies."

The tram starts from the bourne of all the busses we had not wanted on innumerable occasions—the Elephant and Castle Inn—which is a center for many tram lines as well as omnibuses. From a front seat on top of the car we observed that the newness and yet settled commonplaceness of this part of London was unlike any other we had seen. We passed a bit of Kennington Park, in which Jerry Avershawe had once swung from a gallows tree. Via Camberwell Road we swung along Kentwards. The young maples, the plenitude of baby carriages and rubber plants and a large new, Americanlike public school—a rare sight is any school but charity, church, or pay institutions—all reminded us strongly of Brooklyn.

"I feel as though we were on the way to Coney Island," Sonia remarked. "If the houses were of wood or brownstone instead of this dun brick I should be certain we were in the neighborhood of our respectable Kings County friends."

"St. Giles, Camberwell—was not that one of Edward Alleyn's four parishes?"

"Yes, my dear, and more than that. Camberwell is the birthplace of Robert Browning."

"How poky this horrid tram is! When I go anywhere in this way again I shall—not go at all!" Diana would seem to have a drop of Irish blood. "What is this? Peckham? It looks it. I am tempted to go below and take a nap until we get to Greenwich—if we ever do."

"I trust sleep may restore your cheerfulness. *I* think this is an interesting ride—I mean as compared to that dreadful one to Hampton Court. I shall not tell you about the nice things we pass. Oh, what lovely baskets!"

"'Made by the Blind'"; Diana's interest revived. "I wish we could stop and get one."

"What! delay arrival at Greenwich? We might lose half an hour waiting for the next car."

At length, "Lo Grenewich, there many a shrew is in," and we descended at the unpretentious gate of Greenwich Park.

The grass looked footworn and as weary as the mangy deer, whose ennui we longed to dispel with a bag of peanuts, a comestible they had never sniffed. This part of the park was full of boisterous children who scampered screaming among, but did not disturb the dozens of men who had flung themselves down in shaded places with the unpleasant abandon

we had not yet learned to look upon complacently.

"England's leisure class appears to be appallingly large," muttered Sonia a little timorously as we hastened away. We found a path that led us to the brow of a hill from which, though haze-veiled distance was denied us, there was a wide view up and down the Thames. Beyond the forest of masts and Hampstead Hill, however, Sonia declared she saw Epping Forest.

"In fine weather," said Diana from a newly-acquired fund of information, "Windsor is visible." And here Turner made the original sketch for one of his greatest canvases: "London from Greenwich." The sketch is preserved in the *Liber Studiorum* at the South Kensington Museum. Here, too, the great doctor-etcher, Sir Seymour Haden, sketched the study for one of his finest plates: "The Breaking-up of H. M. S. *Agamemnon*."

"Have you noticed," asked Sonia, as we sat where so many famous and infamous people have paused to gaze and to ponder, "have you observed that every one of our trips out from London has been like a golden link in a chain whose end we have not yet attained? Perhaps it has no end, but forms a magic circle of human history about——"

"I see what you mean: sort of a non-skidding tire chain, London being the hub of the wheel and we mere inquisitive insects venturing out upon the spokes and discovering that they all lead to parts of the selfsame chain."

"You have a deplorable habit of dragging me down from spiritual heights to your own level——"

"The vicinity of six feet from mother earth is high enough for you. But pray elucidate. Wherein is Greenwich constituted among your alleged golden links?"

"You remember a play called 'Henry V,' written by a friend of Edward Alleyn and superbly performed by Richard Mansfield? Very good. You may also recall that while 'Sweet Kate' with her infant son awaited at Windsor the return of her lord who had carried off with him to France our friend James Stewart whose romance with Jane, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, was then in its incipiency—Henry lay dying at Vincennes and commanded his brother, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, to become 'protector' of the baby monarch?"

"Your sentence is somewhat involved; and I perceive therein reference to several links; but Greenwich appears not among them."

"Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was lord of these very acres on which we are now repos-

ing! He it was who built the palace of Placentia overlooking the Thames; and on yonder lofty summit that looks like an overgrown toy-shop, but is presumably the Royal Observatory, stood his tower Mirefleur."

"Oh, that must have been the Miraflores where Amadis of Gaul and his lovely Oriana had so many romantic adventures!" Diana, too, could rhapsodize upon occasion.

The story of Duke Humphrey is picturesque enough to inspire a long tale. Still more dramatic is that of the beautiful Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault and Holland, whom Humphrey first saw at Vincennes at the time of his brother's death. When fifteen years old she had been married to the Duke of Touraine, who became two years later Dauphin of France. A dose of Catherine's "medicine" thereupon removed him from the political perspective; and after a brief widowhood seventeen-year-old Jacqueline was married, for reasons of state, to the Duke of Brabant. This Flemish duke was not only a brute but a coward—the two qualities are near akin—and after the young duchess had been forced to lead her armies against a foe from which her husband fled, having suffered meanwhile untold cruelty from him, she succeeded in obtaining permission from the pope for a separation from Bra-

bant. Duke Humphrey of Gloucester had been on more than friendly terms with Eleanor, daughter of the Kentish Duke, Cobham; but nevertheless he became enamored of Jacqueline and they were married. They came to England and enjoyed a brief period of happiness.

In 1423 the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester became members of the lay fraternity of St. Alban's Abbey, whose abbot Whethampstead was a college chum of Humphrey at Oxford. The young couple spent a Christmas at the abbey, and contributed liberally to the coffers and vestment chests thereof. Another duke, he of Burgundy, who was a kinsman of Jacqueline, brought about further necessity for battle with her armies, and after two years in England she returned to Hainault to lead her people against the foe. Humphrey, true to his new titles of Count of Hainault, of Holland and of Flanders, and Lord of Friesland, accompanied and aided her. Her forces met with defeat and when she would have returned to England, the people of Mons, her native town, besought her to remain there. She did so and Humphrey returned to England. She never saw him again, for the crafty Eleanor held out her seductive little finger, around which the susceptible duke was shortly "wound," in which position her strong will and insatiable

ambition held him long after her charm for him had passed. Burgundy's machinations had procured a papal decree pronouncing Jacqueline's divorce from Brabant invalid, and her marriage, therefore, with Duke Humphrey was annulled. Eleanor shortly became Duchess of Gloucester and the little Dutch girl was forgotten.

Had the first Duchess of Gloucester continued her career in England, Humphrey might have been one of the greatest men in the history of that kingdom. Shakspeare calls him "good Duke Humphrey," and he was popular with both Parliament and the people; but his wife's desire to be queen was the ultimate cause not only of their own undoing, but of the fall of the house of Lancaster. Aside from the duke's diplomatic abilities, he was naturally a student, and had mastered several languages. His letters to certain distinguished foreigners in their own tongues and in Latin are now extant and fill a number of volumes. To the University of Oxford he bequeathed a hundred and thirty "rare books" as an entry in an old register states it. These have been absorbed in the Bodleian, and it is not known which of this library's vast aggregation of treasures are the duke's gift. He had a fondness also for architectural study and built the "Divinity School"

at Oxford. He aided in embellishing and restoring many parts of St. Alban's Abbey. As patron of the poet Lydgate he also showed his interest in England's budding literature. On the occasion of the coronation of the baby king, Henry VI, Lydgate wrote a long poem. The duke came in for a share of his eulogy:

Duc of Gloucester men this prince call;
And notwithstanding his state and dignitie,
His corage never doth appalle
To studie in booke of Antiquite;
Therein he hath so great felicite
Vertuosli himself to occupie,
Of vinous slouth to have the maistrie.

Holinshed says of him: "He was an upright and politike governour, bending all his indeavours to the advancement of the commonwealth; verie loving to the poore commons, and so beloved of them againe; learned, wise, full of courtesie, void of pride and ambition, but where it is most commendable."

Even Shakspeare, however, admits to the incessant bickering between Humphrey and Cardinal Beaufort, who was a son of John of Gaunt, and hoped to obtain to an ecclesiastical office that should rival that of Canterbury. This Humphrey had prevented. Beaufort's enmity for Gloucester was no greater than

that of Queen Margaret, who saw through Eleanor's ambition that the king's protector become possessed of the crown as well. Henry, who as he grew into manhood loved and depended upon his uncle, could not have been party to his death, although when tales were brought to him of alleged treasonable remarks made by the duke, he caused him to be summoned to the court, then at Bury. Said Beaufort:

> That he should die is worthy policie,
> But yet we want a color for his death;
> 'Tis meet he be condemned by course of law.

He was, but before punishment could be imposed Beaufort and the Duke of Suffolk, Queen Margaret's tool, arranged a means whereby Humphrey was found "dead in his bed." King Henry commanded that the body be borne in state to St. Paul's in London, where it remained for several days before going forth to its final resting place in St. Alban's Abbey. A legend that the body was interred in St. Paul's was for many years believed; but in recent times when it became necessary to make a vault under the Saints' Chapel in St. Alban's a little stone staircase was discovered under the pavement, which led down to an ancient vault where the duke's body was found, mar-

velously preserved, "embalmed in a brown liquor." The miraculous power of the abbey's especial saint having disappeared, due to the controversy with the monks of Ely as to the actual possession of the worthy Alban's bones, the discovery of Duke Humphrey's body was a source of rich revenue to the abbey; but unfortunately the good brothers had not bethought them to protect the "remains" from air, and the embalming fluid evaporated, whereupon the last vestiges of the "good duke" were not sufficient to "stop a hole to keep the wind away."

All this was borne in upon us by means of local guide books and our insufficient memories of history lessons and Shakspeare's plays the while we sat on the little hill in Greenwich Park.

"I have been thinking," mused Sonia, "how different were those two *cortèges* from Bury to London—Eadmund's and Humphrey's."

"Yes," responded Diana; "I am in the mood 'to sit down on the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings'; but—oh, dear! we wanted to see the time ball drop. What time is it?"

"Eleven minutes and a half too late!"

Wherefore we started for the observatory almost on a run, lest anything else escape us.

The only portion of this house of magic brave enough to show its face.

By "sign language," as Diana termed it, we learned that the buildings could only be seen by special permit. We agreed that we were quite satisfied with this arrangement and averred that these queer-shaped structures were uncanny and might be the abode of all sorts of cabalistic doings. We looked at the big twenty-four-hour clock, which is the only portion of this house of magic that is bold enough to show its face to the public gaze.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Diana; "we are standing on a meridian. Ever since I studied geography I have pictured the meridians as big cables tied to the poles. I believe I am disappointed not to find it true. Do you feel any peculiar sensations?"

"Not even a galvanic thrill. I never have been able to understand why so much fuss is made about meridians and longitude. Why are not zones and latitude quite as important? I have always preferred *bayadère* stripes to vertical ones."

"Meridians must have been decided by those wizards in yonder to be more becoming to the stout figure of Mother Earth. There must be another fine view around this corner. Let us go and see!"

A large park is much like a street car in that the farther we penetrate beyond the entrance,

the pleasanter it becomes. The heart of Greenwich Park was silent, deserted almost; and we were monarchs of all we surveyed, save for the occasional appearance of a uniformed guard. We traversed long broad avenues whose trees were superb. Many of the elms were planted when the park was made in 1664; but there are yews, Lebanon cedars, hawthorns, and great Spanish chestnuts that had then been standing hundreds of years.

We came to a fine old house that is now the Ranger's House, but might have been a residence of Lord Chesterfield or some of his contemporaries. Passing through it we stood at the edge of a large bare common which at first we mistook for Blackheath. Back into the park again we followed the shaded path beside the wall where had stood Montague House, the residence of poor persecuted Queen Caroline, whose enforced divorce by George IV was more inhuman than that of Catherine of Aragon by the Bluebeard Hal. It was here that the so-called "Delicate Investigation" was held. There was nothing to be investigated, and therefore no real evidence against her character could be obtained. There remains, near the wall a sunken stone bath which is called hers, and may have been a fountain in her garden.

Blackheath, happily, has not yet been swallowed by the jerry-builders, but still retains enough of its ancient character to permit full play to our fancy visions of the dramatic events that have occurred upon it. In those letters from Lord Chesterfield to his son, which reveal the utter absence of real character under the diplomatic veneer which was in his estimation all that a courtier required, he refers to Brunswick House, his Blackheath residence, as "Babiola." The walk on which we had emerged through the Ranger's House is known as Chesterfield Walk. Brunswick House and Montague House both adjoined the park.

The Watling Street crossed Blackheath about where the London Road now is. Many ancient barrows of British and Roman origin remained until lately. When opened they frequently contained, if anything, merely a few bones, which obtains wherever they exist. One was permitted to remain in the center of Blackheath. This was the scene of the gathering of the rebellious followers of Wat Tyler before their march to London. The sad and infamous causes of this uprising are too well known to be reiterated here—and so indeed are the results—but the oppression of the people by the fortune-favored classes always brings an ache to our hearts. Doubtless the Puritan and

Huguenot blood in us still contains traces of our ancestors' experiences.

In the barrow Jack Cade stuck his flag when his thirty thousand Kentish men also met here, and this clerk of Chatham, pretender to royal birth, also led his mob to the gates of London, shouting bombastically: "Now is Mortimer lord of this citie!"

And here camped Henry VI with his Lancastrian forces *en route* to the battle of St. Albans.

When Lord Audley and his Cornish troops came this way looking for trouble they were met and defeated at Blackheath by the army of the seventh Henry. A prettier ceremony was that which for many centuries was customary —the meeting of distinguished foreign visitors to the Court of England by royalty in person or adequate representatives—was effected with much pomp and splendor on Blackheath, and the guests were conducted in state to London.

"I think I should not have liked that," said practical Diana. "After a dusty drive of several days from Dover, I should have preferred to postpone the royal welcome until I had been shown to my apartments at the palace and had a chance to bathe and dress."

In 1400, when Manuel, Emperor of Constantinople, came with gifts and a request for

aid against the Sultan Bajazet, with whom he believed himself unable to cope without the assistance of the great white Christian king, Henry IV met him here. Sixteen years after his coming the Holy Roman Emperor Sigismund, who had married a relative of Henry V, was also welcomed at Blackheath and escorted to Lambeth Palace.

When Henry returned from Agincourt the people of London could not wait to greet him there, so the mayor and four hundred citizens clad in scarlet robes with red and white hoods acclaimed him here. This picture thrills with its enthusiasm.

So let him land
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a space hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him on Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness, and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in.

How different his return a few years later!

Cardinal Campeius, who came as the pope's emissary regarding the divorce of Henry VIII from Catherine, was met on Blackheath by the Duke of Norfolk and his suite.

In his delightful letters to Richard Bentley, Horace Walpole writes: "I was charmed lately at a visit I made to the Cardigans at Blackheath. Would you believe that I had never been in Greenwich Park? I never had, and am transported! Even the glories of Richmond and Twickenham hide their diminished rays."

Charles II, returned and about to be restored, came hither on the Watling Street, passed through the ranks of the Army of the Restoration, and was welcomed by Sir Henry Lee, of Woodstock. Instead of the homes of wealthy and distinguished Londoners, the houses now surrounding Blackheath are chiefly boarding schools and lodging houses.

The body of General Wolfe was borne hither after his gallant fight at Quebec and was interred in the parish church in Greenwich, where a memorial window to him was installed.

We entered the park again. "I thought we came to Greenwich to dine on whitebait. I am getting very tired and ravenously hungry. How can we find the town and something to eat?"

"I confess it looks as though we should be 'dining with Duke Humphrey' to-day. If we go back to the Ranger's House we can't have anything more substantial than tea and sandwiches. Here comes an empty cab!"

The cabman proved himself a friend in need and in deed. He would not allow us to leave the park, however, until we had seen the feeble attempt at an oak which is called Queen Elizabeth's, but is in reality a tall stump covered with ivy. He saw to it also that we visited the "remains of a Roman villa," which was a not very large hole in the ground and might have served somebody as a well, had it contained that requisite in a well—water. He drove us then past Vanbrugh "Castle" outside the park, which had been built, we supposed, by that clever Sir John Vanbrugh, who, having been born in the Bastille, came to England in his youth, and became distinguished in many ways. Gifted with courtly manners, he was for many years a brilliant social light in England, of whom no breath of scandal was whispered. He was distinguished, moreover, as a successful playwright. Even Pope and Swift, "the two best haters of the time," could not quite justify themselves in throwing the acid of their wit upon him. Vanbrugh was a successful but not a great architect, although this "castle"

at Greenwich, which became his home when he had been appointed secretary to the commission for endowing Greenwich Hospital, is full of charm. More pretentious are Castle Howard in Yorkshire, and that which he was commissioned to build for Queen Anne—Blenheim.

And now at last was there hope of satisfying our prodigious appetites. At the Old Ship Tavern we were offered a balcony overhanging the Thames, which we gleefully accepted. We had not long to wait, for a large private party was being feasted in one of the upper rooms, and as whitebait in excess of their capacity had been prepared, we profited thereby. Our servitor was of a type presumably peculiar to Greenwich and the Old Ship. He was a negro, clad in the cast-off evening clothes of some gentleman many sizes larger than he. We tried vainly not to smile while he was present.

"I believe," hazarded Sonia, "that his entire wardrobe descended to him from Mr. Gladstone. That cravat, which is so big and black and which he has so much difficulty in restraining from climbing up over his left ear, could not have been the property of anybody but the 'grand old man.'"

We had become accustomed to coarse napery and the spots of some one else's meal, also to

the absence of serviettes; but when a great platter of golden brown fish was laid before us, aromatic and steaming, with an accompaniment of boiled potatoes and cucumber salad, we were quite content.

"What is whitebait?" Sonia asked while she daintily caught one on her fork.

"One of our books says they are the 'small fry' of herring; but it seems this supposition was at one time threshed out in Parliament and the *Piscicuolos minutos* were declared to be little fishes that never grow larger than this. This part of the river seems to be their best feeding ground, and that is why the cabinet ministers decided to come down here for their banquets which celebrate the close of Parliament. When it was supposed that their feasting consumed hundreds—thousands—of baby herrings it was discontinued as being cruel and a direct infringement on laws which preclude the catching of any fish smaller than a certain size. After a lapse of fifteen years the Disraeli government revived the custom, it having been demonstrated to their conscientious satisfaction that the fishes were not 'small fry,' but full-sized fry."

"I am glad of that. It has always required a little strength of purpose for me to swallow with equanimity so many heads, eyes—and I

should hate to think I were responsible for the slaughter of so many innocents. I don't believe I want to eat any more, just because we have been talking about it."

"You eat caviare, do you not? and squab chicken? and have I not seen you wear baby lamb? If I had to suffer a violent death, I should rather have it happen in infancy; there would not be so much of me to die."

"Gladstone" went for what he called dessert, and we waited some time for—cheese; but we were eager to see the Palace of Placentia and brooked no further delay due to cheese.

When Humphrey of Gloucester died, his manor and lands became crown property. By Edward IV the mansion was enlarged and until the commencement of the Civil War it continued to be a royal residence. Henry VIII was born here and so were his daughters Mary and Elizabeth.

We have records of many sumptuous entertainments that were given about this time at Greenwich Palace, as it had then come to be called. One chronicler states that in 1513 there was performed, "disguising after the manner of Italie, a *maske*, a thing not seen afore in England, on the daie of the Epiphany at night."

A few years later the boys of St. Paul's

School acted a morality at Greenwich in honor of certain French ambassadors come in quest of Henry's aid against Charles V of Spain. After the royal banquet "the king led the ambassadors into the great chamber of disguisings; and in the end of the same chamber was a fountain, and on one side was a hawthorn tree all of silk with white flowers, and on the other side was a mulberry tree full of fair berries, all of silk." Atop of the hawthorn tree were the arms of England compassed with the order of St. Michael, and on the mulberry the arms of France within a garter. About this marble and gold fountain were bunches of rosemary, "fretted in braydes laid on gold, all the sides set with roses on branches as they were growing about this fountain. On the benches sate eight fair ladies in strange attire."

While the infamous assemblage of bishops—London, Winchester, Lincoln, Bath, and Wells—were, under Canterbury Cranmer's direction, finding cause for the divorce of the Aragonnaise from her royal spouse, Catherine's maid of honor was waiting at Greenwich Palace for the news that should permit her to be queen. Four days before that verdict she was brought in state to the Tower by the Lord Mayor and the city companies "with one of those splendid exhibitions upon the water which

in the days when the silver Thames deserved its name, and the sun could shine down upon it out of the blue summer sky, were spectacles scarcely rivaled in gorgeousness by the world-famous wedding of the Adriatic. The river was crowded with boats, the banks and the ships in the pool swarmed with people, and fifty great barges formed the great procession, all blazing with gold and banners." The queen-elect's barge was preceded by " a foyst or wafter full of ordnance, in which was a great dragon continually moving and casting wildfire, and round about the foyst stood terrible monsters and wild men, casting fire and making hideous noise." The king awaited her at the Tower steps.

This marriage, however, was not liked by the ecclesiastics, and in those days the church had power to make the divine right of kings seem but a poor thing. Attached to the Royal Chapel at Greenwich was a convent of Observants. At this time Father Forest was warden, who, having been Catherine's confessor, remained faithful to her interests and proclaimed from the pulpit his condemnation of the marriage. Cromwell had not been spared either; but Cromwell had his revenge. The priest was summoned to the court. His zeal proved to be greater than his knowledge of ministerial meth-

This great-hearted little fighter.

ods. Cromwell received him graciously, as did the king; and we can see fair Anne with a smirk on her face and hatred in her small heart. This tolerance Father Forest mistook for fear of his power and promptly lost his head, figuratively speaking. The literal loss came ultimately, for he perished at the stake.

Another priest, Father Peto, afterwards cardinal, preached in the Royal Chapel at Greenwich in denunciation of Henry and this marriage. He foretold, moreover, the licking of his blood by dogs when the king should become a corpse. And when the great body lay at Syon House, this horrid prediction was fulfilled.

In this same "Friars Chapel," as Shakspeare calls it, Henry's christening had occurred. Elizabeth's, too, was solemnized with great pomp. The "Manor of Pleasaunce" was one of her favorite residences. May Day, the great annual holiday, was, during her time, always observed at Greenwich with elaborate festivities. Here, too, she received the deputies from the United Provinces,

> They whom the rod of Alva bruised,
> Whose crown a British queen refused—

come to offer her sovereignty of their crushed but still courageous lands.

Hentzner, a German traveler who recorded many of his impressions, saw Queen Bess in 1598, in her "dress of white silk with pearls as large as beans, a small crown on her" (sixty-five-years-old) "red tresses, and the long train of her robe borne by a marchioness." It was at Greenwich, also, that Raleigh first interviewed her and became immortal by means of a muddied coat. Only a part of the crypt remains of the palace as it was then.

James I made notable additions to the palace; but the Queen's House, intended for Anne of Denmark—and which she called her "house of delight"—was not completed until later, when Inigo Jones was given the commission. Henrietta Maria, who lived in such troublous times, preferred Greenwich to all the other royal residences and came here whenever she could.

When Charles II became the national "new broom" he did a few good things, fortunately, for he did so many unpleasant things and left undone so much that was necessary.

"I believe," said Sonia, "that Americans must have a large proportion of royal blood in their circulatory system, for where else could they have obtained their incurable propensity for tearing down perfectly good buildings in

order to see new ones of their own planning arise?"

Sonia may be mistaken; but certain it is that King Charles, finding Greenwich Palace in need of repair, pulled it down, and began to erect a new one. Pepys saw the plans, and his frugal soul was shocked at the cost; but only one wing of it was completed during Charles's sovereignty. One of the good things for which we are grateful to Charles was the planning and planting of the one hundred and eighty-eight acres that constitute Greenwich Park. Summoned from his continental labors was the great landscape gardener, Le Nôtre, whose skill is still exemplified in the parks of Versailles, Chantilly, Meudon, Saint-Cloud, Fontainebleau, St. Germain-en-Laye, and Scéaux in France; in Rome, the Vatican Gardens, the Quirinal, Villa Albani, Villa Ludovisi, and Villa Doria Pamphili; in London, St. James and Kensington.

Diana gasped when we read this list: "What a record! Any one would have been enough to make him famous. And I never heard his name until now!"

A still greater achievement, however, helps to balance Charles's account with England. Since the Ptolemies astronomical observations of importance had been made not only by su-

perstitious shepherds, but by studious men. The Greeks and Arabs were more assiduous for many years than others. At length the necessity for an observatory was felt and to a Dane, Tycho Brahe, is due the distinction of having constructed the first one (in 1576 on the island of Hveen near Copenhagen). He called it "Uranienborg" (city of the heavens). Then England began to awaken. The news that Sir J. Moore proposed erecting at his own expense an observatory at Chelsea came to Charles's ears; and as he then had Greenwich "on the brain" he straightway commanded that one be placed on a certain hill in Greenwich Park, which would lift the celestial observer a hundred and eighty feet nearer the stars. The first "astronomcial observator," Flamsteed, of Denby in Derbyshire, had already proved his fitness for the position in a notable book: "The True and Apparent Places of the Planets when at Their Greatest Distances from the Earth." Flamsteed made his observations from the Queen's House until July, 1676, when the observatory was completed. He was, alas! ill paid and overworked. One hundred pounds a year was his stipend; and he was obliged to supply his own instruments. It was royally decreed that he "apply himself with the most exact care and diligence to rectifying

the tables of the motions of the heavens and the places of the fixed stars in order to find out the much-desired longitude at sea for perfecting the art of navigation." The scope of this observatory has, without deviating from this policy, been so extended as to include photographic and spectroscopic observations of the greatest value to science. Flamsteed was succeeded by a man whose name is more widely known. Edmund Halley was a friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and but for his encouragement the manuscript setting forth Newton's theories regarding falling apples and boiling tea-kettles might never have been published. In 1704 Halley, after many years of close study on the subject, boldly predicted that a certain comet which had flashed across the heavens twenty years before would reappear after an absence of seventy-six years. He was dead in 1758, but the comet which forever bears his name appeared exactly as he had foretold.

Charles's palace at Greenwich remained incomplete until the time of William and Mary, who, after the great naval victory of La Hogue —England's first defeat of the French since Agincourt — when so many seamen were wounded, it was determined to erect a great naval hospital at Greenwich as a grateful memorial and also as a means of relief to injured

or infirm sailors. Sir Christopher Wren gratuitously offered his services as architect, and the great hospital arose where Placentia had been. The funds for this undertaking were furnished from many sources. The king gave liberally, as did many of his wealthy subjects; Parliament made certain grants, and fines were imposed with renewed assiduity upon smugglers; a duty of sixpence per month was exacted from all seamen; and when during the reign of George II the Earl of Derwentwater was attainted and executed for participating in the rebellion of 1715, his estates were made over to the hospital fund, which amounted to eighteen thousand pounds per annum. At Chatham, Elizabeth had established a chest, to which all seamen were compelled to contribute from their wages to provide pensions for their disabled fellows; this was transferred to Greenwich Hospital a century after its founding. The hospital was completed in 1705, Evelyn, then Treasurer of the Navy, having laid the first stone; at which time a hundred disabled seamen were admitted. Three years later the number had increased to three hundred and fifty. The compulsory contributions of seamen in service was remitted in 1834, a yearly appropriation of twenty thousand pounds being substituted

from the endowment. By 1865 the income had reached one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and the number of pensioners had grown to sixteen hundred. Then an odd thing happened. The beautiful Greek buildings had come to mean to the aged tars what the beautiful almshouses in England mean to the aged poor. The governors wisely gave the inmates of the hospital the privilege of voting for its continuance or discontinuance. The noes had it to a man, and now, be their homes never so humble, the pensioners of the Greenwich Hospital live with their families, and the charity provides for a far larger number than before, thereby giving us a faint notion of England's sea power.

These beautiful buildings were vacant for five years; then the Royal Naval College, which had been at Portsmouth, was removed to Greenwich, as were also the School of Naval Architecture and the Naval Museum, Kensington.

From the park we had seen the Queen's House with its colonnade, so we made it the first object of our afternoon's peregrination. This is now the school in which a thousand boys, sons of seamen, are educated for the navy and for merchant service at the expense of the hospital funds. In the yard before the house is

a full-sized ship; and as we strolled past, the boys, in their picturesque uniforms, were being drilled in manning the yards.

Only a small part of the quadrangular group of buildings which constitute the hospital, as it is still called, is shown to visitors. The chapel, which had been rebuilt in recent years after a fire, did not detain us as long as if it had been the original one in which Father Forest and Father Peto preached, and Henry VIII and Elizabeth were baptized. It had been King William's idea to have a statue of his queen in the inner court, but it was never accomplished. This was unfortunate, because, as Macaulay says: "Few of those who now gaze on the noblest of European hospitals are aware that it is a memorial of the virtues of the good Queen Mary, of the love and sorrow of William, and of the great victory of La Hogue."

The great painted hall in King William's building was originally the dining hall of the hospital. The depicting on the ceiling of William and Mary surrounded by their embodied virtues required of Sir James Thornhill twenty years' work. Truly are the dining halls in England dignified, stately and sumptuous evidence of the Englishman's undying distinction between the art of dining and the eating of dinner. From the Charterhouse and Middle

Temple Hall in London, from the lofty paneled halls at Cambridge, the refectories in many an ancient abbey and castle, from Windsor and Hampton Court to the hospital at Greenwich, dining is proven to be an almost sacramental event. This Painted Hall at Greenwich is hung with canvases depicting the many victories of the Mistress of the Seas. They are mostly bloody affrays, not pleasant to feminine eyes; but we hugely enjoyed some of the groups of little boys and of old salts whose beard-encircled faces reminded us of him who was

> —a cook and a captain bold,
> And the mate of the *Nancy* brig
> And a bo's'n tight, and a midshipmite,
> And the crew of the captain's gig.

The glee of the old sailors was as great as that of the little boys, all of whom were utterly rapt in the scenes they studied so minutely. Of Lord Nelson we were reminded when we saw the portrait of him, a copy of that by Hoppner. We had not known that a whole room in this building was devoted to relics of this, England's greatest admiral. Infinitely more thrilling than the battle scenes in the Painted Hall which depicted him in many engagements were the simple personal belongings of the man.

There was the tiny coat which he had worn at Trafalgar when he was shot. Its sleeve was small enough for a boy of twelve years. There was the sword which was placed beside his body when it was lying in state in the Painted Hall, before being borne up the Thames to the admiralty in London. His *ex libris* even Diana, the collector, looked upon with misty eyes and a heart free from covetousness. Saddest of all the sad and tender memorials in this room was the original letter he had written on board the *Victory*, beseeching the English nation to be kind to Lady Hamilton who had been instrumental in obtaining information which had more than once enabled him to win great victories for England. This great-hearted little fighter, as tender as he was stern, had not received the Church's sanction to his marriage with Emma Hamilton,—who surely in the eyes of God was his beloved wife,—had not realized how much bitter obloquy English society can visit upon a woman whose unlegalized love is made known.

We were silent as we descended into the quadrangle again and went on to Queen Mary's building, which is used as a museum for ship models of all sorts and kinds, interesting even to us who had no technical knowledge of their merits. The great, battered black iron Chat-

Our last view of Greenwich Hospital was the best of all.

ham Chest, whose mission is now, happily, only reminiscent, we really coveted.

"I feel," said Sonia, "as though it must be filled at this moment with thousands of pieces of eight and bushels of gold doubloons. Wouldn't it be fun just to run our hands through to the bottom and let the gold coin slip slowly through our fingers, just to hear the delicious chink of it?"

Passing out of the gate on King William Street a bobby touched his hat courteously. Diana had a mischievous impulse. She knew the answer to her question; but put it nevertheless: "Officer, will you kindly tell me whether the next boat for London is due at five-thirty?"

"There are no steamers to London, Miss. You can take the electric tram——"

"No, thank you. I think," smiling sweetly, "we prefer to return by boat."

"He must be right," Sonia demurred. "Bobbies always know everything."

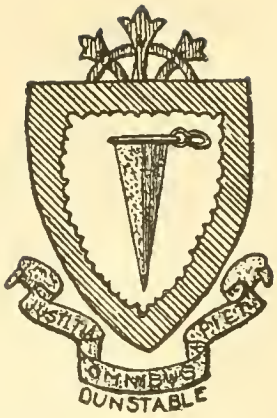
Diana led the way boldly to the pier, where over a little ticket booth was a sign to the effect that return tickets to London might be had for one and six. "Is the next steamer for London at five-thirty?"

"Yes, Miss; just eight minutes to wait."

We waited on the landing, where so many

royal comings and goings had occurred. Poor King Hal! How different was his reception here of the unprepossessing fourth bride-elect, Anne of Cleves, who came from Rochester by water to her reluctant lord. Of Wolsey's gorgeous approach with yeomen standing upon the sails of his barge we chatted the while we watched some children wading along the shingly beach, or glanced at the line of seamen who sat discussing affairs of international importance, as though they had been a special committee of Parliament to determine upon serious measures. Some people went down a stairway and vanished from sight. We were curious and even a trifle alarmed; but we investigated and found the entrance to the tunnel to the Isle of Dogs, where the royal kennels were kept for many years, and which is now wholly given over to shipping. Then our little black steamer glided up to the landing and we returned to London on a river of magic and mystery, flashing here with great shafts of light that burst through heavy clouds, glooming there darkly under the heavy masses of yellow-black vapor. Our last view of Greenwich Hospital was the best of all. Then we became absorbed in the fascination of the shipping which extends all the way to London. A P. and O. steamer, just in from the Orient, put us in-

stantly in touch with India, with Rangoon, and Mandalay. And there were steamers from America, from Barbadoes, and from the uttermost parts of the earth, all come to London, the magnet which draws unto itself the richest and best that the lands and looms of all countries produce, to London, the market of the world.



CHAPTER XVIII

Dunstable and Fenny Stratford

JUST why a prominent "Beds" town should take its name from an outlaw and robber who was hated as much as he was feared is difficult to imagine. The town itself is almost as ancient as the Chiltern Hills, which rear their sometimes bald heads near by. Before the Romans constructed that wonderful road from Dover to London and thence to Holyhead, the Britons had aggregated a few of their mud-and-straw huts, and called the hamlet Maes Gwyn, or White Field, because when they dug a stake hole or turned the soil for planting "corn" they found it to be white chalk in many places rather than the rich brown loam prevalent elsewhere.

The little village was a boon to the Romans, who lost no time in occupying it at the expense

of the natives; for it lay at the junction of two of their greatest military roads — Watling Street and Icknield Way. The Britons had vainly sought in their ignorant simplicity to save their village from the conquerors by surrounding it with earthworks.

After the retirement of the Romans from Albion the Danes had their innings; and to them is largely due the sparsity of Roman buildings. But for their savage lust of fire, blood, and loot, there might be fair temples, arches, columns, and colosseii amid the green of rural England to-day.

Some who have delved into the meager records of ancient history assert that Dunstable's name is derived from Dunum (hill) and Staple (market). " In England, formerly, the king's staple was established in certain ports or towns, and certain goods could not be exported without first being brought to these ports, to be rated and charged with the duty, payable to the king or public." From this came the present meaning of " staple " article or commodity.

In the time of Henry I a bold, bad bandit, whose name was Dun or Dunninge, gathered about him a number of outlaws who so terrorized this neighborhood that a whole forest was burned down by the king's command in order to exterminate this sort of vermin and bring

highway knighthood to an end. The meeting of the two great roads in the center of this forest had given them opportunity in plenty for robbery and murder. The burning of the forest, however, did not terminate their depredations; of which more anon. To return to the matter of Dunstable's name: In the town is still shown a cellar which is alleged to be the cave used by Dun for stabling his horse and for a place of retirement when justice threatened to overtake him. They tell of a post to which a ring and a staple were attached, that existed in this cave several hundred years after Dun's death. At any rate there are a ring and a staple on the ancient arms of Dunstable; so why question the origin of the town's name?

> Near Dunstable upon the Down,
> There is an ale-house, and but one;
> Not far from hence, if we may credit
> Some ancient authors that have said it,
> Erst dwelt, to make the story brief,
> Old Dun, that memorable thief:
> Within a hollow, under-ground,
> Apartments still are to be found,
> Where both himself and horse retreated,
> And still all hues and cries defeated.

Thus wrote Butler, author of the famous "Hudibras." An ancient illuminated manu-

script contained in the church chest portrays a post with pendant ring and staple. There are also preserved these "Verses concerninge the Name and Armes of Dunstaple, 1558."

By Houghton Regis, there, where Watlinge Streete
Is crossed by Icknell way, once grew a wood
With bushes thick o'erspread: a coverte meete
To harbour such as lay in waite for blood,
There lurkte of ruffians bolde an hideous route
Whose captaine was one Dunne, of courage stoute.

No travailer almost coulde passe that way
But either he was wounded, rob'd, or kil'd
By that leude crewe, which there in secreete lay:
With murthers, theftes, and rapes, their hands were fil'd,
With booties ere they tooke, ech had his share;
Thus yeare by yeare they liv'd without all care.

At last King Henrie, first king of that name,
Toward the northern partes in progresse rode;
And hearing of those great abuses, came
Unto the thicket where the theeves abode;
Who on the comminge of the king did flie
Each to his house, or to his friende did hie.

Wherefore the kinge such mischiefes to prevent,
The woode cut downe; the waye all open layde
That all trew men, which that way rode or wente,
Of Sodaine sallyes might be lesse affrayde;
And might descrie theire danger ere it came,
And so by wise forseighte escape the same.

This done, he rear'd a poull both huge and longe
In that roade-highway, where so many passe;
And in the poull let drive a staple stronge,
Whereto the king's own ringe appendant was;
And caused it to be publisht that this thinge
Was done to see what thiefe durst steale the ringe.

Yet for all that, the ringe, was stol'n away,
Which, when it came to learned Beauclark's eare,
By skylful arte to finde, he did assay
Who was the thiefe, and first, within what shyre
His dwellinge was, which this bould act had done,
And found it to be Bedffordshire, anon.

Next in what hundred off that shyre might dwell
This vent'rous wighte, Kinge Henrie caste to find;
And upon Mansfield Hundred, straight it fell,
Which being founde, he after bent his minde
To learn the parish, and by like skyll tride
That he in Houghton Regis did abide.

Lastlie, the parish knowne, he further soughte
To find the verie house where he remaynde;
And by the preceptes of his arte he toughte;
That by one widow Dun he was retayned;
The widowe's house was searched, so wil'd the kinge,
And with her sonne was founde, staple and ringe.

Thus Beauclarke by his arte, founde out the thiefe;
A lustie tall younge man of courage good,
Which of the other ruffians was the Chiefe;
That closlie lurked in that waylesse wood.
Then Dunne, this captain thiefe, the widowe's sonne,
Was hanged for the feates which he had donne.

And where the thicket stoode, the kinge did buiid
A market towne for saulfetie of all those
Which travail'd that way, that it might them yielde
A sure refuge from all thievishe foes;
And there king Henrie, of his great bountie,
Founded a church, a schole, and priorie.

And for that Dunne, before the woode was downe,
Had there his haunte, and thence did steale away
The staple and the ring, thereof the towne
Is called Dunstaple untill this day;
Also in armes, that corporation,
The staple and the ringe give thereupon.

To the outlaw the king paid the compliment of building a royal mansion where the splendid trees had been and issuing a proclamation whereby whosoever would was invited to settle near his new palace, Kingsbury. He also offered low land rents and sundry privileges not elsewhere accorded; as, for instance, a semi-weekly market and a three-day fair at the feast of St. Peter-in-chains. This saint was chosen also for patron of a priory soon afterwards established. It is to be hoped that Dun appreciated the grim humor of all this public acknowledgment of his power. The Bedfordshire bugaboo was yet to be conquered. Of him the *National Register of Crime* records many vivid incidents.

"His first exploit was on the highway to Bedford, where he met a wagon full of corn going to market, drawn by a beautiful team of horses. He accosted the driver, and in the middle of the conversation stabbed him to the heart with a dagger which he always carried with him. He buried the body, and mounting the wagon, proceeded to the town, where he sold all off and decamped with the money. One day, having heard that some lawyers were to dine at a certain inn in Bedford, about an hour before the appointed time he came running to the inn, and desired the landlord to hurry the dinner, and to have enough ready for ten or twelve. The company soon arrived and the lawyers thought Dun a servant of the house, while those of the house supposed him to be an attendant of the lawyers. He bustled about, and the bill being called for, he collected it; and having some change to return to the company, they waited for his return; but growing weary they rang the bell and inquired for their money, when they discovered him to be an impostor." After many exploits, less clever and more outrageous than that of the lawyers' banquet, Dun and his band became such a source of terror that the sheriff of Bedford sent a posse to attack him in one of his retreats; but the sheriff was too economical of men, and the rob-

The gateway is all that remains of the old Priory.

bers completely routed the emissaries of justice, taking eleven of them prisoners and swinging them on near-by trees as a warning to other ambitious sheriffs. These men should have been made cabinet ministers, so deft was their ability to cope with any situation. Attired in the garb of the sheriff's men whom they had hanged, Dun and his fellows proceeded to the castle of one of the county nobility, and in the king's name demanded admission in order to seek for that renegade, Dun. After searching throughout the house keys of trunks and wardrobes were demanded and the merry band took all they could carry of plate and jewelry. The irate nobleman complained to Parliament, and doubtless wrote a letter to the *Times*, or its predecessor, and after the official wheels had turned far enough it was discovered that the trick was, indeed, not due to the defection of the county constabulary. The countryside at last ran Dun to earth, surrounded his place of concealment, and posted its two staunchest men at the door. Again too much economy. Dun's swift blade killed them both, and while the smocked ones were realizing this, he bridled his horse and forced his way through them. Then the farmers bethought them of pitchforks, rakes and hoes; and by some accident they caught up with him and dragged him from the

saddle. But he clambered up again and cut a way through the crowd with his sword. It was like a "moving-picture" show. Again he was pursued, unseated, and led them a chase of two miles afoot. Coming to a river, he stripped off his clothes, and carrying his sword between his teeth swam toward the opposite bank, which he found to be thronged with his pursuers. A number of boats were pressed into service, and he repeatedly fought off the blows of impending oars; but a successful blow on the head from one of them caused a syncope. Magnanimously they bore him to a surgeon, before taking him before the magistrate, who sent him to jail under strong guard. They waited for him to recuperate somewhat, and then he was led to the Bedford Market Place, where the executioners awaited. Nine times Dun felled these two, and the populace had rare and thrilling entertainment. When the offender was at last overcome vengeance in the king's name followed apace. They hacked off his hands at the wrist and his arms at elbow and shoulder. They seemed fearful lest he might not yet be dead; and so the entire body was cut up into little bits, the head burned, and the other portions "fixed up" in various places, triumphantly asserting that the arm of justice was mighty, if a bit thick-headed and slow.

In a history of Dunstable, Mr. Derbyshire (of Bedfordshire) tells graphically of Dun's exploits and end.

Now that the neighborhood nightmare was no longer to be feared, the colonizing of this part of the county, at the king's invitation, proceeded apace. A priory of black canons was founded in honor of St. Peter, to which was granted the rents from the town of Dunstable and all rights and privileges of this town, excepting only his palace.

"It would seem," said Sonia, "that even a pre-Plantaganet king could have foreseen trouble between town and monastery; but kings in those days took little thought for the morrow. The line of least resistance was theirs."

This first Henry, however, felt a genuine interest in the town of Dunstable whither he came several times with his vast retinue for Yuletide festivities and other. And here came Henry, Duke of Normandy, to be promised by King Stephen the throne of England.

"Old Lackland, the pennywise," laughed Diana, "did not like Kingsbury Palace, so he granted it and its garden to the priory, stipulating that he be gratuitously entertained whensoever he chose to visit there. Was not he a magnanimous old dog?"

We were sitting in the shady courtyard of the Red Lion, waiting for luncheon to be prepared. The inn's genial proprietor, over whom apoplexy heavily hung, had shown us the room just above where we now were resting in which Charles I had slept on his way to the battle of Naseby. Perceiving our interest he showed us also an old tapestry of wondrous Gobelin-like blue, and his many little treasures of porcelain, of silver, and of rosewood the while he confided to us his pride in his only son, who had gone into the world to make a mark and a fortune. His wife being an invalid, mine host himself attended to the preparation of luncheon, having told us where we could procure local histories and arms china.

Sonia stroked a sleek cat as she read. Diana now and then interrupted her researches by stooping to caress a somnolent fox terrier who had assumed the host's duties to the Red Lion's guests.

"How interesting!" exclaimed Sonia after a long silence. "We must go to the church and see if they will show it to us."

"Show what? The church? Perhaps it is big enough to show itself."

"No! the pall. Listen! Once upon a time there was in connection with the Dunstable church a fraternity of John the Baptist. Early

in the sixteenth century there was presented to the fraternity by Henry Fayrey and Agnes, his wife, a curiously wrought altar cloth. Here is what an ancient document says of it: 'It is made of the richest crimson and gold brocade imaginable, and so exquisitely and curiously wrought that it puzzles the greatest artists of weaving now living to so much as guess at the manner of its performance. It is six feet four inches long by two feet two inches broad, from whence hangs down a border of purple velvet thirteen inches deep, whereon is lively and most richly worked with a needle St. John the Baptist between fourteen men and women; under the foremost is written Henry Fayrey and Agnes Fayrey, between the arms of the mercers. Viz.—

"'G a demi virgin with her hair dishevelled, crowned, issuing out (and within an orte) of clouds, all proper, A on a fess comssone B and G 3 annulets O between six crosses bottone S.

"'The haberdashers arms. Barry nebule of 6 A and B on a bend C a lion passant quadrant O.

"'And on a shield party per pale O and B a chevron between three eagles displayed counterchanged, as many lozenges——'"

By this time we were laughing so heartily that the fox terrier set up a loud barking, eye-

ing us with some suspicion, and the cheery landlord peeped out of the kitchen, smiling in sympathy with our happiness. Sonia insisted upon finishing the description. "'Thus are the sides; but at the ends is only St. John between a gentleman and his wife.'"

"I would not have believed St. John capable of coming between a gentleman and his wife," said Diana, refusing to become serious again.

Nearly two centuries ago the beautiful cloth vanished, and none knew what had become of it until 1867, when a clergyman in Suffolk, who had received it as security for money loaned to a fellow cleric thirty years previously, was led by a study of its decoration to believe that originally it had been made for some Bedfordshire monastery. The fellow cleric had died, and as he left no heirs the Suffolk dominie did not know what to do with the cloth. Correspondence elicited the fact that this was the long-lost pall of crimson, which was presumably taken from the church at Dunstable along with other loot at the time of the monastery's suppression.

It was at Dunstable in 1224 that Fawkes de Brent, a notoriously criminal "gentleman," was fined by the king's justices for outrageous and lawless conduct upon many occasions. He was a sort of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and when

news was brought him of the justices' ruling he sent a company of his adherents to Dunstable, giving them order to seize at least one of the judges and conduct him without undue ceremony to his castle at Bedford. To Henry de Braybroke fell the ignominy of being hauled to De Brent's stronghold. When the king heard of it he came with several of his lords and Stephen Langton to storm the castle. An old chronicle describes this siege at length in such detail as would delight our modern schoolboys. It was Scott to the life, with its mangonels, its barbicans, its falling towers, and its final fire. The beautiful Rebecca alone was lacking to give romance to the fray. Fawkes was not taken, despite the royal tactics; but eventually he obtained pardon on condition that he exile himself henceforth from England.

Like the lay fraternities at St. Albans and some other monasteries, this of St. John at Dunstable admitted wealthy and distinguished members to whom promise of prayers for their salvation before, during, and after death gently suggested the piety and all-round advisability of making to the priory generous offerings, which—so far as our knowledge extends—were never refused by the good brothers, as possessing ptomaine possibilities. Lord Alan de Hyde and Alice, his wife, were to this fraternity

very much as Duke Humphrey and Jacqueline were to that of St. Albans—a source of rich revenue.

Henry III and his queen, Eleanor of Provence, with their children enjoyed the convent's hospitality on several occasions. At one of these visits their majesties were presented with a golden cup and the little prince and princess received each a gold buckle from the prior. Needless is it to add that the royalties upon all such visits made costly offerings to the institution. Once they were accompanied by a papal legate, Cardinal Attaboni, and Simon de Montfort, who was Attaboni's brother-in-law. Again Henry brought Richard, King of Germany.

A *Chère Reine* Cross was erected in the market place at Dunstable by Edward I, whose dead queen rested a night at the priory on the long way to London. For the monastery's hospitality, the king gave to the prior two rich cloths (bawdekyns) and a hundred and twenty pounds of wax. The cross was destroyed by sportive soldiers in command of the Earl of Essex during the time of Charles I, while marching, no doubt, to Naseby. This same Edward, who had erected the cross and who was both thoughtful and generous, could at times be royally inconsiderate. He once made a long

Like a slender white arrow the great Roman road pointed northward.

stay, accompanied by his retinue, at St. Albans and at Abbots' Langley near by. In order to feed so unaccustomed a house party the market at Dunstable was obliged to supply butter, cheese, eggs, and so forth *ad libitum*, without remuneration—*that* went to the already unjustly rich abbey—and the townsfolk of Dunstable, whose purses were ready to pay for their purchases, found nought to buy.

At the psychological moment when Wat Tyler's rebellion and simultaneously a dozen others began, one Thomas Hobbes, then Mayor of Dunstable, boldly led his burgesses to the priory and demanded a charter of liberties. It was granted after much ado; but, of course, when things had settled down again the prior revoked the charter under plea of having been coerced.

"It was in the chapel of Our Lady in the Dunstable church," said our host, who chatted with us while we ate mutton chops and fresh peas, "that Archbishop Cranmer proclaimed the marriage of Henry and Catherine to have been only *de facto* and not *de jure*, and consequently null from the beginning." The queen was at Ampthill, a few miles away, awaiting the decision quite as eagerly as did at Greenwich her former maid of honor.

The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not-appearance and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

At Kimbolton she remained until death released her less than three years afterwards. Even in death was she thwarted. Her will requested that she be buried in a convent of the Observants, who had ever been faithful to her interests; but the king caused her body to be placed in the abbey church at Peterborough.

Elizabeth's journeyings between London and Warwick took her through Dunstable. She was the last royal visitor in the town until 1841, when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert stopped at the Sugar Loaf *en route* to Woburn Abbey for a visit to the Duke of Bedford.

We had engaged a team to drive us as far as Fenny Stratford, about twelve miles beyond Dunstable on the Watling Street. Before

starting, however, we went to see the church, whose conglomerate architecture is as amusing as it is startling. We peeped in at its fine Norman bays and walked about in quest of something human and authoritative to show us the church chest, with its precious old documents, and the pall of crimson velvet; but we were alone among the myriad monuments to dead and gone Chews. Sunk in the middle aisle is a slab to the memory of a woman who had three times three children and twice five.

"I wonder how long she lived after the second quintet?" Diana said; "she ought to have had a mausoleum on the summit of a hill where race suicides most do congregate."

The gateway is all that remains of the old priory, save a few beams in a straw factory within the inclosure to which the gate presumably opens. Straw factories have to be; but what a pity that this one could not have occupied the halls of the monastery, and all the beauty of which the gateway suggests much, might serve not only as an advertisement to the manufacturer, but as an æsthetic blending of past idleness with present industry.

A few market booths stood where many Lollards had been burned and where William Tilsworth, during the reign of the seventh Henry,

was, for the simple offense of advising people to read the Bible in English, condemned by the Bishop of Lincoln to be executed, his sinless daughter being compelled to light his pyre.

"I hope," Diana said, "there is somewhere a list of the men and women whose lives have been more cruel than death, who have played the game bravely and patiently from start to finish! A peculiar supercanonization is due them."

An uncompromising lamp-post now arrogantly occupies the spot where the fair Eleanor cross stood to be martyred in revolutionary times.

"The marvel is," Sonia mused, "not that lamp-posts and straw factories exist, but that any of the old stones should yet remain one upon another, so many times in the history of this land have lawlessness and lust for destruction been given free rein."

Our host at the Red Lion recommended that we drive up on the Downs before proceeding northward.

"Our language as spoken by the English retains strong traces of its Teutonic ancestry. We go up on the Downs; we come out of an inn; certain trains 'stop to set down, but not to take up,' and the prefix that in German we have to hold in our hand until the end of the

sentence whereon we can hang it comes; *an, auf, hinter, neben, hin*——"

Sonia, always ready for a laugh, unduly encouraged her friend's lingual *flânerie;* but along came a sturdy cob harnessed to the "wagon" we had bespoken. We bade a cordial good-by to our host, drove under Charles I's chamber, and proceeded up on the Downs. The intense whiteness of the chalk showing here and there amid the flower-studded grass was a novelty to us, who had never seen the Shakspeare Cliff at Dover. Some interesting remains we saw of British earthworks; and from the top of the Downs the town spread pleasantly among broad fields.

Like a slender white arrow the great Roman road pointed northward as we rumbled along toward Fenny Stratford—the second Stratford of our acquaintance, and we had not yet been to that on the Avon. There was no dust and the steps of our steed rang rhythmically on the flint. We marveled at meeting so few motors on so perfect a highway. A deep cutting in the chalk just beyond Dunstable had been made to level a hill. The broad rolling landscape beyond it was animated here and there by farm life. The farmhouses and barns nearly all had what Diana captioned "long-haired roofs." Sometimes we mistook hay-

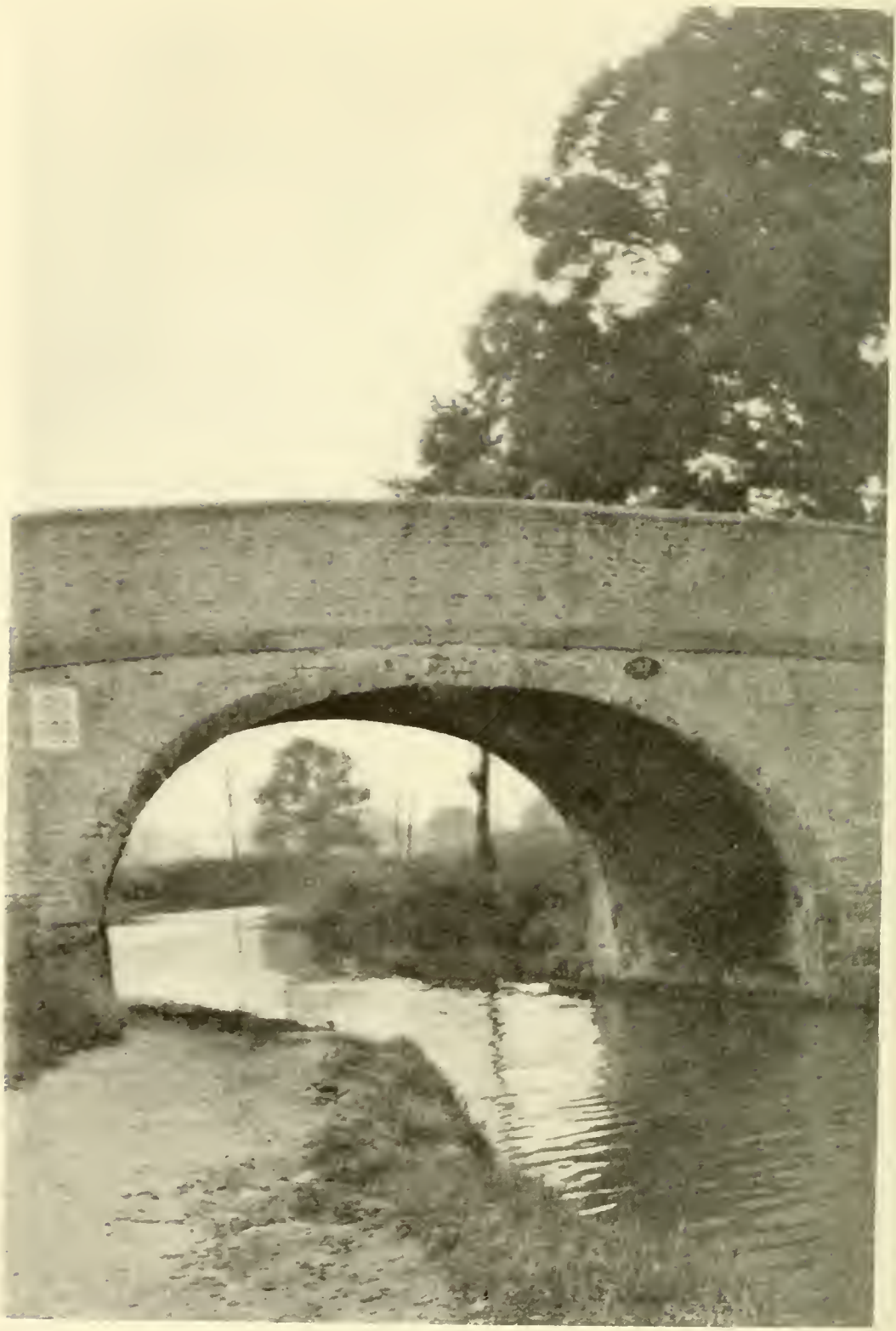
ricks for houses, so similar were they in color, shape and size. "The only difference," declared Sonia, "is that the houses sometimes have chimneys and windows."

"What a pity," sighed Diana, "that we did not come a century ago by stage coach on this Great North Road! We might have traveled from London to Chester for forty shillings and have enjoyed eight days like this, just driving comfortably along a fine road."

"I think I should even like to have been a British maiden, peeping from the forest at the army of Cæsar or Suetonius, glittering with polished helmets and spears, flashing gay colors and sounding like the rustling of a mighty forest as the legions of infantry marched, or, with its chariots and battering rams drawn by splendidly caparisoned Roman horses, rumbling like a summer storm. I wish the world had not turned quite so fast!"

Some of the old posting inns still remain beside the way; but they have fallen into decrepitude and instead of bustling postboys and unctuous host, the proprietor now tilts back against the wall in a kitchen chair, watching the motors dart past or taking an afternoon nap.

Brickhill Church, high above the road, has a



The deep red of a bridge took on a deeper tone in its mirror, the canal.

fine tower. A long gradual climb brought us to the top of a hill from which the view should have been immortalized by Constable, Gainsborough, old Crome, or our own compatriot, George Inness. At the base of this hill the Roman road is lost in the curve of a modern one; but the straight line which proclaims the ancient highway is recovered about a mile south of Fenny Stratford.

At the Swan in this village we were hospitably received, almost as though we had been here before. Tea was served to us with home-made gooseberry jam and a great plate of buttered bread. Phyllis, the pretty daughter of the landlord and his lady, hovered near to anticipate and supply our needs. Afterwards she showed us her garden, sweet with lavender and rosemary, and gay with hollyhocks and larkspur. We had little time before the "fly" should come to drive us to the railway station; but thanks to the sweet and gracious Phyllis, who escorted us, we had a walk through the lush meadows and along the canal, which is here, as elsewhere in England, beautiful as a river and at this time was free from traffic, although that could not have detracted from its charm in the late afternoon. Long shadows were athwart the fields, thrown by the low, ruddy sun; the deep red of a bridge took on a

still deeper tone in its mirror, the canal. The soft air and circling swallows evoked in us at once a sense of peace and of irritation, since we must leave it all at this hour of subtle enchantment and return again to London.

CHAPTER XIX

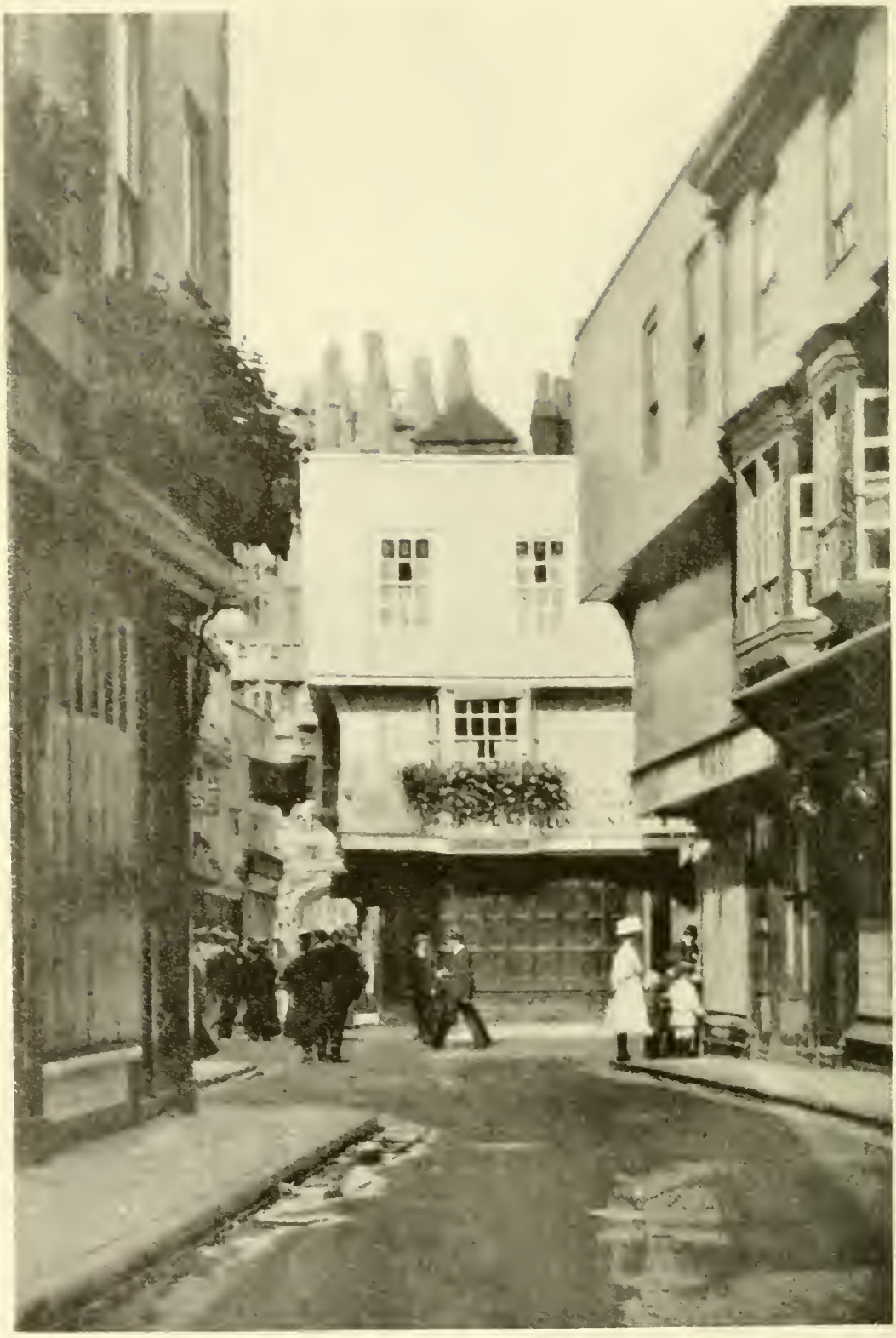
Canterbury

SINCE Geoffrey Chaucer wrote of Canterbury, so many books have appeared, so many lectures have been given, and so many highly colored tales have we heard from travelers, that this humble pen falters when rushing in where the prerogative is, as it were, angelic. Yet unless one has seen Canterbury what avails aught that has been written, pictured, or said?

Many weeks had wafted away since the wild iris had challenged us to fare forth from London into England. Our days had been widely diversified, but invariably full of pleasure and — we believed — of profit. There seemed, moreover, no prospect of exhausting the possibilities for day trips; and now the time had come when all social "obligations" had been

"satisfied," when London was uncomfortably hot, and the West End had begun to look actually empty. Our friends were leaving town, and at length we determined upon seeing some of the places we had deemed indispensable when, midway across the sea, our summer of travel in Great Britain was being planned. The Norfolk Broads now being our bourne and but one more day flight from London left to us, the *pros* and *cons* of Haslemere, Tunbridge Wells, and Canterbury were seriously discussed. A coin could not be "flipped" for a choice of three places, so we drew lots and Canterbury, to our mutual satisfaction, won.

At first we were a little disheartened, for in our ears rang remembered rhapsodies of friends: "The *quaintest* old town!" "the most *primitive* place you ever saw!" "absolutely unspoiled by modern innovations!" We had entered the station 'bus of the Royal Fountain Hotel, knowing by experience that the greatest economy of time, energy, and errors in direction is attained by driving from the railway to the center of a town. We passed under the West Gate which had been postcardally known to us for years. But for this the city of Canterbury was, as we saw it thus far, wholly modern and unprepossessing.



We spied the Cathedral beyond Mercery Lane.

American automobiles were everywhere, their occupants displaying a singular lack of manners. We had encountered but few of our compatriots during the summer; and now we were very much ashamed of ourselves for wishing to shun these loud-voiced and money-proclaiming neighbors. We were glared at as we passed through the hotel corridors; groups of them blockaded the street door; and we heard them lauding everything American from cocktails to carbureters, and criticising everything English as old fogy and behind the times. Nothing, however, but Canterbury herself could have marred our day; and the charm of Canterbury became ineffable once we accepted the modernity her buildings of necessity expressed. This very condition merely served to heighten the effect of her many reminders of ancient past.

The cathedral was, naturally, our first quest. From the door of our hotel we spied it beyond the narrow Mercery Lane, over which leaned an old white house whose windows gave it a grotesque expression as of a mild monster guarding vast treasure. This proved to be the famous Chequers Inn.

The beautiful west front was, alas! done up in splints and we were informed by a guide who wished to conduct us about the town and

cathedral just how many thousand pounds "westerling" the scaffolding had cost.

"I am afraid," said Diana, patiently smiling, "this interests us less than the cathedral's façade. Thank you very much! we shall not require a guide." He stood open-mouthed and silent at having encountered Americans who were not interested in money.

The great nave was vibrant with organ tones as we entered; and a service was beginning in "the glorious choir of Conrad." The rich roll of the organ, the clear boyish voices, and a deeper one intoning prayers, served to put us in perfect harmony with the splendid vastness of the edifice. We were too far from the worshippers to participate in the service; so we allowed our thoughts to wander freely.

Becket!

This is the dominant, the predominating stimulus to reverie and to memory in Canterbury Cathedral. The service concluded, on payment of the sixpence requisite in English cathedrals for seeing the choir and apse, and on signing our names in the visitors' book, we were admitted beyond the gates with a troop of English and American tourists and conducted by a verger past the many chapels of wondrous beauty and tombs of deepest human

interest. As we became aware of the great names on the monuments Sonia said:

"It seems to me that all the folk who were not buried in Westminster are here. Dunstan, Stephen Langton, Henry IV, the Black Prince —what tremendous epochs of history we are touching simultaneously!"

"The kings are in the Abbey, their prime ministers here," whispered Diana. "Lanfranc, Anselm, Simon of Sudbury; and this broken effigy of Hubert Walter takes us to Acre with Richard Plantagenet."

Of the Black Prince we mused while the vacant voice of the verger at the head of the "party" droned its rote. What had the fortunes of Crécy been but for the rain that softened the bowstrings of France's Genoese mercenaries? How much sooner had a French king ruled o'er Britain? "Let him win his spurs!" the English king had cried, proudly watching his sixteen-year-old son until the lad's efforts gave England the day. Then before the whole army, Edward, for the moment more father than king, embraced the boy and said: "Sweet son, God give you good perseverance; you are my true son—right royally you have acquitted yourself this day, and you are worthy of a crown." Ten years later came Poitiers, another decade and Najara, the zenith of the

young knight's career; and at the conclusion of yet another the flower of English chivalry died —ignominiously, no doubt it seemed to such a warrior—in his bed.

"Now, if somebody had stabbed him in the back, I suppose there would have been another English saint in the calendar," murmured Diana.

"The funeral procession that bore his body from Westminster Abbey, where it had lain in state nearly four months, proclaimed the grief of the whole nation for the loss of an almost idolized prince. Twelve black horses drew the hearse, and behind it came both houses of Parliament in deep mourning—a fitting finale to the career of *le Prince Noir*. Why has none written of what was said and done on *that* Canterbury pilgrimage?

John of Gaunt and William of Wykeham stood among the mourners in the flare of the mortuary candles before the high altar of the cathedral, as did also Archbishop Simon of Sudbury, little knowing that he was destined to be beheaded by Wat Tyler on Tower Hill in London and that the next funeral of importance to be celebrated before this altar would be his own!

They had respected the prince's wish that he be interred in Canterbury Cathedral; but the

center of the crypt which he had chosen for a resting place was not deemed worthy the nation's hero, and therefore this splendid tomb was placed near the shrine of St. Thomas where all pilgrims might see it. The gilding and color that once richly adorned it can now be only imagined; and the gauntlets, shield, scabbard, and coat pendant for hundreds of years above his effigy have lost all character and suggestiveness. Where—oh, where are the gold spurs so splendidly won at Crécy? All the evil that he did was interred with the bones of gallant Prince Edward. The good alone lives after him, as is often the case; though a difference of opinion with the author of the plays Lord Verulam did not write is reluctantly and apologetically expressed. It is interesting to note that Welsh antiquaries consider *ich dien,* which has been the motto of the Prince of Wales since then, to be a Celtic synonym for *ecce homo;* for when his infant son was presented to the people of his patronymic the Black Prince had used it as meaning: "Behold the man!"

The little inclosure known as the "Martyrdom" was so incarnate to Sonia with memories of Irving's acting and of Tennyson's drama, "Becket," that she with difficulty restrained the emotions that welled up in this very theater

of that bloody deed. Diana knew somewhat of Becket's chiaro'scuro public career, with its dazzling brilliancy, its hyper-austerity despite the indomitable pride that was the cause of his undoing; and therefore we stood aside while the guide babbled and the trippers gawped over the little square in the paving left by the stone of marytrdom which was sent to Rome. We tried not to think hardly of the four "gentlemen" who believed they were serving their king—because he had querulously cried, "Will no one rid me of this man?"—by hacking England's primate to death as he knelt unarmed and unresisting, after that one fiercely human attack on his murderers. We tried to forget the torn scalp, the brains and blood scattered on the floor, by thinking of the people who thought the blood precious. Then we pictured that awesome scene in the choir when the hair shirt, writhing with vermin, and the great welts across the back from the daily meed of "stripes," were discovered—grimly humorous evidences of eligibility for canonization. The verger then conducted us down to the crypt and we saw in fancy Henry's late repentance for that Berserker-Plantagenet rage with his once dear friend.

The Black Prince is only known to have been once in Canterbury; but the impression

it made was deep in his memory. A little memorial chapel in the crypt bears his name. This was a tribute to his marriage with his cousin Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent. Two priests were appointed to pray here for his soul until death and after.

"Why did they not pray for Joan, too?" queried Sonia.

This little chapel is now the vestibule to the chapel of the French congregation, the nation so closely associated with his life. To the Chapter of Canterbury he gave in exchange for permission to found this chapel the manor of Fawke's Hall. Of "Fawke" we know nothing; but his name shall live as long as London endures, in *Vauxhall.*

Becket's murder "made" Canterbury, cathedral and city, and dimmed forever the glory of the Augustinian monastery. It also outshone St. Etheldreda's at Ely and other popular shrines, as, for instance, St. Edmund's and St. Alban's. The shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury became a devotional and nomadic fashion; and subshrines bearing his name were erected at Lyons, Sens, and St. Lo, and even in Syria. In Great Britain were innumerable "branch" shrines as well as the great one at Canterbury. Each displayed a treasured boot,

drinking cup, drop of blood, girdle, or bit of cloth from a garment that had been his. The shrine at Canterbury was in the form of a chest, studded with iron nails and secured by strong iron locks. This was inclosed in a sort of casket made of wood heavily overlaid with gold, "damasked with gold wire and embossed with innumerable pearls, jewels, and rings, cramped together on this gold ground." This was concealed in turn under a wooden cover whose sides were painted with suitable subjects. When the pilgrims had made their slow circuit of the cathedral and crypt, pausing times without number to salute with their lips relics inclosed in coffers of gold, silver, or ivory, for those who were sufficiently privileged the outer cover of the shrine was lifted by a rope from above. The knees which had hitched the pilgrims up many steps were again called into requisition as silver bells proclaimed throughout the building the fact that the precious shrine was uncovered. A rare few were permitted to mount a ladder and peep at the inner iron chest. While the votaries remained kneeling and open-mouthed at such glitter as their simple lives could not supply, a factotum with a tapering white wand pointed out to them the jewels, naming the givers of each and the cost. Diana says she knows the guide whom we encoun-

tered outside the cathedral is a lineal descendant of one of these " demonstrators."

The holy relics each man with his mouth
Kissed as a goodly monk the names told and taught.

" Fancy kissing the broken sword with which Le Bret did his dreadful deed! "

" I am glad the hair shirt was hung up and not proffered to the lips of the worshippers. I wonder if it had been fumigated? "

We liked the story of the white carbuncle, as large as a hen's egg, which had been unlawfully " annexed " by the saint from a French king, Louis VII, as he knelt before the shrine.

" The king had come thither to discharge a vow made in battle, and knelt at the shrine with the stone set in a ring on his finger."

" Fancy wearing a hen's egg on one finger! He must have had a Brobdignagian hand."

The archbishop, who was present, coveted the jewel—for the saint—and entreated Louis to present it to the shrine. So costly a gift was too much of a sacrifice for the royal pilgrim, " especially as it insured him good luck in all his enterprises. Still, as a compensation, he offered a hundred thousand florins for the better adornment of the shrine. The primate was fully satisfied "; but scarcely had the pilgrim's refusal been uttered " when the stone leapt from

the ring, and fastened itself to the shrine, as if a goldsmith had fixed it there." The unfortunate king also left the hundred thousand florins; and it is presumable that, like Dr. Foster, "he never went there again." The jewel was the bright particular star of the whole collection, and was said to have been dazzlingly brilliant by day—so much so that the eye could scarce endure its rays—and at night it put the altar lamps, as it were, in the shade. An angel, —whether real or artificial deponent sayeth not,—continually pointed to this wondrous jewel, (called the "Regale of France,") which must have been supererogative, since its brightness compelled one to look and yet by this very brilliancy forbade compliance.

There was a royal entertainment of great chromatic splendor in Canterbury when the young king Henry VIII received the Emperor Charles V at Dover on a Whitsunday morning, and escorted him upon the Watling Street to the Gate of St. George, the two kings entering the city under the same *baldacchino.* Wolsey preceded them, and English nobles in full regalia pranced beside those of Spain. This brilliant procession passed through lines of clergy in ecclesiastical robes, and at the cathedral, where they dismounted with a great clatter, Archbishop Warham met the distinguished

party, which was not, we trust, halted at the choir gate for the paying of sixpence per capita or the writing of names in a visitors' book.

Just eighteen years later the good saint was publicly summoned by royal command to appear and show cause whereby he should not be adjudged guilty of "treason, contumacy, and rebellion." Beside the shrine this was read and thirty days were accorded to St. Thomas for the gathering together of his scattered bones, blood and garments. Evidently he was disinclined to leave the security and importance of his present position. Did he not know how faithless kings could be? Rather suffer unjust accusation in silence, though it be interpreted as an admission of guilt. The case was actually argued with due formality at Westminster Palace, and with proper accompaniment of attorneys for prosecution and defense. Like stage duels and circus races, everybody knew who would win; sentence was pronounced "that his bones should be publicly burnt, and that offerings made at the shrine should be forfeited to the crown." Lucky crown!

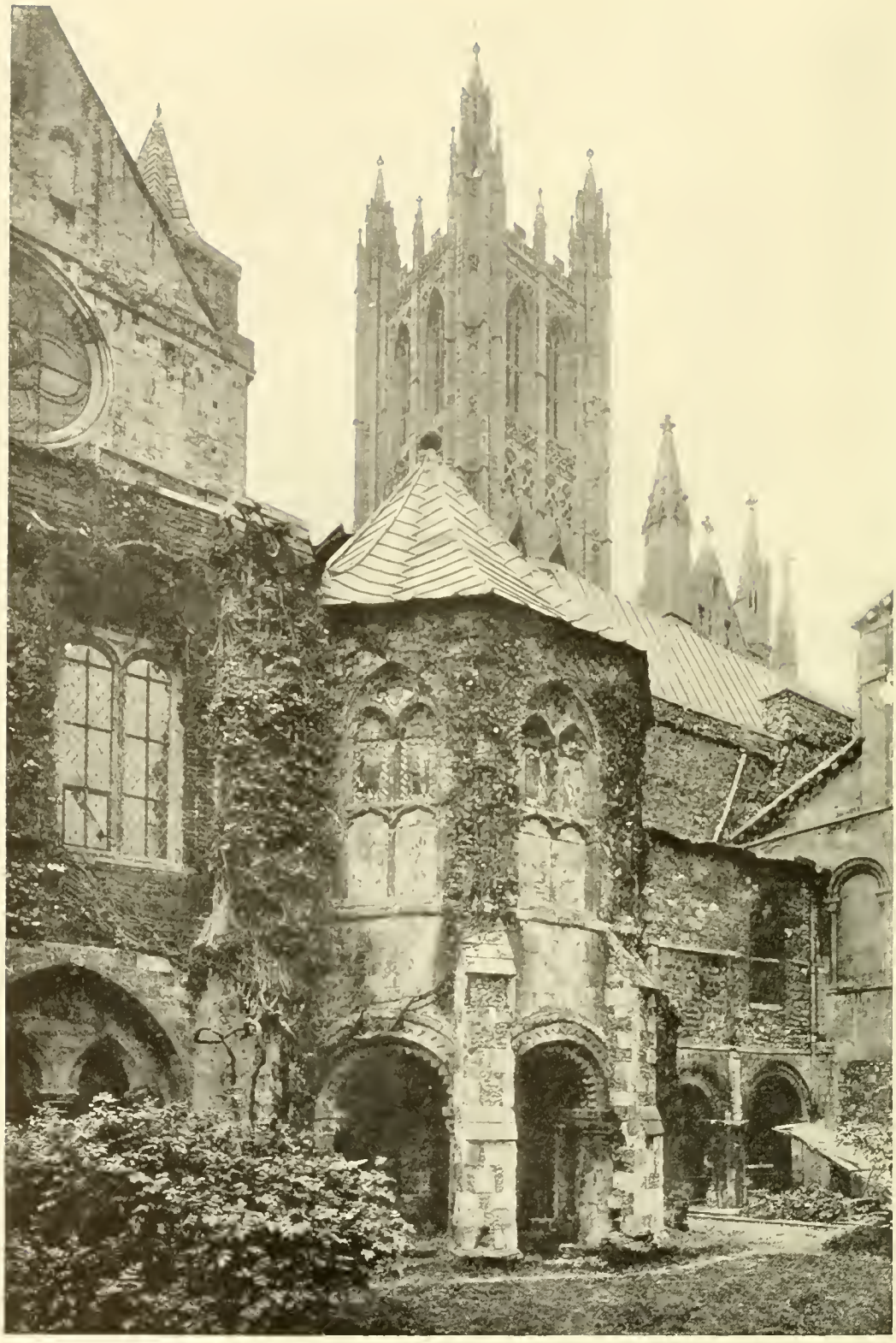
The royal commissioners came with nippers and daintily picked out the jewels that were imbedded in the covering of the shrine. It was like the crow, perching "upon his bare backbone and pluck(ing) his eyes out one by

one." On Henry's fat breast the Regale of France gleamed thereafter until he gave it to his daughter Mary, who had it set in a golden necklace.

"Why is it not now in existence? How I should love to see it!" thus Sonia.

"Perhaps when the carbuncle came to Elizabeth her jeweler squinted at it through his little glass and announced that it was 'reconstructed.' That is apt to be the fate of heirlooms."

Whether the comet-like visit of Erasmus and Dean Colet to Canterbury directly influenced the Reformation or not, they were the first who openly scorned the notion that curative powers exist in old clothes or dead men's shoes. And doubt has destroyed the sanctity of many a shrine, the value of many an Old Master. So sweeping was the housecleaning at Canterbury that even the arms of the city and cathedral were altered; and not only was the shrine of St. Thomas utterly demolished, but an order went forth through the land that everything relating to the saint should be destroyed. From historical and legal documents his name was erased, from illuminated missals and church prayer books; statues and pictures vanished to limbo, but this is all significant of royal and religious ignorance of man's inability to oblit-



A swift intake of breath; and then we both said "Oh!"

erate from the book of life the name of a personality so powerful as that of Thomas à Becket.

We walked about the beautiful cloisters and thence emerged into the spacious grounds that constitute the cathedral inclosure. So many and so great are the beauties of this Queen of England's ministers that we were suddenly bereft of adjectives, and in silence strolled about, allowing our senses to steep in the atmosphere that varied from moment to moment as widely as do the lines of Bell Harry Tower, the Baptistry, " St. Thomas's Crown," St. Anselm's Tower, and the disabled West Front. Our first glance at the Baptistry produced a swift intake of breath, and a subsequent " Oh! " The Prior's Gateway beyond the famous Dark Entry was a pleasantly surprising bit of ruin. We were astonished to find after a long hunt that the Norman Staircase is not a part of the cathedral, but leads to the upper part of the King's School, founded during the seventh century, which although in the cathedral precincts is some distance from where we had expected to find it.

Of the priory St. Augustine founded very little remains but records and tradition. The modern and not very beautiful gateway secludes the Missionary College, which was built

on a part of the Augustinian site, and was erected—of ugly round Kentish flints—about sixty years ago, a brewery having preëmpted the position ever since the Reformation. Visitors being required to follow a guide, we lost much valuable time in seeing what we did not wish to see. Somehow the old Guest Hall of Tudor or earlier day escaped destruction by both reformers and brewers, and although modernized to meet the gustatory requirements of incipient missionaries to other lands, the fine oaken roof remains unchanged.

A part of St. Ethelbert's Tower is about all of the ancient abbey that is standing. The citizens of Canterbury have not displayed much conservatism or reverence for the skill of their architectural predecessors. When building materials were needed as the city grew larger, the simple and labor-saving method of employing pickaxe and crowbar on the city walls and the remaining portions of St. Augustine's Abbey or the castle—any of the "good-for-nothing" old ramshackle remains that were so plentiful—was much more economical and *praktisch* than buying new stuff. Besides, the town ought to be cleared up, anyhow!

Recent excavations of an extensive nature have revealed vast foundations of the ancient Abbey church, of which much more is likely to

be discovered ere the work is completed. Diana delighted in a few mason marks she found on some of the oldest stones. We stood aside again from the group of trippers, who represent the large class of persons who like to swallow ready-made information and ideas rather than to do any individual thinking. The foundations disclosed near by are of St. Pancras's church, which had originally been a British place of worship, and subsequently the abode of Saxon deities. It was given to Augustine by Ethelbert and converted to Christian uses.

While Gregory was a monk in the monastery of St. Andrew on one of Rome's seven hills, and had not yet been called the Great, but had newly uttered the famous words, "*Non Angli sed angeli*" of the little English boy slaves, a great desire came to him to go to the mysterious and magnetic northern land whose people had golden hair and blue eyes, and convert it to his form of religious belief. He set forth without papal permission; but after three days' journeying he accepted the lighting of a locust on his book during a roadside rest as a sign. *Loco sta*, he interpreted as a heavenly indication that he must go no farther; and at the same moment breathless messengers from the pope overtook him, requiring his return to Rome.

"I wonder what would have happened to

the history of England if a bee or a mosquito had lighted on his book?" said Diana, the irreverent.

Gregory, however, never forgot his interest in Albion; and soon after becoming pope he chose from the Convent of St. Andrew the monk Augustine, whom he sent with forty other of the brothers on the mission he had been compelled to relinquish. Where Hengist and Horsa had descended on the Isle of Thanet from their ships the Roman missionaries stepped for the first time on the shore of the coveted land. A messenger was sent to Ethelbert, King of Kent, whose court was at Canterbury. The king—although Bertha his French wife was a Christian—was a little fearful of these new arrivals and bade them remain on the island, with the Stour flowing between it and the mainland, so that if their methods of conversion were of a magical nature the water would serve as a non-conductor and protect the people of Britain. Finally, a meeting was arranged, and the king stipulating that it must not be 'neath a roof, the "Son of the Ash-tree" with his flaxen-haired Saxon giants about him bravely faced, at Ebbes Fleet, the brown-garbed band of brothers who had no swords but came up the hill bearing a huge silver cross and a big colored and gilded picture

of the Savior, the while they chanted a Gregorian litany. The missionaries were thereafter permitted to proceed to Canterbury and ere long the king allowed them to worship in St. Martin's church which had been erected for the queen. Ethelbert's baptism was celebrated on Whitsunday 597; and that day the Church of England was born. Probably this is why Whit-Monday has always been a national holiday.

We came later in the day to St. Martin's, which is claimed to be the oldest church in England; but its boast is shared by several others. This little church is set on a low hill from which a fair view extends over the nether wealds of Kent. The heavy twisted stems of the ivy in which St. Martin's is wrapt look as old as the Roman bricks incorporated in the walls. A little pointed Saxon door is called St. Augustine's; and perhaps the great preacher did pass in and out thereby.

"Let us believe so," Sonia said, "it is pleasanter to believe than to doubt."

An old font is shown which, if not that in which Ethelbert was baptized, is probably a faithful replica. The ancient tomb said to be Queen Bertha's has caused some dispute among fussy antiquarians; but this was her church, dedicate to St. Martin of Tours, and if

she lies beside her lord under St. Augustine's Abbey, this may, nevertheless, be a monument to her erected at the time of her death.

Soon after the consecration of St. Augustine as Archbishop of Canterbury the first English cathedral was erected; but almost no trace remains of its original form, that of St. Peter's at Rome. The generous Ethelbert was obsessed with a desire for yet more churches in the Kentish capital. He gave Augustine land for a monastery which should accommodate a vast number of clergy imported from Rome to instruct the people of this island, who must be taught in their own language. While the new abbey and church were being erected the monks worshipped in the old heathen temple they dedicated to St. Pancras. At last the great Roman missionary was buried beside the Watling Street, which had been made by his pagan ancestors five hundred years before his coming.

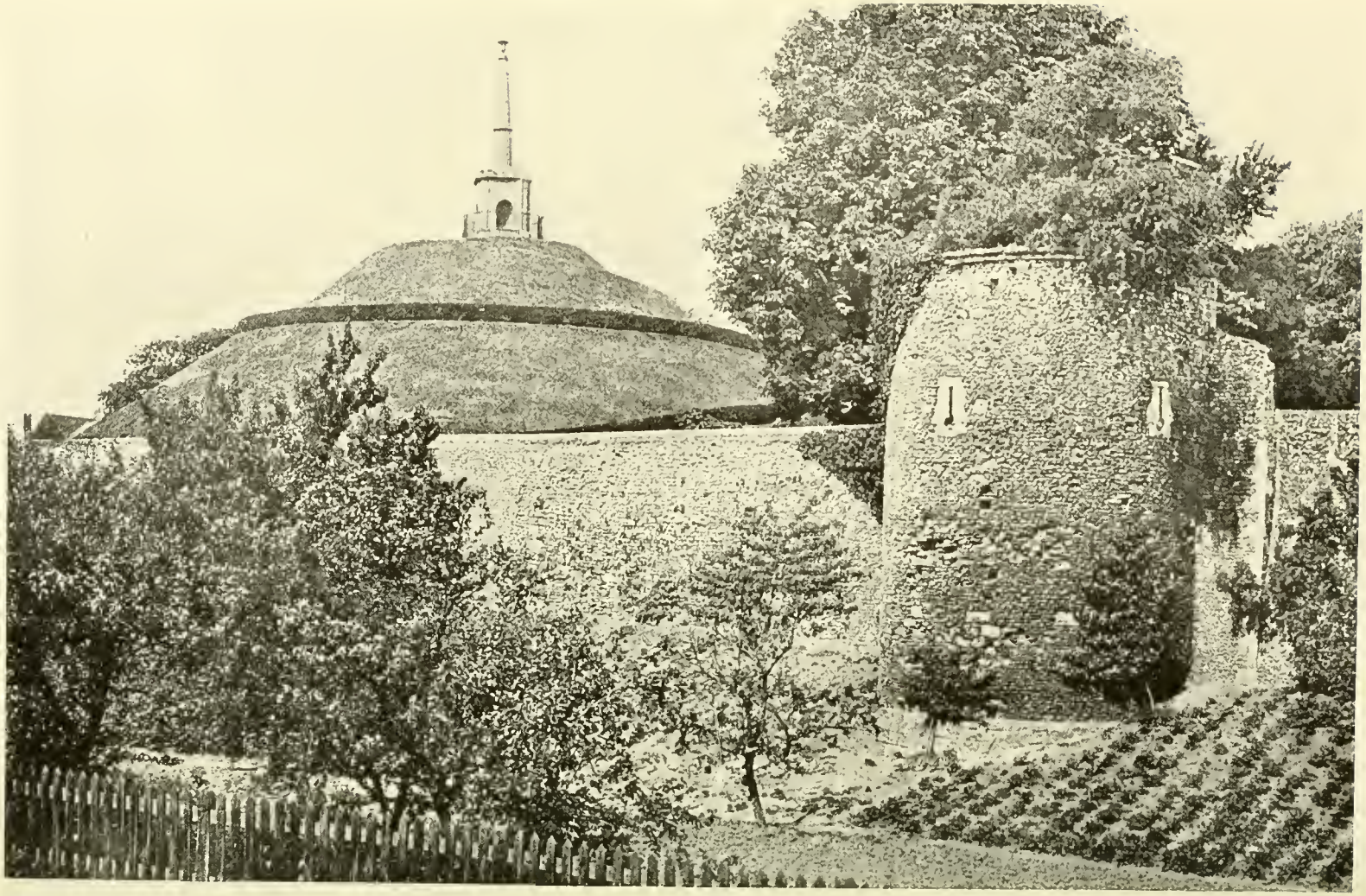
Canterbury contains several interesting old churches in addition to St. Pancras's and St. Martin's. St. Alphege's we sought out because of the story of him in whose memory it was erected. Alphege, who was Archbishop of Canterbury when it was sacked by the Danes in 1011, was taken prisoner by them and conducted to their camp at Greenwich, where after seven months' captivity he was put to death.

St. Mildred's has large blocks of oolite from some Roman building incorporated into the quoins of the south wall of the nave. Izaac Walton was married in St. Mildred's. An ancient archway and tower on which we happened about midway between the cathedral and St. Martin's we presumed to be all that remains of the church of St. Mary Magdalen.

There were friars of orders gray, black, and white established in Canterbury. Of the Gray Friars' abode a picturesque bit exists, spanning with double arch a small stream. As early as 1100 Bishop Anselm founded a nunnery for a prioress and five nuns, which he dedicated to St. Sepulchre. This nunnery's name is chiefly remembered because of a certain epileptic, nervous, religious fanatic who was for a few years a member of the household. Elizabeth Barton was a tavern servant in Aldington, a Kentish village. Suddenly she developed a propensity for seeing visions, and dreaming dreams which were extraordinary. Her hallucinations she confessed to her priest, Richard Masters, who violated his office and told of her confession, his confidant being Canon Bockling of Canterbury. Bockling passed the good word along to Archbishop Warham, who sent the canon to Aldington to "investigate." Elizabeth's dreams were ad-

vertised by the clergy as divine revelations, and people flocked in hundreds to see the "Holy Maid of Kent." Many a hectic scene was enacted by her for the public delectation. She became so accomplished that she could summon visions "to order," and could see and hear just what the reverend fathers desired she should. At this time England was convulsed with excitement over Henry's divorce from Catherine, and the prophetess had something direct from headquarters to predict concerning the projected marriage with Anne. She declared that she had received a letter from Mary Magdalen written in gold ink which informed her that if the king married Mistress Bullen he would die within seven months. She was especially encouraged and stimulated, perhaps remunerated, by the Observants, who were zealous opponents of the marriage. Even Sir Thomas More took her seriously and corresponded with her—in gold ink also? At length the king awoke to the situation, and summoned her with Masters and Bockling before Parliament, which promptly sentenced them all to be executed. She was beheaded at Tyburn in 1534.

Among the fine Tudor buildings in Canterbury is St. John's Hospital, which is best seen from the garden side. The Canterbury "Weavers" everybody sees, for it is the most



The city wall bends outward to avoid Dane John.

picturesque bit of architecture along the High Street. One side of it overhangs the River Stour. The art of weaving was for three centuries one of Canterbury's chief sources of income. The Huguenot and Walloon refugees brought their craft with them and this little city profited thereby, just as Colchester was the richer for the bays and says manufacture. Then, during the early part of the nineteenth century the industry almost died; but now an effort has been made to revive it, and this beautiful old building has been successfully restored to meet the weavers' requirements and to delight the eye of every visitor to Canterbury.

The city wall with twenty-one watch towers and six gates that had been given to the city of Canterbury by Archbishop Simon of Sudbury, whom Wat Tyler murdered, now hides many of its fragmentary remnants behind houses, stables and fences. The only considerable portion that we could find is that which curves outward to avoid the green mound called Dane John, not far from the cattle market which we beheld full of sturdy Kentish wethers. The wall, it seems, has been gradually removed by those same citizens of Canterbury who stood in need of building material. The brewery happily was redeemed; but who shall save Canter-

bury Castle from the local gas company by which it is used as a "coal bunk"? This was for centuries a stronghold for the city's protection and was to Canterbury what Dover's castle was to the channel port. Its keep was the third largest in England; and now—it is like Mary's lamb after a visit to Pittsburg.

"What is Dane John?" asked Sonia. "It looks like a large-size British barrow. I wonder if they have ever had gumption enough to open it and see if it contained anything interesting?" We searched through our guidebooks and found that the origin of the name is not known, though its form has often varied, Danzil, Dauzon, Daungron, Dungeon, being a few of its variations. Dane John may have been used for defense of the city.

"Why not a beacon?" Diana hazarded. "There are no natural hills near by." The hideous shaft is a recent addition; but since time immemorial the mound has been surrounded by a park. During repairs made to the wall a few years ago some bones, flint arrowheads, Roman ornaments and bits of mosaic were found near the base.

A stone dwelling on a corner not very far from the cathedral bears a sign, "Lady Wooton's Green-House," whatever that may be. The side wall of the house—which is not green

—is a most interesting admixture of architectural periods, in the form of doors and windows.

The Stour, which gave to Canterbury its Celtic name, meaning "Stronghold in the marsh," is constantly appearing in unexpected places. We had found St. Mildred's Church, again the Gray Friars', and yet again the Weavers beside or over it.

Mercery Lane is still the chief place in which to purchase souvenirs of Canterbury, although these now bear no resemblance to those which were sold in vast numbers to pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas. The lane then was a double line of arcades like those now in Bern and the Rows in Chester. The present delightful top-heavy houses are of Tudor times. Under these arcades the vendors displayed their wares. This was a custom which had developed from older shrines, St. Etheldreda's—commonly called St. Awdrey's—at Ely, especially. At length cheap lace, tinsel ornaments, and other claptrap, much of which is still sold at expositions and county fairs, was denominated "tawdry" by the people of good taste because at the shrine of St. Awdrey such sales had their beginning in England. The chief stock in trade at Canterbury were "signs" to be fastened on the hat as indicative of having

made the pilgrimage, just as returning crusaders had a bit of palm leaf in their caps. The signs sold at Canterbury were usually "leaden brooches representing the mitred head of the saint, with the inscription, '*Caput Thomae.*'"

As manner and custom is, signs there they bought,
For men of contre to know whom they had sought,
Each man set his silver in such thing as they liked.

Once the sacred relics had been duly saluted the pilgrim was free to make merry; and the vast cellars under the "Chekers of the Hope that every man doth know" amply aided in supplying good cheer. Several other inns endure, in name if not in actual construction. The Falstaff, whose flamboyant sign we had seen as we came from the railway station, cannot legitimately claim so great an age as the Royal Fountain which was mentioned in 1299 as the best in Canterbury, and which claims to have housed the mother of King Harold in 1029, to have been the residence of Lanfranc while his palace was being rebuilt in 1070, and even to have been the rendezvous of the four "gentlemen" who murdered Becket.

One of Becket's shoes was preserved at Harbledown, a little village about two miles from Canterbury, which afforded pilgrims opportunity for resting under the trees, drinking

from the well, and kissing the sacred shoe. This is the story, but as Lanfranc was the founder of the church and "hospital" at Harbledown, the shoe may not have been one of Becket's, although it served as good a purpose to the faithful pilgrims. We drove out to Harbledown, where at the door of the little church that is o'ertopped by an ancient yew, we were met by a benevolent old man whose personality was even more interesting than the information he gave us anent his church and the St. Nicholas almshouses which are snugly settled below it, among bright flower borders, the gray walls showing between ragged outlines of clambering roses and ivy. Behind the almshouses is the famous old well which is called the "Black Prince's Well," wherefrom the young man had slaked his thirst, and to which he sent messengers for water as he lay dying many years afterward. Over the well, which nestles among tall ferns and overhanging branches, has been carved the prince's emblem which he chose for his royal standard when he selected "*ich dien*" for his motto. The well had doubtless been one of Lanfranc's reasons for selecting this site for the leper hospital which he founded for returned crusaders who came back covered with leprosy rather than the glory they had anticipated. The

Colet and Erasmus, too, when returning from Canterbury to London, "found themselves in a descent through a steep and narrow lane, with high banks on either side; on the left rose an ancient almshouse. We recognize at once the old familiar lazar-house of Harbledown . . . so picturesque even now in its decay . . . Down those steps came, according to his wont, an aged almsman; and as the two horsemen approached, he threw his accustomed shower of holy water, and then pressed forward, holding the upper leather of a shoe, bound in a brass rim with a crystal set in the center." This was the last straw. They were expected to kiss the unpleasant bit of shoe leather. Colet spluttered wrathfully; but the gentle Erasmus gave the old man some money and they proceeded on their road, sadder and wiser than when they came the other way. From Dean Stanley again: "In the old chest of the almshouse still remain two relics. . . . The one is an ancient maple bowl, bound with a brazen rim, which contains a piece of rock crystal, so exactly reminding us of that which Erasmus describes in the leather of St. Thomas's shoe, as to suggest the conjecture that when the shoe was lost the crystal was thus preserved. The other is a rude box, with a chain to be held by the hand, and a slit for

money in the lid, at least as old as the sixteenth century. In that box, we can hardly doubt, the coin of Erasmus was deposited."

Another saunter through and around the cathedral to cement the morning's impressions and the end had come of this our last day on a "spoke" from London.

On the train Diana loosened the string on a little packet of purchases.

"I don't believe I *can* give away any of these things. They mean so much to me; and who else could rightly value them unless they had seen Canterbury? I really think our friend Gregory the Great was mistaken when he said: 'Things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of things.'"

"No, he is right. If you did not love the things that are in the places you would not love the places themselves; and consequently the things you bring from the places—Oh, dear! how sorry I am that we have not time for more days out of London!"

Somewhat pensively we looked out from the windows of our compartment for fleeting glimpses of hop farms, their crops almost ready for the picking; meadow brooks aimlessly meandering through sinuous lines of bushy pollard willows; farms whose red-tiled roofs

made the thatched ones of Bedfordshire seem in some other land. Cloud shadows raced northward as fast as we. Were those great white cumuli that floated so lightly against the blue also feeling the steady magnetism that had brought us back so many times from places where we should have liked to remain? Would they leave London at last as relunctantly as we; or would they gently descend among her towers, mingle with her atmosphere and lose their identity in the embrace of the city that loves no man, but is beloved by all who know her?

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